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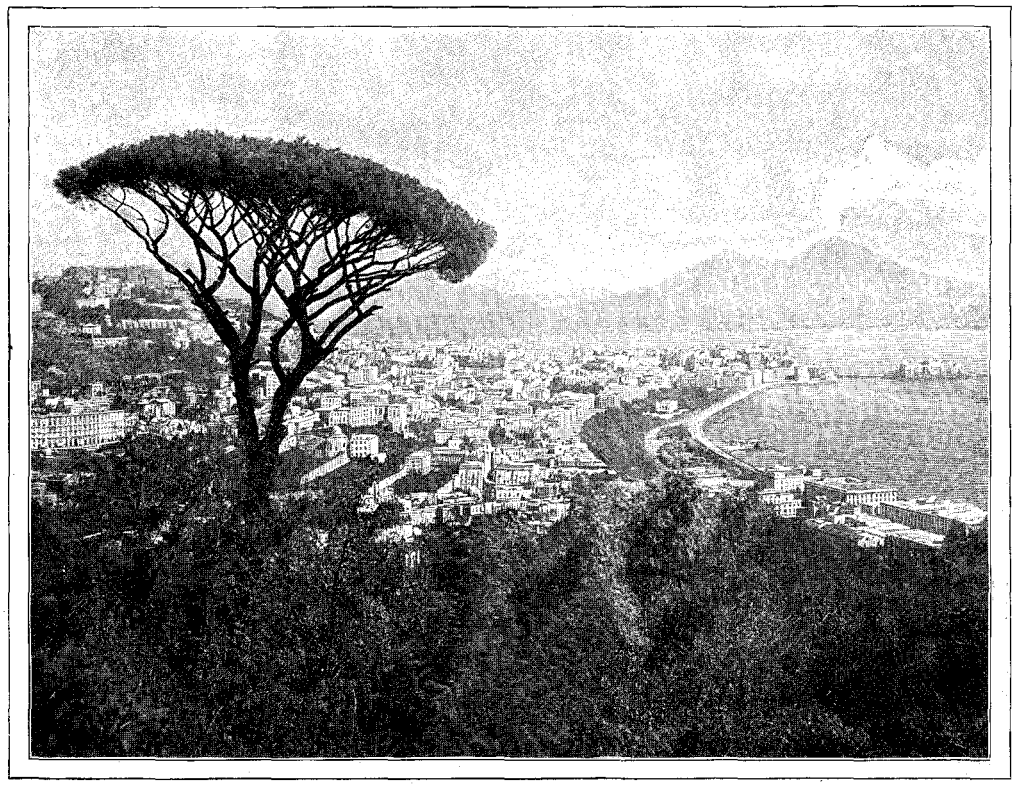

MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM THE HEIGHTS OF VOMERO, NAPLES.

THE MYSTERY OF VESUVIUS.

By H. J. W. Dam.

Illustrated with drawings made on the spot by C. K. Linson, for McClure's Magazine, and from photographs.

WHAT Naples owes to Vesuvius it would be difficult for figures to express. The city is built of lava, and the streets are paved with it. Lava is one of the best building stones known, since it is very durable, costs nothing, and is easily worked by stone-cutters who ask and receive nothing in particular by way of wages. These facts explain the mad fancy of the Neapolitan citizens for stone embankments, hundreds of feet high, which in any other city would be luxuries only possible to millionaires. The city is largely built upon very precipitous hillsides. One man's garden is often another man's roof. Hillside roads, wide and well-paved, run over the roofs of dwelling-houses in places. The usual villa nestles on a shelf, with a back garden of orange trees running to the next man's embankment, and a front garden projecting outward into the blue empyrean. When the

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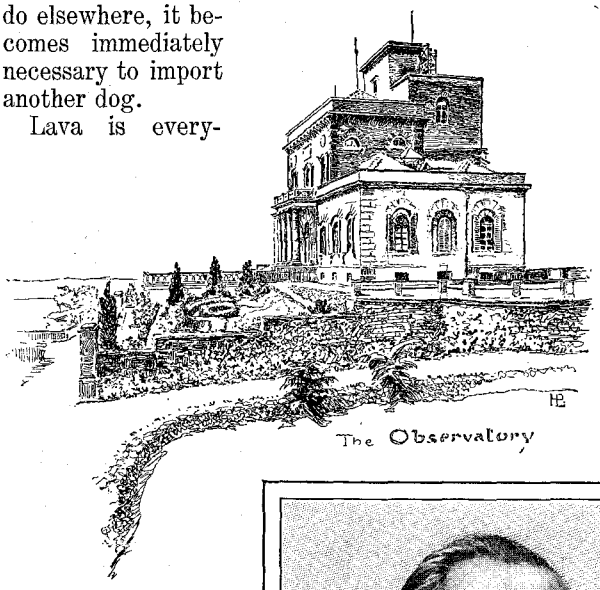
playful dog—an imported dog, of course—joyfully frisks about the front garden, and carelessly jumps over the low wall, as he has been accustomed to do elsewhere, it becomes immediately necessary to import another dog.



The Observatory

Lava is everywhere — in streets of lava, staircases, statues, drinking-troughs, bric-à-brac, and jewelry of every conceivable kind. The innumerable donkeys even are lava-colored, and show other indications of their volcanic origin in their hind legs and voices. These, the invariable accompaniments of the Neapolitan morning, thrill through the soft air like the note of lark or woodbird, but in a different, more Vesuvian key. And Vesuvius is ever before you. It is a pillar of smoke by day and a crescent of fire by night. The smoke comes from the crater, and is now and then lighted by red flashes. The crescent is the lava flood of 1895, still moving, which shows two miles of steam during the daytime and the same length of glowing redness from dark to dawn.

PROFESSOR SEMMOLA, DIRECTOR OF THE OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

The ascent of Vesuvius begins at Cook's Tourist Office in Naples, where you climb into an ancient carriage. To this are attached three horses, and a driver whose lungs appear to be the chief motive power of the vehicle: they work steadily, and, aided by his whip, keep the horses moving. When the horses fall down, which they do at periodic intervals and in regular succession, his voice lifts them, and he departs into the neighborhood to borrow a piece of rope and mend the harness. Then you go on again. In justice to the Cook Company it should be said that they do not own these conveyances, but are forced to hire them out of deference to the Neapolitans, whose natural destiny and ruling ambition is driving cabs. This ascent of a mighty peak by landau lacks some of the hardships of Alpine mountaineering, but has others of its own. About half of the drive to the Observatory is over streets paved with large lava blocks which theoretically constitute a plane surface, but do not get beyond the stage of theory. Each separate pair cause a bump to which the carriage springs have long since yielded, and which is received and recorded in your bony framework. The last five miles of the drive are along a winding road, past vineyards and lava huts, with incipient villages here and there. These villages are entirely populated by vocal and instrumental musicians. These, of all ages from the cradle to the grave, line the road and sing "Funiculi—Funicula," and "Sweet Marie," which has been imported, but has suffered somewhat in passing through the custom-houses. Your driver receives a secret percentage on every penny you spend in lava, wine, milk, or music, and so stops constantly and long, in spite of your objections. He says his horses are tired, and this is undeniable. From appearances, they were never otherwise in their lives.

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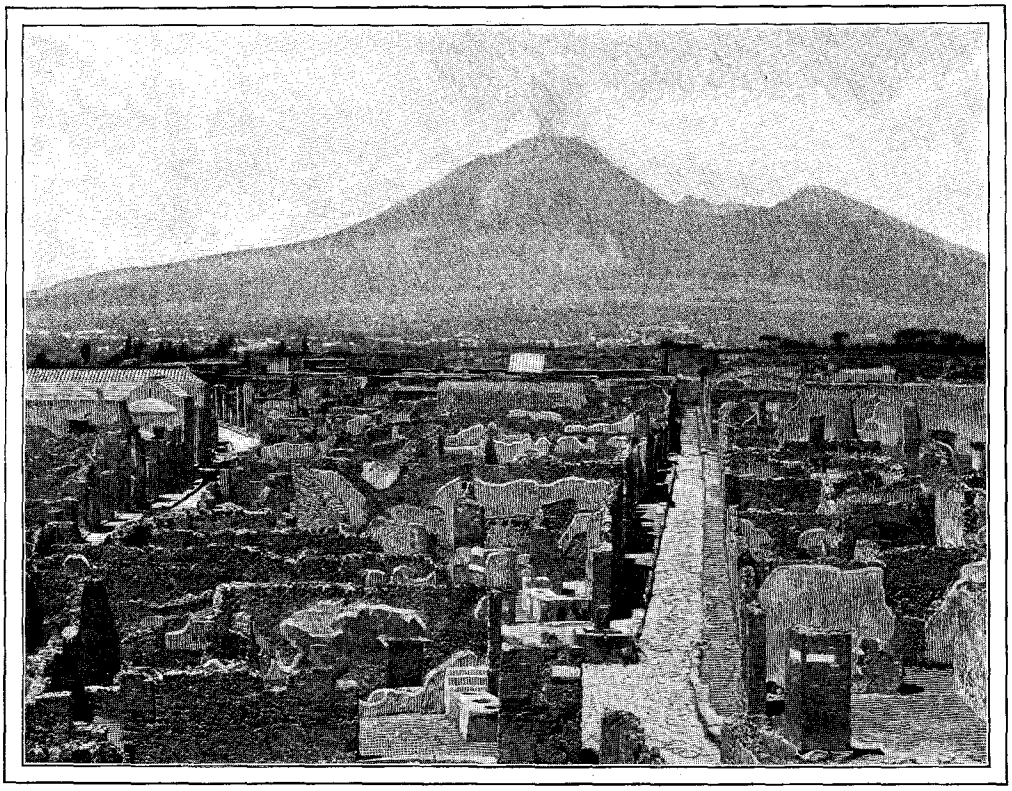

MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM POMPEII.

Reaching the foot of the mountain, the road winds upward, cut through numberless overlying lava flows, which vary in color from dull black to soft brown as they vary in age from a few years to many centuries. You finally, after three hours and a half, reach the Observatory, a solid, handsome structure of three stories, standing sharply out against the sky, on a spur of the mountain, 2,200 feet above the sea. Its various marble-floored rooms comprise a museum, in which the seventy minerals thrown out by Vesuvius are arranged and classified, a scientific library, and various apartments containing instruments. The most important of these is the electro-magnetic seismograph, which records the time, extent, and direction of every movement of the earth's surface, however faint. There are also meteorological instruments for measuring the electricity in the air and electrical phenomena during an eruption. It is from the balcony of this Observatory that you get the first idea of the immensity, horror, and unimaginable force of the mighty vent for the earth's interior fires that towers above.

In every direction is a shoreless sea of dull black lava. Its tossing billows, breakers, and hillocks, once white-hot and angry, are now chilled to rigid stone. The eddies, splashes, and torrents of the molten rivers are plainly apparent, and still look soft and pasty, but are heavy and hard like cast-iron. There have been hundreds of eruptions, large and small, since that memorable day in A.D. 79 when Vesuvius was born and Pompeii died. These have varied greatly in their physical character, at times being a very liquid and white-hot mass that swept torrent-like down the mountain at nearly a mile per minute, and was still so hot when it overwhelmed Torre del Greco, four and a half miles away, that it melted copper, silver, and even flints. It was at this Observatory, on the 26th or 27th of April, 1872, that Professor Palmieri, "the father of Vesuvius," stood at his post while two lava floods rushed down the valleys on either side, and the Observatory became an island between two molten seas. It was so hot inside, with all the doors and shutters closed, that the thermometer rose to 178 degrees Fahrenheit. Roasting for all seemed imminent, but fortunately the mercury rose no higher. At this time Vesuvius was hurling out blocks of stone forty-five feet in circumference, sending small pro-

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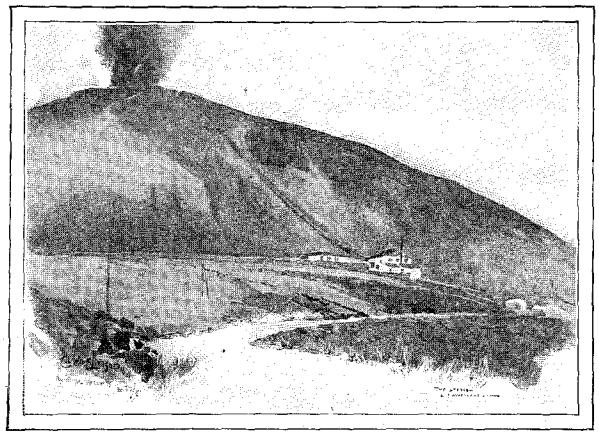

MOUNT VESUVIUS, SHOWING MOUNTAIN RAILWAY AND STATION.

Drawn by C. K. Linson, January 20, 1898.

jectiles a few thousand feet in the air, and flames and smoke many thousands of feet higher. The mountain roared and bellowed in a way that was deafening, and its fury shook the houses at Naples. The smoke was shot with lightning flashes, and the air was full of blazing projectiles which fell in a shower upon the Observatory. Not only the crater, but the black cone itself, half a mile in height, was cracked in all directions, was spouting flames from these cracks, and threatened to collapse into the boiling lake within. The sea-coast rose for miles, though not so high as in 1861, when it rose four and a half feet. The mass of the population of Naples and of the suburbs lying between it and the volcano piled their household goods into carts, and set off in the other direction, in fear of being overwhelmed. Palmieri had warned them of the eruption, and when he descended from the Observatory two days later, he was greeted by the superstitious people as a god. They fell on their knees before him in the streets, and begged him to save them and their children. In another twenty-four hours, however, all was quiet again, except the slow advance of the cooling lava. The mountain was then ascended on the other side, and two large new craters were found in place of the four which had existed previously. It was calculated that over 20,000,000 cubic yards of lava had been ejected in twenty-four hours.

There was formerly a carriage road from the Observatory to the railway station at the foot of the cone, whence a wire-rope railway leads to the summit. This road was destroyed by the eruption of 1895, and tourists have since then covered the two miles by pony transit over a bridle-path across the lava. This bridle-path was practicable on February 5, 1898, but was crossed by the lava flow on the day following. Having traversed it on February 5th, however, you bear this news with fortitude. The small ponies used by the tourists are shaggy and docile, and move much like rocking-horses. They easily carry travelers of all weights, however, and also drag the donkey-boys by their tails —the ponies' tails. Midway in your voyage over these lava seas a mustachioed brigand jumps out from behind a rock and bids you halt, and both he and the boy furiously demand money. The purpose is not robbery, however, but bric-à-brac. You yield a few *soldi*, the brigand disappears, and you follow him on foot. As you jump from rock to rock, the air grows rapidly hotter, until it is veritably blazing. You have passed over the edge of a wide, slow-moving lava flow, and have become an integral part of an eruption, as it were. It is proceeding, inch by inch, silent and irresistible, from a small crater a mile away in the side of the cone. The lava underneath your feet is as hot as a kitchen stove. It is the dull black color of the lead

PORTERS AND DONKEYS AT RAILWAY STATION. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON.

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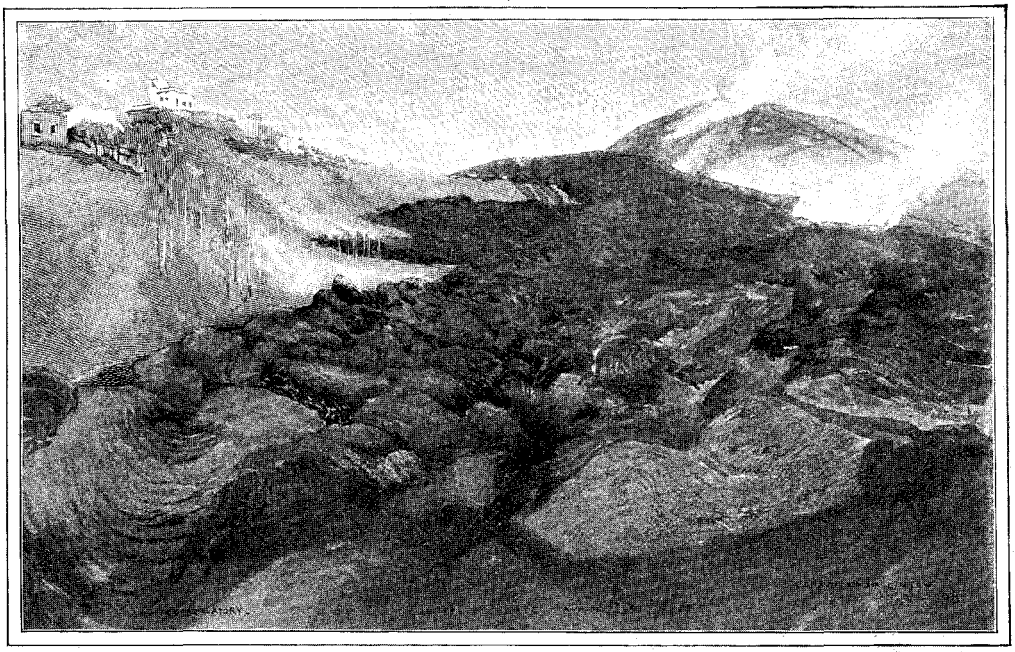

THE VALLEY DESOLATE, MOUNT VESUVIUS. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON, JANUARY 21, 1898.

The Observatory is on the left; the dark bands over the end of the ridge, in the distance, are lava. In the foreground is the valley, covered with lava from the eruptions of 1872, 1885, 1895, and 1898: the valley on the other side of the Observatory ridge is devastated in like manner.

in a lead-pencil. It is fibrous, ropy, and glistening like great masses of hot, black molasses candy. Wherever it cracks, the interior is revealed as a thick, sticky, molten mass, and that the whole is still workable and pasty is shown by its onward movement. The heat is almost suffocating. The brigand thrusts an iron rod into a crevice, draws out and whirls around a lump of the viscid, red-hot mass, which he rolls into a flat shape like a *vol-au-vent*. Then he disengages the rod, presses one of your pennies into its place, and this small, black lava tart with its monetary filling is thrown into a bucket of cold water to cool. He exacts a shilling for each one made, and you pay and pass on.

The railway station contains a good restaurant, and after fortifying yourself against the staggering experiences that await you on the summit, you take the cable car. The rest of the ascent is mountaineering by rail. You mount rapidly up 1,300 feet along a smooth, precipitous cone covered with a dull black velvety powder. At the small upper station a group of guides are waiting, who offer chairs. It now becomes mountaineering by upholstered furniture, if you wish; but this you decline. The steep, upward path is of the same fine black sand, into which you sink above your shoe-tops. A quarter of an hour or more brings you to the summit, and you now wish for the first time that you had not come. According to expert opinion, the volcano is now quiescent. To you, however, it seems to be in a violent state of activity and meditating an eruption at any moment. The cone shakes and trembles under your feet. A loud, unearthly bellow, followed by a stunning roar, deafens you at intervals, and seems to come from several different directions. In looking for the cause, you find yourself on the edge of a chasm forty feet long and perhaps three feet wide and apparently as deep as the earth itself. From it a cloud of smoke and steam comes rushing like an escape from a 12,000 horse-power boiler. In your steep upward climb you pass several of these "fumaroli," and finally stand on the edge of the crater itself. The crater of a volcano is probably the most awful and impressive object in nature that human eyes are permitted to see.

Rushing smoke is everywhere, now mildly enveloping you, and now densely wrapping you in a bitter, choking cloud. When the smoke lifts, you see that you are standing on an irregular ring of black earth, perhaps forty feet wide, which surrounds a black,

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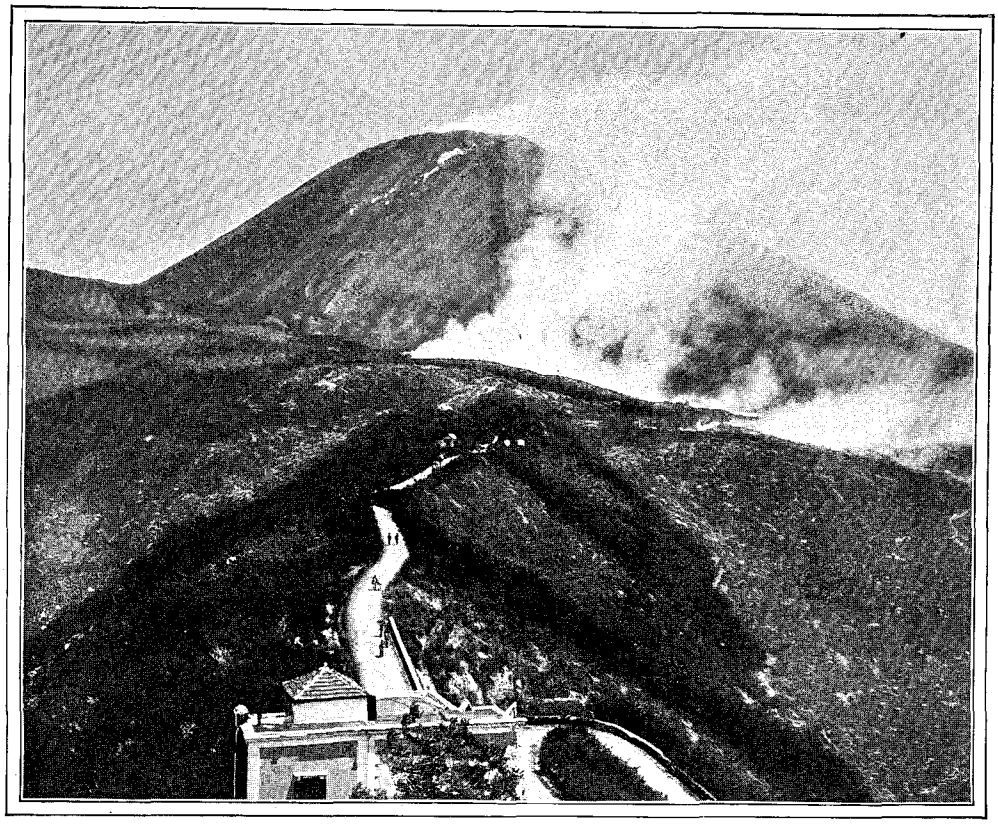

ONE OF THE LAVA FLOWS OF 1895 AS IT NOW APPEARS FROM THE OBSERVATORY. STEAM IS RISING FROM THE RED-HOT LAVA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

smoke-filled hole a hundred yards across. This hole is filled with steam and smoke rapidly rushing upward and concealing its interior and its form. The black sand slopes gently away to your right for perhaps ten feet, and there you dimly see a black, sharply-cut edge, the edge of the awful precipice. As the wind shifts, you are again enveloped in the evil-smelling smoke, and can only shut your eyes and stand still. It is not the place to move about with your eyes shut. The churning, rumbling, and splashing of a molten white-hot lake 600 feet below you sounds constantly. It is the most horrible of all noises. Now and then a red glare flashes from below on the rushing smoke. When you start, choking, to move away, the guide grasps your elbow and says, "Don't go too near." A young Brazilian, in 1886, went too near and fell in. You hoarsely assure the guide that you have no such intention, and prefer to go too near the outside of the cone and fall down into sunny Italy. Then the wind changes, blows the rushing smoke away from the edge, and you get a glance for a few feet into the crater itself.

In its black and hideous grandeur, smoke-hung and fiery, it is like a Doré picture. But it is also indescribably nasty and repellent. The nastiness comes from dirty yellow and dirty white deposits of sulphur or of salt which line the crevices of the black, precipitous walls; and these perpendicular walls, dripping with hot water, look strangely slippery and slimy, like the fabled descent into hell itself. The crevices somehow look like snarling mouths with dirty, yellow teeth. The walls, dimly outlined in the smoke, are jagged, black, and irregular, but lead straight down for 600 feet. The great irregular oval is 520 feet long and 450 feet wide. This the guide tells you, for you can see only the bits of it near you. Its rim, about which you now proceed to walk, is uneven, jagged masses of rock rising twenty or thirty feet above you, blazing with sulphur or spouting steam through cracks. After finally encircling it, you descend the hill a short distance and sit down to get a supply of the kind of air which you breathe ordinarily. And here you forget the crater and are consoled by a view which is almost magical in its beauty.

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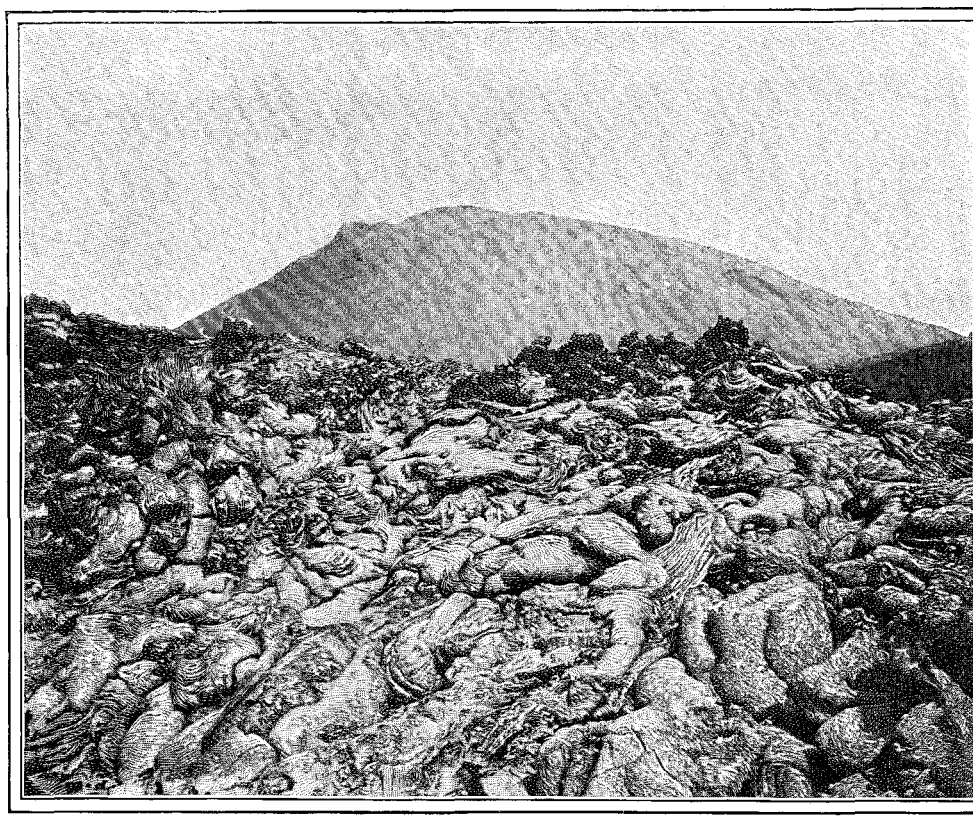

THE CONE OF VESUVIUS, WITH LAVA IN THE FOREGROUND, SHOWING THE SIDE CRATER OF 1895, WHICH HAS SINCE DISAPPEARED. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

The green plains and the blue bay lie like toy plains and a toy bay at your feet. From the tiny ships to the tiny houses, all seem like a nursery model of nature lighted by a full-grown sun and covered by a full-grown sky. The slope falls away for miles to the water's edge at Torre del Greco, with Resina, Portici, and Naples beyond. To the left, six miles out upon the plain, lies a black spot. This is Pompeii. The little circle of living cities are all bright and joyous, but all have tragic histories. Torre del Greco has been overwhelmed and burnt to cinders sixteen times. The seventeenth town now rests upon the sixteenth lava flow. It is perfectly at peace to-day, however, with the inhabitants lazily strolling about between the curtains of drying macaroni and the matrons scrubbing their children at the public pumps. The inhabitants have a saying: "Naples sins, and Torre del Greco pays." It is difficult to believe, as you look upon the bright and placid picture, that the monster behind you has been answerable for more than 10,000 human lives.

Its small tragedies have been many. The Brazilian has been mentioned. A mad Frenchman threw himself into one of the molten floods and burned to death in front of the guides. On the 25th of April, 1873, a party of thirteen ladies and gentlemen, viewing the lava by night, were caught by a new eruption, a small cone opening at the side. By the light of the lava they ran for higher ground; but two fell and were covered, and seven died from heat and asphyxiation after being picked up. Five hundred persons perished in the eruption of 1676; 4,000 in that of 1631. The dead of Pompeii and Herculaneum were never counted. An idea of their number may appear, however, from the narrative of the younger Pliny, an eye-witness, from which the following is a condensed extract. It was written in the year 79, soon after the destruction of Pompeii.

"The courtyard was already so full of ashes mixed with pumice-stone that the surface was rising, and a longer stay in the bedchamber would have cut off all egress. The walls nodded under the repeated and tremendous shocks, and seemed as though dislodged from their foundations as they swayed first in one direction and then the other. They [his family] covered their heads with

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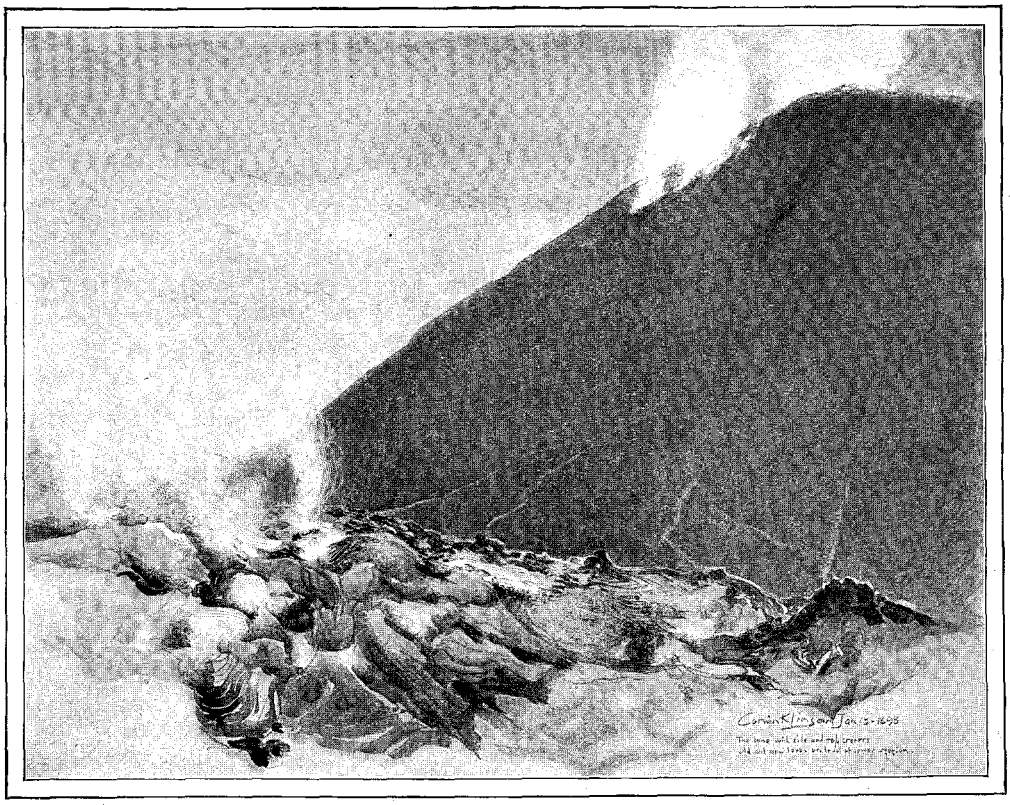

THE CONE FROM THE LEVEL OF THE LOWER STATION, SHOWING SIDE AND TOP CRATERS, AND OLD AND NEW LAVA. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON, JANUARY, 1898.

pillows tied around with cloths, to protect themselves against the shower. By this time it was day elsewhere, but here it was the blackest and thickest of all nights; though this darkness numerous torches and lights served to alleviate. It was decided to make for the shore, in order to learn at the nearest point whether the sea was by this time available. We saw the sea sucked back into itself and repulsed by the quaking of the earth. We had scarcely sat down when the night came on again; not such as it is when there is no moon or when there are clouds, but the night of a closed place with the lights put out. One could hear the shrieks of the women, the cries for help from the children, and the shouts of the men. Some were calling for their parents, others for their young ones, others for their partners, and recognizing them by their voices. Some were lamenting their own case, others that of those dear to them. There were those who through fear of death invoked death. Many raised their hands to the gods, but the greater number concluded that there were no longer gods anywhere and that the last eternal night of story had settled on the world."

The appalling suddenness of the shower of mud and ashes which descended on this city of 25,000 inhabitants is shown by the attitudes of the bodies, some of which have been preserved in the Pompeiian Museum. Many were in bed at the time of the eruption, and, fleeing in their night clothes, fell face downward, pressing their faces to the earth in their mad attempts to obtain air. Their figures are models for the tragic sculptor, as is also that of a dog, perfectly preserved in its petrifaction, with its body twisted and distorted in the agony of suffocation. The depth to which the city was buried was so great that the surrounding plain is now on a level with the roofs of the crushed-in houses, laid bare by the excavations. Only about half of Pompeii has been excavated as yet, and the work proceeds slowly from lack of funds. It is carried on by an army of barefoot boys, who shovel the ashes into baskets and march singing up a hill-path to the plain above. Here freight cars receive the ashes, which are deported by rail and used for filling elsewhere.

Through all this Vesuvian pilgrimage, from the lava city of Naples to the lava layers

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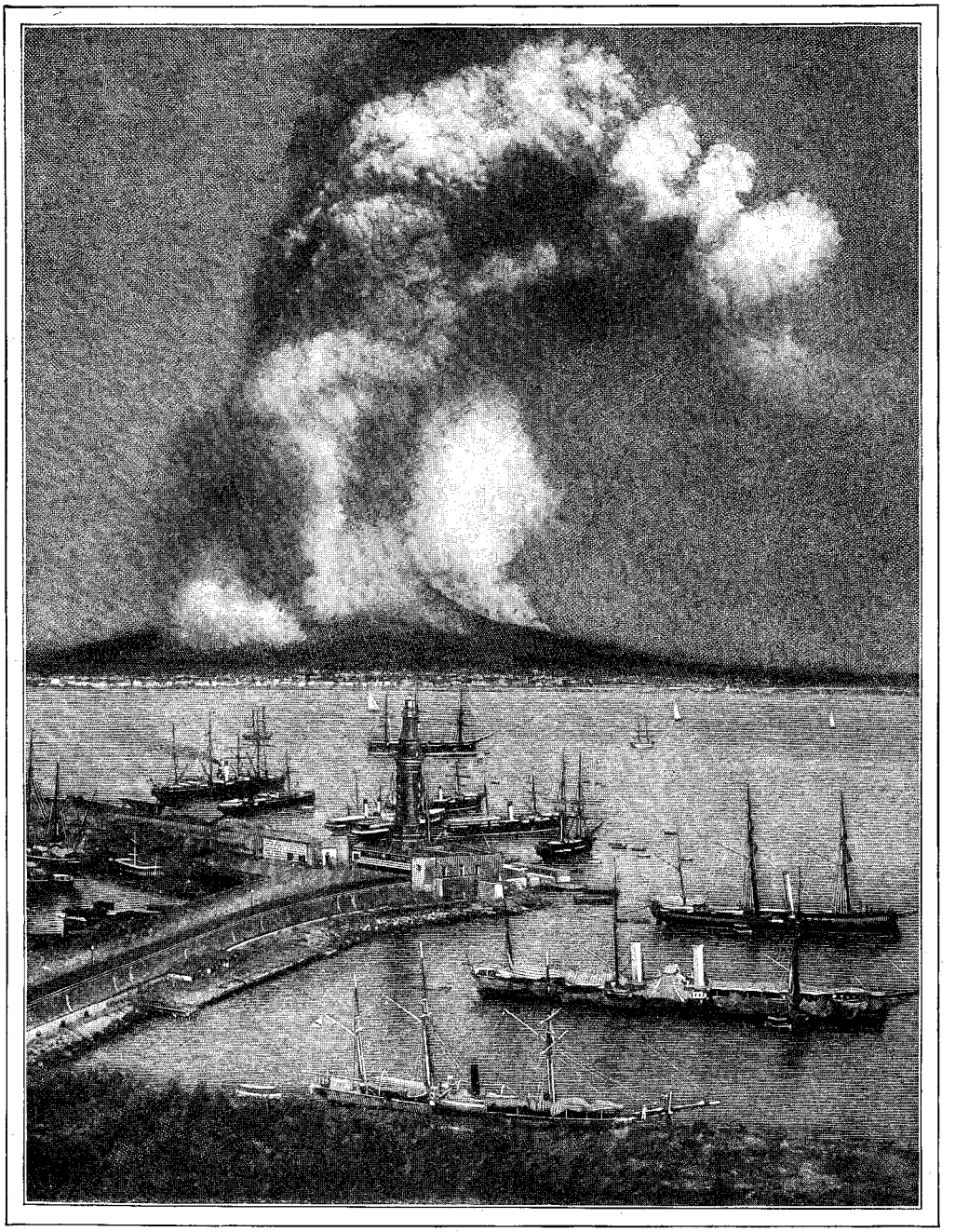

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS ON APRIL 26, 1872, AS SEEN FROM NAPLES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

that cover mountain and valley, there is a mystery which ever presents itself, which grows deeper and deeper, and which neither guide nor guide-book seems able to answer. Before A.D. 79 there was only one mountain, Monte Somma. Now there are two, twin peaks, Monte Somma and Vesuvius, and the latter is higher than its fellow. From beneath the surface of the earth, therefore, has come lava enough to build several cities and a mountain, and cover hundreds of square miles with lava banks of varying depth. The cubic area of this tremendous mass can only be expressed in billions of yards. The mystery is the reservoir whence this melted rock came, the force that expelled it, and the shape and location of the enormous cavity it must have left behind it; but to obtain a

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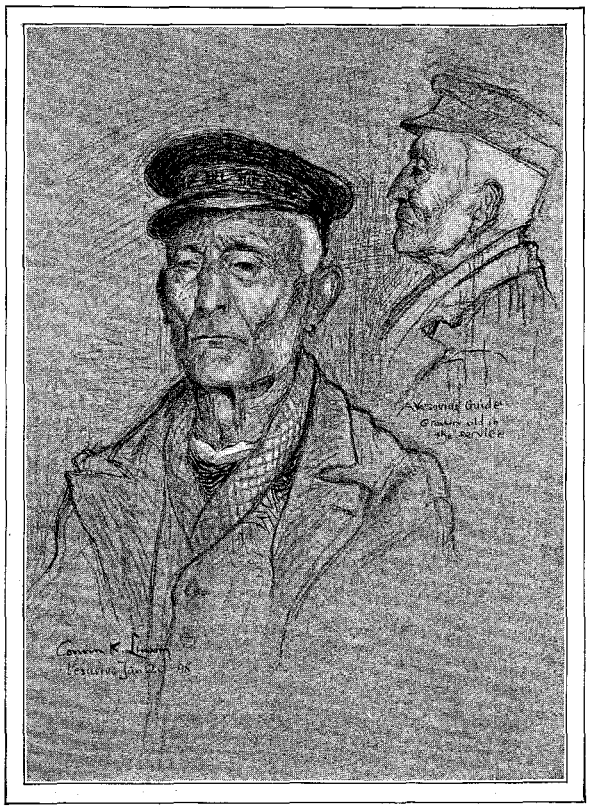
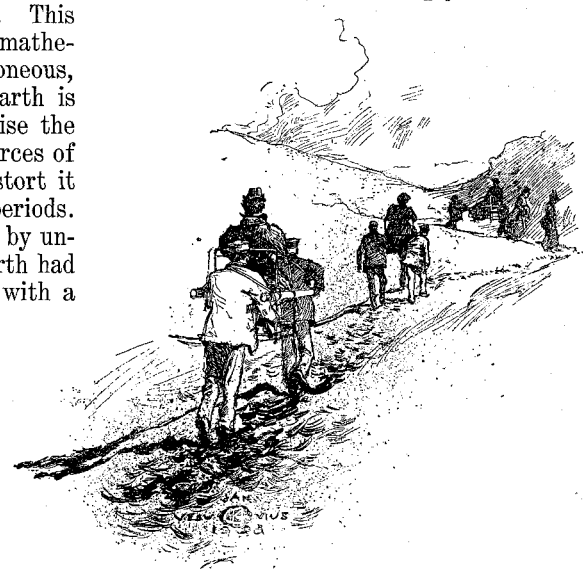


A GUIDE, GROWN OLD IN THE SERVICE. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON.

satisfactory answer on these points seems to be impossible.

It was a cherished conviction of the school-books some years ago that our earth was a molten mass in its interior, with a cooled crust outside upon which we dwell. This idea, however, the astronomers and mathematicians long since showed to be erroneous, and it has been abandoned. Our earth is solid and rigid to its core. Otherwise the tremendous tension exerted by the forces of gravity which play upon it would distort it into varying shapes at varying periods. Lord Kelvin showed many years ago, by undeniable mathematics, that if the earth had a molten interior, as was supposed, with a crust of solid steel 500 miles in thickness, the forces of gravity would at times pull it out of the spherical form and contort it as a boy squeezes a soft rubber ball. The molten interior as the source of volcanic action then gave place to the chemical theory. This was the conception that air and water from the surface, percolating downward and coming into contact with mineral beds of virgin oxides, set up a tremendous chemical action, whose resultant heat accounted for all the phenomena. There was much to be said for this theory, the volcanic explosions being clearly due to water in the form of superheated steam and compressed gases. The objections were greater still, however, as they were also to the intermediate theory of a solid core, a solid crust, and a layer of molten matter between.

It was and is known, however, that the interior of the earth is in a state of tremendous heat. This is shown by the rising of the thermometer one degree for about every sixty feet of depth as we descend into mines and wells. This rising of the thermometer is, however, not regular in any one place, but very irregular in all places. The Comstock Lode, for instance, increases in heat much more rapidly than the deep well at Budapest; and in the latter, after a great depth has been reached, the thermometer begins to fall. The seismograph, or earthquake recorder, has furnished the most satisfactory suggestion yet obtained. By a series of observations at stations widely separated, the area of various earthquakes has been measured and mapped. This has revealed the center, or starting-point, of the



THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON.

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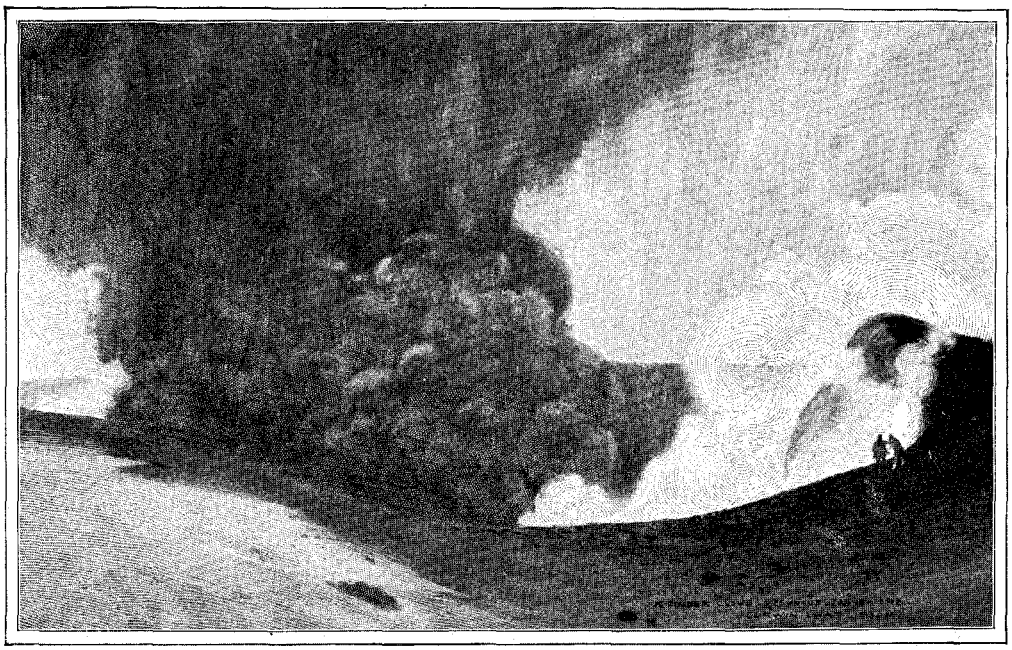
earth waves, and these centers vary from thirty to eight miles of depth, which is, of course, a much smaller distance below the surface than the estimated or supposed thickness of the crust. These and other investigations have induced the present belief that the causes of volcanic action are not due to a reservoir of molten rock in the earth's interior, but to local causes operating, in the case of any given volcano or group, over a limited area and at no great distance, comparatively speaking, below the surface.



A CINDER CLOUD ON MOUNT VESUVIUS. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON, JANUARY 18, 1898.

This is the view taken by Professor Semmola, who, since the death of Professor Palmieri last year, has occupied the position of Director of the Observatory of Vesuvius. He is also Professor of Meteorology in the University of Naples, and is credited with a large number of original investigations in this and allied sciences. Professor Semmola is a tall, distinguished-looking man, whose appearance is German rather than Italian. A request for information as to what we do not know about volcanoes brings an invitation to his rooms in the University. He begins the conversation by saying that two reports have gone the rounds of the European press for which there was no foundation. The first was that Vesuvius was in the last throes, and no more eruptions were to be expected. The second was that science had reached a point of exactness by which future eruptions could be accurately predicted in point of time. Vesuvius, it appears, is as untamable and uncertain as ever.

"Even the seismograph cannot be depended upon as a warning," he says. "On the 1st of July, 1895, I ascended to the crater. There was a fairly marked activity, the volcano throwing out numbers of small stones. The seismograph, however, was quiet, and continued quiet throughout the grand eruption which burst out two days later."

"Is there no means, then, of knowing when an eruption is about to occur?"

"That depends upon the character of the eruption; but eruptions vary greatly. In fact, no two are alike. In a normal or ordinary eruption, the bed of the crater slowly rises. It rose steadily, for instance, from 1875 to 1878, and the lava then overtopping the brim, flowed down the side of the cone. In eccentric eruptions, the action sets up suddenly and violently, and breaks open new craters or blows out the cold lava that fills the old channels. The heat of the issuing lava varies also. It is usually about 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit, but may be much hotter. It remains fluid down to about 1,200 degrees."

"What is the latest theory of volcanic action?"

"We are still working at the old theories, the electro-chemical and that of a reservoir of molten matter below. The lack of knowl-

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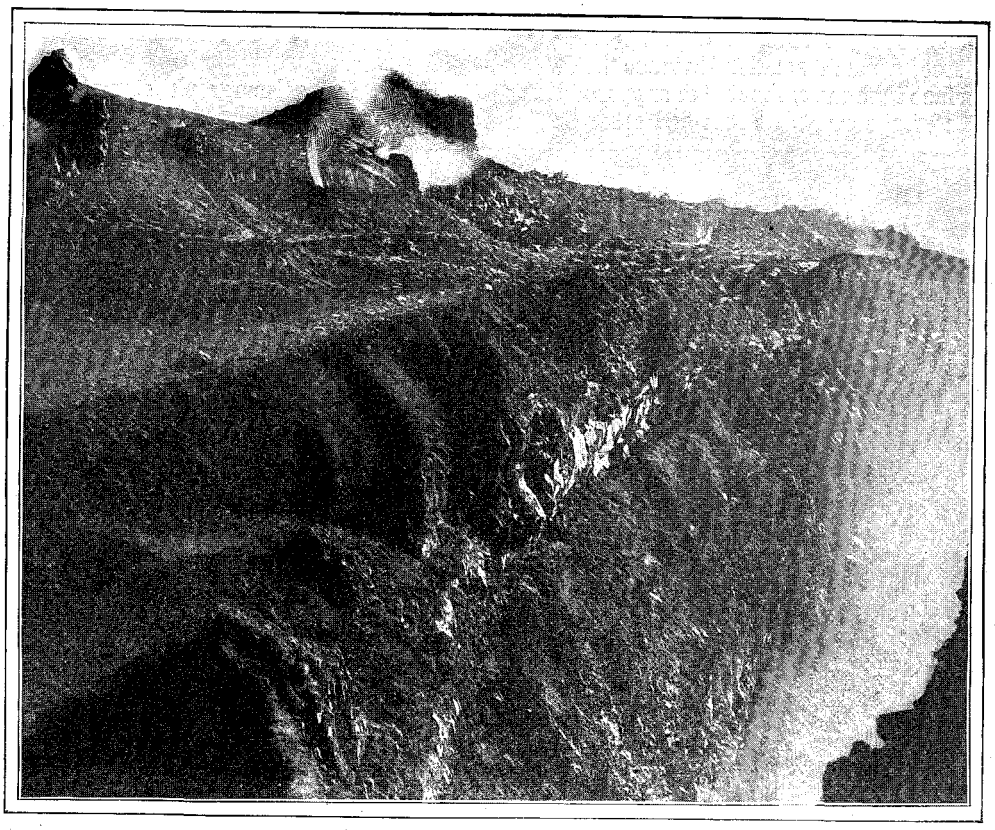

THE MOUTH OF THE GREAT CRATER (ERUPTION OF 1895). FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

edge as to the active cause arises from the impossibility of studying the action at its source. Nobody," said he, smiling, "wants to go down into the crater of an active volcano, and his investigations would not reach the publisher if he did.

"We know, however," he continued, "that the interior of the earth still conserves a high degree of heat. Taking the varying rate of augmentation of temperature in descending mines and wells, a distance of twenty or thirty miles would give us a heat capable of melting all known matter. The matter forming the earth at this depth is solid through pressure. If the pressure were removed it would at once liquefy, and forced out through a volcano it does liquefy. I am aware that there are objections to be urged against this theory as accounting for all volcanic phenomena, but I give it to you as perhaps the most reasonable basis of a theory that can be presented."

"The idea of the molten interior of the earth is no longer entertained?"

"No. Even without the unanswerable objections of astronomy and mathematics, the idea is not tenable; other facts disprove it. The belief prevailed for some time that the periods of greatest activity of Vesuvius were coincident with those of the moon's greatest attraction. I investigated this question very thoroughly both by observations for two years and an extended comparison of past records of the moon and the volcano. It became fully evident that no variations whatever in activity were to be attributed to the moon's phases. Were there a molten interior, this, of course, could not be so."

"What mechanical power seems to be responsible for the tremendous force of the eruptions?"

"Steam, superheated, under great pressure. Given matter at a high degree of heat, and water which by some means reaches it, and you have a sufficient physical force to account for all the work done. That water plays a very important part in the eruptions is clearly evident. In some eruptions of Vesuvius an enormous amount of water has been thrown out. The eccentric action of the sea, and of the wells and springs in the surrounding country, established an obvious relation. Many unofficial records of past eruptions describe the sinking of the sea,

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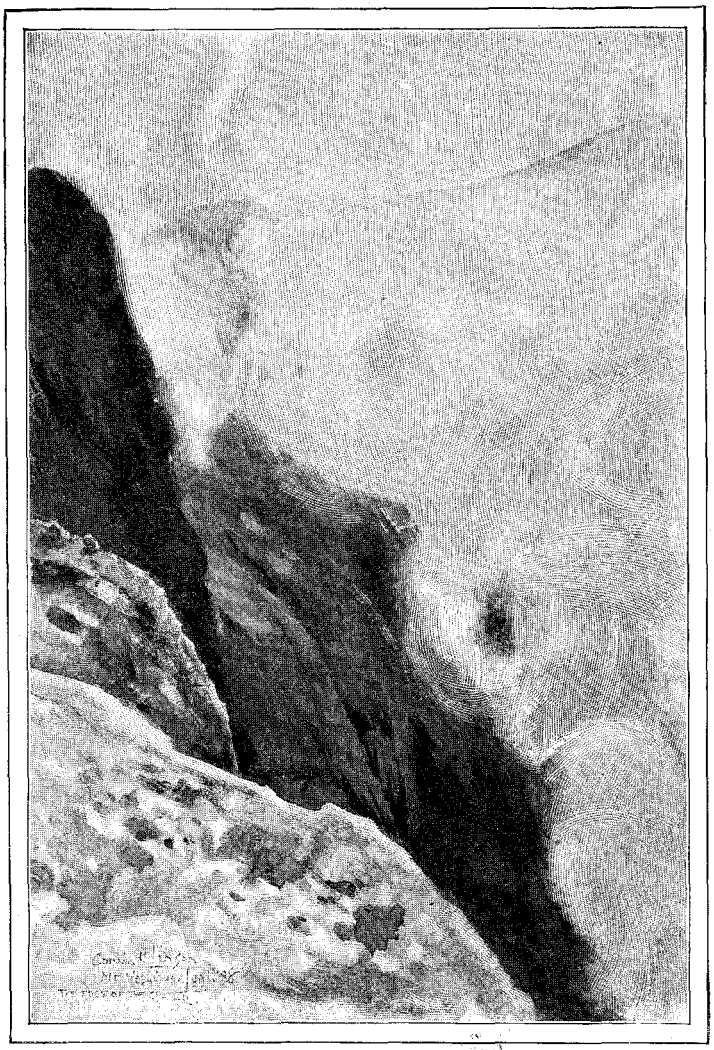
fish stranded on the shores thus laid bare, etc. Palmieri, however, came to the conclusion, based on his investigation of the eruption of 1861, that it was not the sea that sank, but the coast that lifted. He found that, in the eruption, the coast was lifted for several miles, the highest elevation being at Torre del Greco, where the elevation was four feet and a half. It slowly sank to its former level, but two years afterwards had not quite attained it.

"This explosive and eruptive action of water is shown," he added, "whenever a lava flood passes over a spring. A miniature volcano forms and spouts. The water turns to steam, and this, superheated and confined, bears the superincumbent weight only as long as it is unable to lift it. When the amount and power of the steam is equal to the demand, it erupts with violence through the lava flood and gives us a small volcano. After an eruption of Vesuvius, the lava which has cooled fills all the canals and vents leading from below. The steam and other gases which form below are thus unable to escape, and may go on augmenting in force for a long period. When the force of expansion attains the bursting point, it either blows out the old vents or forces new ones, sometimes in the volcano, and sometimes elsewhere, as when the new volcano of Monte Nuovo appeared above Pozzuoli in 1538. The so-called smoke from Vesuvius is almost entirely steam. Steam is absorbed by the lava before eruption, under great pressure, and is given off for long periods, as has been the case with the lava stream on the mountain for many months past."

"How deep, then, do you think the center of activity of Vesuvius lies?"



THE EDGE OF THE CRATER. DRAWN BY C. K. LINSON, JANUARY 21, 1898.

"I can only give you my opinion, and an opinion does not call for a demonstration. I think it is a matter of miles, perhaps ten, but probably less."

The mystery of the volcano remains still, therefore, the mystery of the earth itself; and we shall understand the one only when we understand the other. But the enormous heat and force of Vesuvius, only utilized thus far in supplying building stone and destroying buildings, recall practically the prophecy of Professor Berthelot, that in the golden age that is coming we shall draw all our heat, and the mechanical forces which result from its conversion, directly from the earth itself—that instead of digging 2,000 feet for coal, we shall dig a little farther when the coal gives out, and bring up the heat itself by thermo-electric methods.

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THE WORLD'S BILL OF FARE.

THE COMPARATIVE AMOUNTS OF FOOD USED BY THE PRINCIPAL NATIONS.

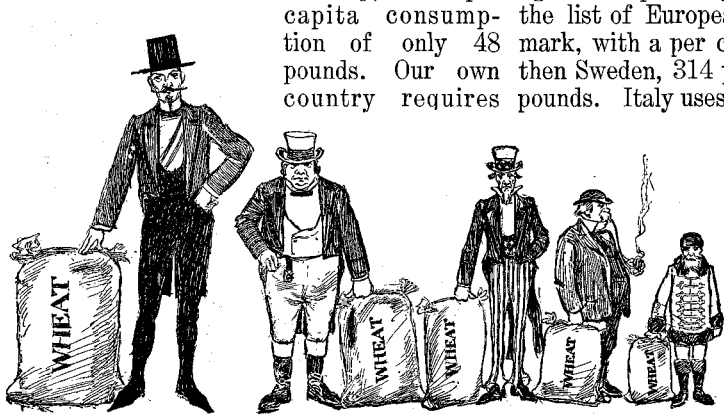
By George B. Waldron.

THE average man, if asked what is the most important crop of the world, would unhesitatingly say, "Wheat." This is true in the United States, but far from the case in the world as a whole. The first place must be given the potato. Ireland is not the only country of Europe which subsists largely on that vegetable. Of all the staple crops of the world, the potato takes the first place, the annual crop being more than 4,000 million bushels, against 2,500 million bushels of wheat, 2,600 million bushels of corn, 1,300 million bushels of rye, and 750 million bushels of barley. Of the total potato crop, Europe produces fully seven-eighths, which is two and one-half times as much as her wheat, and all her cereals together are but 50 per cent. more.

In the consumption of the potato, Ireland, as may be expected, stands at the head. Her average annual consumption per capita is 1,467 pounds, or a daily average of 4 pounds per person. Next comes Germany, with a per capita consumption of over 1,300 pounds. Her total consumption reaches 1,170 million bushels, or more than a quarter of the entire consumption of the world. Then come the Netherlands, with a per capita consumption of 840 pounds; then Norway and Sweden, with 740 pounds; France, 700; Austria-Hungary, 663, and Canada, 660 pounds. At the other end of the list stands Italy, with a per capita consumption of only 48 pounds. Our own country requires 250 million bushels of potatoes a year, or 200 pounds for each person. This is less by 38 pounds than the average consumption in Great Britain, and about the same as that of Australia. European Russia uses 850 million bushels, or 481 pounds per capita.

In the consumption of wheat, France heads the list, requiring 300 million bushels a year, or 467 pounds to each inhabitant. Next comes Canada, with 360 pounds per capita, a total of 30 million bushels. Italy requires 307 pounds per capita, or a total of 160 million bushels. Germany, Russia, Great Britain, and Hungary each use about the same total, 165 million bushels; but Great Britain's per capita consumption is 250 pounds, against 93 pounds for Russia, 180 pounds for Germany, and 230 pounds for Austria-Hungary. In the United States the consumption of wheat is 240 pounds, requiring a total of 300 million bushels. The Netherlands use the same per capita as the United States, requiring 20 million bushels. At the other end of the list is Japan, with but 16 millions total, making a per capita consumption of 22 pounds.

Where these countries lack in the consumption of wheat, however, the deficit is, as a rule, made up in other grains. Rye is the grain most in use in Russia, where 580 million bushels are consumed each year, or an average of 307 pounds per capita. At the head of the list of European countries stands Denmark, with a per capita use of 320 pounds; then Sweden, 314 pounds, and Norway, 224 pounds. Italy uses but 29 pounds per capita, and Germany only 26 pounds, while France requires 53 pounds, or a total of 36 million bushels. The rye used for food in the United States aggregates about 30 million bushels, or 22 pounds to each inhabitant.



France. *Great Britain.* *United States.* *Germany.* *Russia.*

The use of oats for

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United States. *United Kingdom.* *Spain.* *Switzerland.* *Italy.*

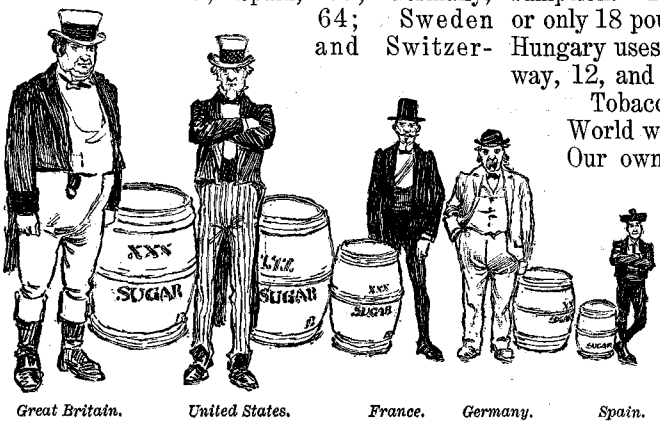
human food is also, as a rule, largest where wheat is least common. Norway, for example, stands near the head of the list, with 112 pounds per capita. Germany uses 97 pounds; the Netherlands and Sweden, both 96; Russia, 90; Belgium, 74; Spain, 55; Italy, 46; and Austria-Hungary, 45 pounds. In spite of the large use of oats as a food in Scotland, the average of the United Kingdom is but 12 pounds. In the United States it is estimated that 180 million bushels are used for food, or 77 pounds per capita. Canada uses 51 pounds.

It is in the use of meats that the various nations show a wide divergence. At the head of the list, both as to total and per capita consumption, stands our own country. Not less than 11,000 million pounds are retained for the use of our own people, or 147 pounds to each person. Of this, in round numbers, 5,000 million pounds are beef, 4,000 pork, and 800 mutton. Next to this country stands the United Kingdom, with an average of 100 pounds per inhabitant, but only a fraction of this amount goes to the Irish, since their average consumption is but 56 pounds. Norway uses 80 pounds; France, 77; Spain, 70; Germany, 64; Sweden and Switzerland, 62; Belgium, 61; Austria-Hungary, 60; and Russia, Portugal, and the Netherlands, 50 pounds. Italy uses but 24 pounds of meat per capita.

The United States also stands at the head in the use of eggs, fully 10,000 million being required in the course of a year, or 133 eggs to each person. Next stands Canada, with 90 eggs per capita. Denmark uses 80 eggs; France, 78, and Germany, 75 eggs. The United Kingdom requires but 39 eggs to each person, and Italy but 47 eggs.

In the use of rice there is a wide divergence. The United States, for example, requires but 300 million pounds, which is only 4 pounds per capita. Great Britain takes 350 million pounds, or 9 pounds to each person; Spain uses 5 pounds, and Italy 14. But Japan requires no less than 300 pounds, and the average of all India is 200 pounds. The Province of Bombay alone uses 10,000 million pounds, or 547 pounds to each inhabitant.

A statement commonly made is that this country takes the lead in the use of sugar. This, however, is not the case. The palm must be given to Great Britain, which requires 3,000 million pounds per annum, or 80 pounds to each inhabitant. In our own country, 5,500 million pounds are used, but the per capita consumption is 7 pounds less than in Great Britain, or 73 pounds. France uses 960 million pounds, or 25 pounds to each person. Germany, which has made such remarkable strides in producing beet sugar for our own and other nations, retains but little of it comparatively for her own consumption. The total is 950 million pounds, or only 18 pounds to each person. Austria-Hungary uses 15 pounds; Sweden, 20; Norway, 12, and Spain, only 7 pounds.



Great Britain. *United States.* *France.* *Germany.* *Spain.*

Tobacco is another native of the New World which has come into general use. Our own nation stands at the head in the total consumption, using 200 million pounds during the year, but this is only 43 ounces to each person—much less than the consumption of Belgium, for example, which stands at 110 ounces, or Switzerland, where 80 ounces are used. The Neth-

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erlands use 51 ounces to each person, while Germany, noted for its use of this "weed," requires 48 ounces, which puts it 5 ounces in advance of our own nation. Russia uses 24 ounces; France, 29; Italy, 22; Spain, 32, and the United Kingdom, 23 ounces.

United Kingdom. *Germany.* *United States.* *Netherlands.*

In the use of beverages the various nations show an equally marked divergence. Take, for example, the matter of tea. In this Great Britain and her dependencies in Australia lead the world, requiring no less than 88 ounces per capita, which is a total in Great Britain of 230 million pounds, and in Australia of 22 million pounds. Canada uses somewhat less, the average being 70 ounces to each person. Our own country requires 110 million pounds of tea, which is 24 ounces per capita. Russia, however, uses only 60 million pounds, or 9 ounces to each person.

In the use of coffee the Netherlands stand at the head, using no less than 370 ounces to each person. Denmark consumes 247 ounces, and Belgium 176 ounces. Next comes our own United States, with 155 ounces, which requires a total of 725 million pounds during the year. At the other end is Russia, whose people consume 30 million pounds during the year, or 3 ounces to each person. Spain uses but 9 ounces, and Great Britain only 11 ounces. Germany requires 78 ounces, or a total of 245 million pounds; Switzerland, 112 ounces; France, 53; Austria-Hungary, 32, and Italy, 17 ounces.

Perhaps the widest divergence is to be found in the use of the stronger drinks. Take beer, for example. In this the United Kingdom takes the lead, with no less than 1,200 million gallons per year, or 30 gallons to each inhabitant. Germany uses 1,400 million gallons, or 27 gallons per capita; and then comes Denmark, with 24 gallons to each person. In the United States, 1,050 million gallons are used each year, which gives an average of 15 gallons to each person. Switzerland uses 14 gallons per capita; France, 6 gallons; Sweden and Norway, 7; the Netherlands, 8, and Canada, 4 gallons. Such wine-drinking countries as Spain, Italy, and Greece use very little beer. Italy requires less than a gallon, Greece about 2 quarts, and Spain but little over a pint. In wine consumption, however, Spain takes the lead, with 35 gallons to each person. Then comes France, with 29 gallons, and Italy, 24 gallons. These countries are in marked contrast with beer-drinking Germany, which uses but little over a gallon of wine per inhabitant, and the United Kingdom, which requires less than 2 quarts. In the United States the consumption of wine has largely increased during the last year, reaching a total of 38 million gallons, which is almost exactly 2 quarts to each person. Russia uses about a gallon of wine per capita, and Austria-Hungary nearly 3 gallons. Canada, however, takes the lowest place, with less than 1 pint to each person.

Belgium. *Turkey.* *United States.* *Spain.* *United Kingdom.*

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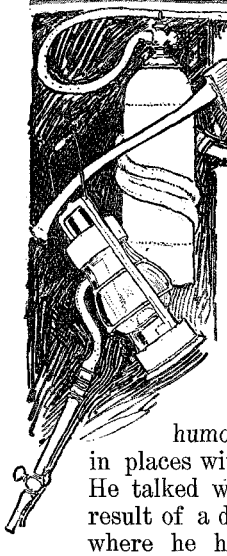

A Story of the Fire Patrol.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

THEY tell yet in the fire-houses of the adventure of Skrine and his men. Skrine was a stubby Pennsylvanian, with immensely broad shoulders, long, powerful arms, and a good-humored, ruddy face blotched in places with blue-black fire scars. He talked with a drawling lisp, the result of a deep slit in his upper lip where he had been cut by falling glass. For upwards of ten years Skrine was a lieutenant of the fire patrol.

There is this difference between the fire department and the fire patrol: One saves from fire, the other saves from water. The fire department is a branch of the public service; the fire patrol is a small company of picked men supported by the insurance underwriters as a business adjunct in the saving of property. The members of both organizations are trained to the same grim struggle, their uniforms and equipments are similar—so that in the rush of a great fire it is difficult to tell them apart—and both deal calmly in the business of danger.

On the night of the 15th of March a double alarm called the engines of McCaffrey's district to Washington Avenue and Wells Court. A big, black hulk of a building, six stories high, stood near the corner. It was occupied as a carriage factory, with a display room on the street floor. Before the firemen came, its windows were in darkness, and if it was on fire it kept the secret grimly. McCaffrey slid down from his red-spoked wagon, and found a bare-headed watchman hopping up and down on the steps and shouting.

The fire needed only a draft of fresh air, and when the door was opened, the whole lower half of the building, with its oil-soaked floors and walls, puffed suddenly into flame. Before the first stream stiffened against the cornice, the fire roared like a smelter chimney from the windows in the top story.

Skrine, coming late with his men, saw with a quick eye that the carriage factory was doomed. Next to it on the south stood a sturdy, brick-faced building two stories high. The first floor was occupied by a piano merchant; the second by a dealer in wall-paper and tapestries. Already the streams from McCaffrey's engines were sozzling in torrents on the roof. Skrine's wagon ground close to the curbing, and Noonan and Hall tossed out the bundles of yellow tarpaulin. Skrine led the way across the drenched sidewalk, and with a single blow of his ax drove in the heavy oak doors of the piano-store. The room was thick and choking with smoke; the gas-jet which Nelson lighted gleamed through it like a misty star.

On the second floor the wall-paper was piled on long tables and shelves, thousands of dollars' worth of it. One man unrolled the tarpaulins with a certain trained deftness; two others, one at each end, lifted them, and stretched them over the wall-paper, pulling the edges down until they reached

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well under the tables. Great blisters formed on the papered ceiling, to burst a moment later and let down a sudden douche of water. If it struck a tarpaulin top so much money was saved to the insurance companies; if it struck an uncovered pile of paper, so much was lost.

Working thus with orderly haste, Skrine's men came at length to the alley-end of the building, where the smoke was creeping in around the windows. As they prepared to go down the back stairs, Skrine heard a shrill shout of warning from the street, and then he was conscious of the horror-pause—the pause when shouting men draw in their breath and wait for something to happen. He leaped down the stairs, four steps at a time, the other men following. Once more they heard the warning shout, and as they reached the first floor they saw the far-away flicker of a lantern. Then from above there came the terrific crash of rending timbers. The ceiling crumpled like a collapsed tent, and fell with a deafening roar. The first floor went with it into the basement.

Skrine was half stunned. When he tried to turn, there was a stinging pain in his back and leg. It was pitch dark and cold and smoky. As he listened he heard indistinctly the clamor of the people in the street; and he knew that the wall of the carriage factory must have fallen, and driven in the building above like a crush hat. Overhead the timbers were cracking and settling, and by the sign of the icy water that dripped in his face, he knew that the firemen were "cooling" the ruins.

"Nelson!" he called; "Noonan!"

"Hello, lieutenant," came Noonan's voice, not an arm's length away. Noonan was a joking little Irishman. "I can't get up," he said; "a piano's playin' on me back."

They heard some one groan.

"It's Hall," said Skrine.

At that Nelson and Berquist, who were further away, began to shout. They all joined in, but their voices were lost in the roar of the fire. Nelson reached out, and touched Hall's face.

"I guess we're done for," he said, but Hall did not answer.

They lay at the foot of an inclined plane; the first floor had been wrenched loose along one side and driven to the bottom of the basement. At its lower edge a little pocket formed by the stairposts protected them from the weight of a thousand tons of brick, rent timbers, and broken pianos.

Through the ruins they saw a bright glimmer of fire. At first it was a mere hazy yellow wisp, blurred with smoke, but it leaped swiftly into a red glare, kindling the tangled heaps of wall-paper, one after another.

They joined again in a wild shout for help. There was no response but the sharp musketry of the flames in the ruins and the shrill screeching of the engines in the street outside.

Skrine, groping with his hand in the darkness, touched his lantern. After several futile attempts, he succeeded in lighting it. Through the dense fog of smoke he saw Hall lying face downward, under a great weight of ruins. He was groaning and begging for help. Noonan was part way under a piano; Nelson and Berquist were free, although a good deal bruised. Skrine himself found that his foot was pinned fast under a fallen timber.

They notched a lath, and poked the lantern up through the ruins, shouting at the same time, but they were buried too deep to attract attention. A bundle of blazing paper came down upon them. Nelson took it deliberately in his bare hands, threw it to one side, and beat it into smoking fragments.

Hall, who was farthest down on the slanting floor, stopped groaning suddenly and shrieked out:

"What's this?"

On the cement bottom of the basement, along the wall, lay a dark, narrow pool of water. They watched it for a moment with fascinated eyes. Little rivers ran down the floor to feed it. The ruins above them dripped icy cataracts. Nelson's hand, laid on the margin of the pool, was soon covered.

"The basement is filling up," observed Skrine.

Again they swung the lantern and shouted, this time with a kind of frantic energy. Their chink in the ruins was hardly more than three feet high. At the rate the water was rising they knew they could not hope to survive many minutes, even if they escaped the fire and smoke. But no one heard their shouts; McCaffrey and his men had given them up for lost.

Hall was now crying pitifully for help. The icy water of the pool was creeping up around him. Berquist and Nelson crawled over to help him, but his body was buried under tons of rubbish. They chopped and pulled and lifted until Hall's face was ashy gray with pain.

"It's no use," he said presently.

Nelson held up Hall's chin. The water,

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"... Seized Noonan ... and hobbled ... toward the front of the building."

creeping up the incline of the floor, was licking his throat. By this time Noonan had managed to wrench himself free from the ruins, and he and Berquist now turned their attention to Skrine. They slitted his boot down the leg with an ax. Then Skrine planted his uninjured foot on a timber, so that he could push, and gave an arm to each of them. They braced themselves, and Skrine himself gave the word to pull. His foot came from under the joist with the sharp snap of a loosened ankle.

Skrine dragged himself painfully around the confines of their niche in the ruins. The fallen timbers formed an immovable arch above them, with no opening avenue of escape. Below them the water was creeping up, and over them the fire was creeping down. Already the smoke was so dense and suffocating that they gasped and choked, with their faces held close to the floor. And yet Skrine saw a single desperate chance of escape. He crept as high up on the slanting floor as the ruins would permit, and Noonan passed him an ax. Skrine crouched on his knees, and began with swift, powerful strokes to chop a hole through the floor in the forlorn hope that some outlet of refuge might be found in the other part of the basement. The water continued to pour into the basement from a dozen hose-leads. By straining hard, Hall lifted his head the width of a finger higher, but the creeping water still lapped his chin. Again Nelson wrenched desperately at the timbers above him.

"It's no use, boys," Hall said, calmly.

A moment later, Skrine heard a sudden sharp gasp. When he turned to look, he saw Nelson holding the lantern significantly over the pool. Hall had disappeared.

Berquist, who had been crouching on the floor, shook from head to foot as with a chill. Suddenly he leaped to his knees and began to tear frantically at the ruins with his bare hands. Skrine shouted at him, fearing that he might dislodge the rubbish and bring it down upon them. Berquist was one of the pluckiest men on the force, but he could not stand the awful strain of waiting for the inexorable, creeping death which had come to Hall. It was the ungovernable terror of a man penned.

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Skrine seized Berquist's shoulders with a grip of iron, and bore him backward to the floor.

"Thith won't do, Berquith," he drawled, lisping, and he choked him until his eyes bulged.

Then he let Berquist up and gave him the ax. With something to do, Berquist became a fireman again—cool, determined, and brave—and the chips flew from the tough floor.

It seemed hours to them that they lay there on the slippery slant of the floor. They were drenched and numbed, the smoke ate their eyes and burned and griped in their throats, and yet each pecked away until he was too dizzy and weak to see, and then he passed the ax to his neighbor. And the water crept higher and higher. Before the hole was well through, Noonan, weak with pain and half suffocated, fell limp and unconscious. Skrine pushed him to one side without a word, and went on furiously with the chopping. Berquist went down next, and Nelson succumbed just as he was ready to crawl through the hole, which was now completed.

Skrine's head was splitting with pain, his burning eyes could hardly see the dim glimmer of the lantern, and his legs were numb with cold and pain, but he set his teeth and dragged himself through the hole. In the other part of the basement the water was over two feet deep, but the air was better.

Skrine turned, and dragged Nelson's limp body out through the hole and propped it on a pile of boxes. Then he returned for Noonan and Berquist. He knew that the basement was filling rapidly and that unless they escaped at once all their work would go for nothing.

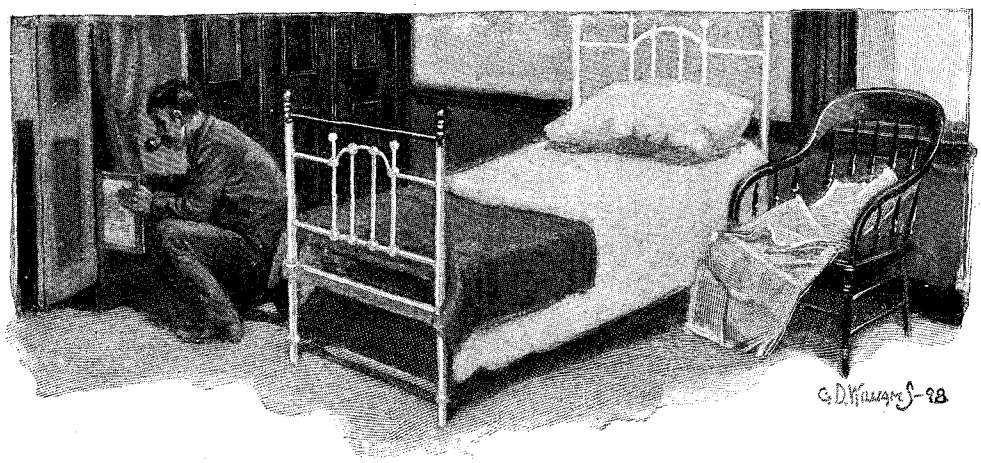
Skrine reeled like a drunken man, and at every step his crushed foot pained him terribly. But he seized Noonan and Nelson, and hobbled with them toward the front of the building. He held the lantern in his teeth. At last he saw the faint glimmer from a basement window. He shouted again and again, but in the pandemonium of roaring fire and rushing water no one heard him. He held up his lantern, and waved it around his head.

A lieutenant and two men, running to see what caused the light in the window, heard some one call faintly. They scrambled into the basement, and rolled Nelson and Noonan out like logs. Skrine held back, mumbling and pointing; and they went for Berquist.

McCaffrey, bending over Skrine, heard him say:

"Blarmed thmoky in that hole."

A board of control passed resolutions, and had them engrossed, suitable for framing and hanging on the wall. Skrine, not being accustomed to such things, stowed them away in the depths of a tarpaulin locker—which was like Skrine.



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

NEARLY a year before the opening of hostilities with Spain, Theodore Roosevelt addressed a class of naval cadets on the subject of Washington's forgotten maxim:

"To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace."

Before the "Maine" was blown up in Havana harbor, Mr. Roosevelt said to a friend in New York:

"We shall be compelled to fight Spain within a year."

It was this sense of the great need of military readiness, whether to prevent war or to maintain war, coupled with a keen appreciation of the impending danger, that induced Mr. Roosevelt to leave the fierce hurly-burly of the New York Police Department, in which he joyed, for the obscure, red-taped Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy. He knew that it was a position lacking in advisory importance and that there was slight possibility of its yielding public credit or political preferment. It was merely the king-cog of a vast machine, the function of which was to keep the American navy in readiness for hostilities.

When Mr. Roosevelt was appointed, his first work was to familiarize himself with the possible needs of the navy in the event of war. After that, he began to buy guns, ammunition, and provisions. He insisted on more extended gunnery practice. He hurried the work on the new war ships, and ordered repairs on the old ones; he directed that the crew of every ship be recruited to its full strength; he crammed the bins of every naval supply station with coal. Consequently, when Admiral Dewey arrived at Hong Kong with the fleet which was to win the greatest victory of the war, he found quantities of coal, ammunition, and supplies awaiting him, so that he could advance without delay and offer battle before he was expected. Moreover, it was at Mr. Roosevelt's urgent suggestion that Admiral Dewey received his famous order to "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet.

"If it had not been for Roosevelt," said Senator Cushman K. Davis, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, "we should not have been able to strike the blow that we did at Manila. It needed just Roosevelt's energy and promptness."

Mr. Roosevelt called it "sharpening the tools for the navy;" and when they were sharpened and the American flag was firmly planted on Cavité, he resigned.

"There is nothing more for me to do here," he said. "I've got to get into the fight myself."

Nearly every newspaper of importance in the United States urged Mr. Roosevelt to remain at Washington. They told him that he was just the man for the place, and they warned him that he was "ruining his career." They said that there were plenty of men to stop bullets, but very few who could manage a navy.

It is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt that when he sees a duty clearly, no advice, however well meant, nor any question of expediency or profit or future favor will turn him by the width of a hair. His career never for a moment eclipses his sense of responsibility. Somewhere he says in one of his essays: "One plain duty of every man is to face the future as he faces the present, regardless of what it may have in store for him, and turning toward the light as he sees the light, to play his part manfully, as a man among men."

This sterling, rugged, old-fashioned sense of duty is the key-note of Mr. Roosevelt's character—that, and the iron determination to do his duty promptly when he sees it.

So he became a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, one among several hundred. He fared with his regiment on three battle-fields, where he was the stout heart of the whole army; and when the fighting was

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over, it was he who first saw the impending danger of Cuban fever, and his prompt and forcible appeal for instant removal of the troops undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands of American soldiers.

When he returned from Cuba last August, it was to find himself the most popular man in the army, if not in the nation. And who will say now that he was mistaken in leaving the Navy Department and riding away to the front with his cowboys and college men?

These episodes furnish the cipher key by which all of Mr. Roosevelt's life may be read. The qualities which made them a possibility are only the flowering of a long period of strenuous development, extending backward through many generations.

HIS ANCESTORS.

During the Civil War, Mr. Roosevelt's father, also Theodore Roosevelt, was one of the most prominent citizens of New York. Men who still live remember him as he rode through the park—a slim, straight, handsome-featured man, who sat his horse as though born to the saddle. He had great strength and nobility of character, combined with a certain easy joyousness of disposition. To him, more than to any other man, New York owes it system of newsboys' lodging houses. He was a power in the Young Men's Christian Association, and one of the principal organizers of the Bureau of United Charities. During the Civil War, he established the famous and useful "Allotment Commission," which enabled soldiers in the field to allot and send to their families at home a certain portion of their monthly pay. He held various positions of public trust, but such was his high standard of the duty of the citizen to the state that he never would accept any payment for his services.

Behind the elder Theodore Roosevelt stretched eight generations of patriotic Americans, burghers and patroons of New York since the time of one-legged Peter Stuyvesant. And the various generations have had their aldermen, their assemblymen, their judges, their congressmen, their soldiers. In Revolutionary times, New York chose a Roosevelt to act with Alexander Hamilton in the United States Constitutional Convention. Roosevelt Street in New York City is so named because it was a cow-lane in the original Roosevelt farm; Roosevelt Hospital was the gift of a recent member of the family.

Mingled with this fine old Dutch blood, which so strongly marks the personality of Mr. Roosevelt, there are strains in the family of the best Scotch, Irish, and French Huguenot, so that if there be an aristocracy of blood in America, the Roosevelts may lay claim to it. But like every true aristocrat, Mr. Roosevelt is also the simplest of democrats.

Mr. Roosevelt's mother was Miss Martha Bulloch. She came from the old Southern family of Bullochs which produced a noted governor of Georgia and the builder of the Confederate privateer "Alabama."

BOYHOOD LIFE.

Mr. Roosevelt was born in the family mansion at 28 East Twentieth Street, New York, on October 27, 1858, so that he is now just forty years old. As a young boy he was thin-shanked, pale, and delicate, giving little promise of the amazing vigor of his later life. To avoid the rough treatment of the public school, he was tutored at home, also attending a private school for a time—Cutler's, one of the most famous of its day. Most of his summers were spent at the Roosevelt farm near Oyster Bay, then almost as distant in time from New York as the Adirondacks now are. For many years he was slow to learn and not strong enough to join in the play of other boys; but as he grew older he saw that if he ever amounted to anything he must acquire vigor of body. With characteristic energy he set about developing himself. He swam, he rode, he ran; he tramped the hills back of the bay, for pastime studying and cataloguing the birds native to his neighborhood; and thus he laid the foundation of that incomparable physical vigor from which rose his future prowess as a ranchman and hunter.

"I was determined," he says, "to make a man of myself."

I spoke to him about being a city boy. "I belong as much to the country as to the city," he replied; "I owe all my vigor to the country."

The elder Roosevelt knew the science of bringing up boys. It may be summed up in a single word—work, plenty of work, hard work. Although the family was considered wealthy, he taught his boys—there were two of them and two girls—that the most despicable of created beings is the man who does nothing. He himself was a prodigious worker in many different lines.

Young Roosevelt had few dreams, he

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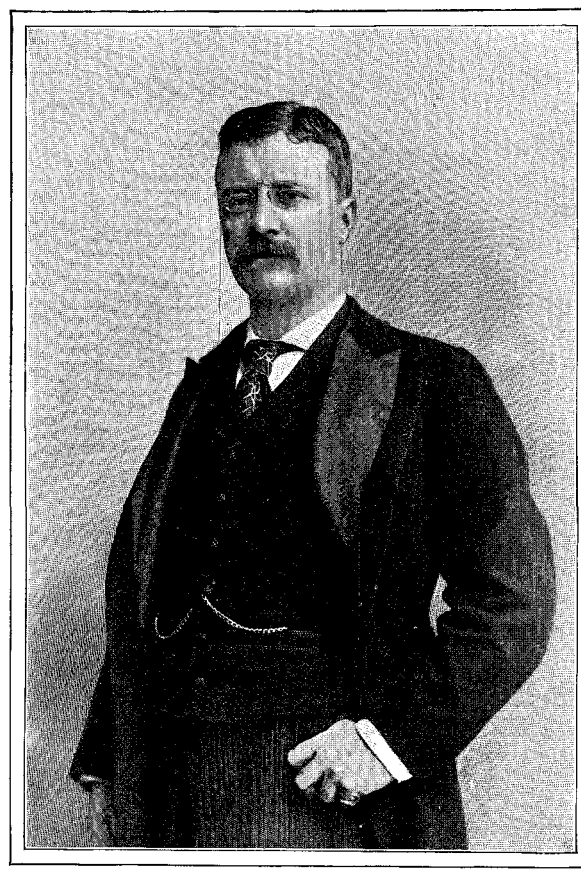
built few air castles. The work that lay nearest him he learned to do thoroughly well, and when it was done, he was ready for more. Story-books interested him very little unless, like Mayne Reid or Fenimore Cooper, they treated of hunting, trapping, and the wild life of the West.

Later, after he entered Harvard College, where he was a good student, and for a time editor of the "Advocate," he was deeply absorbed in history and natural history. By this time he had become a good boxer and wrestler and a fair runner, and for a time he was captain of a polo club, although he never took any championships.

He was graduated from the university in 1880, a Phi Beta Kappa man, and he afterwards spent some time studying in Dresden.



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

From a recent copyrighted photograph by Rockwood.

EARLY INSPIRATIONS.

After a year's travel in Europe and the East, during which he scaled the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn and won himself a membership in the Alpine Club of London, Mr. Roosevelt returned to New York, ready to begin his life work. He was now barely twenty-three years old, a robust, sturdy-shouldered, square-jawed young man, born a fighter. He had no need to work; his income was ample to keep him in comfort, even luxury, all his life. He might spend his summers in Newport and his winters on the Continent, and possibly win some fame as an amateur athlete and a society man; and no one would think of blaming him, nor of asking more than he gave. But he craved the stir and action and heat of public conflict. His reading was of a nature to spur him on to deeds, for he is preëminently a man whom history has lifted. Even in his college days he had been a close student of the "Federalist," which he calls "the greatest book of its kind ever written." Indeed, no young American of the time was more thoroughly familiar with the history of his country, both east and west, and with the lives of its greatest men, than Mr. Roosevelt. He had studied its politics as well as its wars, and he knew every one of the noble principles on which it was founded. Before he was twenty-three he had begun work on his "Naval War of 1812," which has since become the standard authority on that period of the nation's history, with a copy in the library of every American war ship. In his essay on "American Ideals," one of the richest tributes to patriotism in the language, he burns incense to the inspiration of history.

"Each of us who reads the Gettysburg speech," he writes, "or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of material prosperity."

Here was an American stung to action by the deeds of the two greatest Americans. He believed in them as models, and he felt

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no sentimental timidity in declaring his faith in their ideals.

For a time Mr. Roosevelt attempted the study of the law with his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, but with such a training as he had given himself it was impossible for him to remain long out of politics. In 1881 he attended his first primary—a primary of the Republican party. To many bookish young men, acquainted with the greatest achievements of their countrymen, such a gathering might have seemed mean, sordid, unimportant; but to Mr. Roosevelt, who saw in it the foundation of a political system, it was as much an arena for political prowess as the legislative halls in Washington.

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

He went into it with the earnest intention of being useful, and almost before he was aware the Twenty-first District had elected him to represent it in the Assembly at Albany. When he took the oath of office in 1882, he was the youngest member of the legislature. Some of the hard-shelled old political "wheelers" from New York promptly dubbed him "silk-stocking," and passed him by as one of the freaks of a popular election. But they curiously misjudged their man. Mr. Roosevelt has a faculty, wherever he is, of making himself a storm center.

He studied his colleagues until he knew whom he could trust and whom he must fight, and then, quite to the dismay of some of his fellow legislators, he went to work. Within two months he was the undisputed leader of the Republican minority of the house and quite the most astonishing feature of the legislature.

"Politics and war," he said recently, "are the two biggest games there are."

At Albany he played politics with the same cheery disregard for punishment, danger, or future preferment that he showed on the bloody slope before San Juan. He had determined that the city government of New York needed purifying, and without delay he set about to purify it. It was nothing to him that he had a bitter majority of corrupt politicians to fight, nor that many of the newspapers in New York lampooned him unmercifully. He made friends, and trusted them, wherein lies much of his success as a leader; and with the small, but tremendously energetic and devoted, band of workers which gathered under his standard, he succeeded in passing the famous Roosevelt aldermanic bill, which deprived the City Council of New York of the right to veto the mayor's appointments, the provision under which Tweed and his ringsters had wrought such perversions of the public will. This was the most important work he did in Albany, and, singularly enough, it made possible his own appointment years later as police commissioner.

He also organized a committee to investigate the work of county officials in New York, as a result of which the county clerk, who had been receiving $82,000 a year in fees; the sheriff, who had been taking $100,000; and the register, whose perquisites were also very large, all became salaried officials. At the same time Mr. Roosevelt urged a police investigation, and it would have been secured had he remained longer in the legislature. During his entire service he fought every blackmailing scheme of dishonest politicians with untiring earnestness, and he insisted on civil service reform and the endeavor to combine honesty and efficiency in the selection of all servants of the State.

In speaking of the qualities necessary in a legislator to win such victories as these, Mr. Roosevelt very well describes some of his own characteristics:

"To get through any such measures requires genuine hard work, a certain amount of parliamentary skill, a good deal of tact and courage, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the men with whom one has to deal and of the motives which actuate them."

Prophets of the ordinary political stamp declared that Mr. Roosevelt never could be reëlected after he had served his first term—his politics were much too startling; but he was reëlected twice, serving the three terms of 1882, 1883, and 1884. Moreover, his party grew so fond of him that it sent him to the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1884, where he was associated with such men as Andrew D. White and George William Curtis. He went uninstructed, but in favor of the nomination of Mr. Edmunds for the presidency in opposition to Mr. Blaine.

AS A PRACTICAL POLITICIAN.

During the convention Mr. Roosevelt stood out prominently as a militant Republican. Indeed, he has always gloried in the fact that he is a party politician and a practical politician; at the same time he once said, "I do not number party allegiance

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among the Ten Commandments." In the face of a question of simple right and wrong Mr. Roosevelt recognizes no loyalty to party, and he declares with vehemence that national politics never should be allowed to interfere with municipal or local government, nor with the disposition of offices in which efficiency and honesty are the prime requirements.

"There are times," he says, "when it may be the duty of a man to break with his party, and there are other times when it may be his duty to stand by his party, even though, on some points, he thinks that party wrong. If we had not party allegiance, our politics would become mere windy anarchy, and, under present conditions, our government would hardly continue at all. If we had no independence, we should always be running the risk of the most degraded kind of despotism—the despotism of the party boss and the party machine."

Mr. Roosevelt is a practical politician in the same broad-gauged, common-sense way that he is a party politician.

"In the long run," he writes, "politics of fraud and treachery and foulness are unpractical politics, and the most practical of all politicians is the politician who is clean and decent and upright. Therefore, the man who wishes to do good in his community must go into active political life. If he is a Republican, let him join his local Republican association; if he is a Democrat, the Democratic association; if an Independent, then let him put himself in touch with those who think as he does. Progress is accomplished by the man who does the things, and not by the man who talks about how they ought or ought not to be done."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN 1885, IN HIS HUNTING AND RANCHING OUTFIT.

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

Standing thus for the politics that Washington and Lincoln made illustrious, it is with a thrill of reassuring confidence in the innate uprightness of the American voter that one watches Mr. Roosevelt's steady advance in political power and responsibility. In 1886, he became the candidate of the Republican party for Mayor of New York, running against Abram S. Hewitt and Henry George. His letter accepting the nomination is a masterpiece, a model for every fearless young politician who is trying to do a

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man's work in the world. Mr. Roosevelt went into the campaign with his characteristic energy, fighting fair, but fighting without gloves; and while he was beaten, he had the honor of receiving the largest percentage of votes ever polled by a Republican candidate for mayor until Mayor Strong came in.

LIFE AS A COWBOY.

During all of these years of intense political activity, and long afterwards, Mr. Roosevelt found opportunity to make half a hundred expeditions into the wild heart of the West, to turn cowboy, ranchman, and hunter of big game, and to become more familiar, perhaps, with the "rugged and stalwart democracy" of the pioneer frontiersman than any other Eastern man. He built a log ranch on the banks of the Little Missouri, among the buttes and Bad Lands of northwestern Dakota, working on it with his own hands. It was a low, rough building, with a wide veranda, shaded by leafy cottonwoods, and so far from the bounds of civilization that Mr. Roosevelt tells of shooting a deer from the front door. Here, in a flannel shirt, and overalls tucked into alligator boots, he worked side by side with his cowboys during many an exciting round-up, coming home to sleep on bear-skins and buffalo-robes, trophies of his skill as a hunter.

Here, too, he kept the favorite books of a ranchman, the works of Fenimore Cooper—who has touched the life of the pioneer more closely than any other writer, Mr. Roosevelt thinks—many books on hunting, trapping, and natural history; and the works of Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Poe, and a few other American writers. In speaking of Poe, Mr. Roosevelt says: "When one is in the Bad Lands, he feels as if they somehow *look* just exactly as Poe's tales and poems *sound*."

One of Mr. Roosevelt's experiences in the West gave the cowboys a very high opinion of his determination, and forever blotted out the implication that he was a tenderfoot. Cattle had been stolen from his ranch. He followed the thieves with unfaltering pertinacity for two weeks, and finally captured three of them and had them sent to the penitentiary at Mandan for terms of three years.

He hunted and shot with all the keen zeal of a lover of the wilderness. He killed as a sportsman, not to make a record for killing, and usually only when his camp needed food. Many of his trips were made alone or with a single cowboy companion, for he despised the help of the professional guide.

"I myself am not and never will be more than an ordinary shot," he says, "for my eyes are bad and my hand not oversteady; yet I have killed every kind of game to be found on the Plains, partly because I have hunted very perseveringly, and partly because by practice I have learned to shoot about as well at a wild animal as at a target."

More than one grizzly bear has fallen to Mr. Roosevelt's rifle, and once, while he was hunting alone in Idaho, he was charged by a wounded grizzly. Nothing can exceed the graphic interest with which Mr. Roosevelt himself tells of this attack:

"I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him, as he topped it, with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself, and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

This Mr. Roosevelt calls his most thrilling moment.

HIS LITERARY WORK.

One would think that Mr. Roosevelt's political activity, combined with the stress of

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his wild, vigorous, outdoor life in the West, would have burned out his energy and left him time for nothing else. But the addition of work seems only to add to his astonishing physical and mental vitality.

In the intervals of hunting, ranching, and politics, Mr. Roosevelt found opportunity to write voluminously on many different subjects. As might have been expected from his early reading, much of this work has had to do with American history. Beginning with the "Naval War of 1812," which was written when he was only twenty-three years old, he has produced: "The Winning of the West," a "Life of T. H. Benton," a "Life of Gouverneur Morris," a "History of the City of New York," a series of hero tales from American history, and he is now engaged, in collaboration with Captain A. T. Mahan, on an extended "Imperial History of the British Navy." Of all of these works, by far the most important is the four-volume "Winning of the West," a history treating of the acquisition by the American Union of the territory west of the Alleghanies. The amount of original research necessary to write such a work and to make it so complete and accurate that it has become a standard American history indicates, in some measure, Mr. Roosevelt's enormous capacity as a worker. On this subject Mr. Jacob I. Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives," casts an interesting side-light. During the period in which Mr. Roosevelt lived in the maelstrom of the New York Police Department, Mr. Riis says that he often saw him turn, during a lull in the activities of the office, and write a paragraph or two in a book or article which he was then preparing; or, more frequently, seize the ready book at his elbow, and read swiftly and with the most profound concentration until he was interrupted.

Mr. Roosevelt has also written three bulky volumes: "The Wilderness Hunter," "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," and "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," which stand as the classics of big game hunting in North America. He has a clear, enlivening style of narrative, and conveys his impressions just as he talks, with straightforward truthfulness and earnestness. The style is the man. These three books are of the kind that makes an active boy thrill and thrill and long for the touch of a trigger.

Besides his hunting and historical books, Mr. Roosevelt has been a voluminous writer of essays on practical subjects and of reviews for the best magazines. Two volumes of these have been collected, one of which, "American Ideals," contains Mr. Roosevelt's creed, as he himself says. It is a book full of inspiration for every country-loving American, a stalwart appreciation of homely goodness.

"Love of order," he says, in one of these essays, "ability to fight well and breed well, capacity to subordinate the interests of the individual to the interests of the community—these and similar rather humdrum qualities go to make up the sum of social efficiency."

In passing, it may not be amiss to mention, as an example of Mr. Roosevelt's versatility, that the same man who was candidate for mayor of New York has also written a number of valuable papers for scientific journals on the discrimination of species and sub-species of the larger mammals of the West. Indeed, a species of elk is named after him, and he has the honor of having extended the known western range of a little insectivore called the shrew.

AGAIN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

After his experiences on the Western plains, Mr. Roosevelt returned with vigor to his public life. For six years, beginning in 1889—four years under President Harrison and two under President Cleveland—he was president of the United States Civil Service Commission. This gave him work quite to his liking, work for the correction of public abuses, work in which he met the keenest opposition. When he accepted the position, he was firmly convinced that the spoilsmonger was as bad as the bribe-giver, and he fought him publicly and privately, in Congress and out, so that before he left the Commission he had added more than 20,000 new places to the scope of the civil service law, at the same time enforcing the law as it never had been enforced before. During all of his service in Washington his experience at Albany served him well, for he was compelled to grapple with every stripe of politician. It has been said that Mr. Roosevelt is devoid of tact and diplomacy; but any one who studies his career as Civil Service Commissioner will appreciate the skill, amounting often to real genius, with which he handled obstreperous legislators and accomplished his ends in spite of all opposition. As a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt is exceedingly cautious and painstaking until he is sure of his ground—then he strikes out like a catapult. He is impulsive, but it is a safe sort of impulsive-

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ness; such a man is, of course, liable to the objections that timid people bring against a man of tremendous force and capacity.

In 1895, when Mayor Strong was casting about for men who were brave enough and determined enough to give virility to the principles of reform on which he had been elected, his eyes turned at once to Mr. Roosevelt as the man best fitted to fight a vigorous battle against corruption. After first offering him the position of Street Cleaning Commissioner, afterwards so admirably filled by Colonel Waring, he appointed him to the Board of Police Commissioners, of which he at once became president.

AS POLICE COMMISSIONER IN NEW YORK.

Within a month, Mr. Roosevelt was the most hated as well as the best beloved man in New York. With characteristic clearness of vision he had determined at once on a course of action, and having determined upon it he proceeded with something of the energy of a steam engine to put it into force. His reasoning had all the simplicity of originality. He was appointed to enforce the laws as they appeared on the statute books. He enforced them. That was originality; it rarely had been done before. The excise law compelling saloons to close on Sunday had been enforced against the poorer saloon-keepers in order that the police might levy blackmail on the wealthy liquor dealers. Mr. Roosevelt enforced it impartially against both rich and poor. To him a dead-letter law was as bad as hypocrisy in the church. When prominent citizens and influential newspapers protested, he answered:

"I am placed here to enforce the law as I find it. I shall enforce it. If you don't like the law, repeal it."

The politicians tried their best to entangle him, but he eluded them by the simple process of invariably speaking the plain, hard truth—a quality which must have astounded them more than anything else that he did, so accustomed were they to peer for ulterior motives. This device Mr. Roosevelt used naturally, just as Bismarck often used it as one of the arts of diplomacy.

To be certain that his police orders were obeyed and that the reforms he recommended were carried out, he pursued the very simple, but effective, method of visiting the patrolmen of the force on their beats at night, very much as the good Haroun-al-Rashid visited the citizens of Bagdad. A very few such visits, with the punishments which followed, were quite enough to give the average policeman a wholesome regard for Mr. Roosevelt's authority.

There never was a man who had a keener appreciation of bravery than Mr. Roosevelt. "Every feat of heroism," he says, "makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it."

He was continually watching for it and rewarding it among his men. A lank, red-headed Irish patrolman, named Duggan, saw a burglar one night, on Park Avenue near Seventieth Street, making off with a bundle of silverware. He gave chase. The burglar threw away the bundle, and jumped the fence that surrounds the cavernous ventilating holes of the New York Central Railroad tunnel. Duggan followed him. The burglar ran to one of the holes, hesitated, and jumped a sheer twenty feet to the tracks below, regardless of the danger of being crushed by passing trains. Without a moment's consideration Duggan sprang after him, landed on him, and dragged him out by the collar. When the president of the Police Board heard of that, he straightway sent for Duggan and heard the story from his own lips, and when Duggan went away he was a roundsman. And this is only one instance among a hundred, every one of which was a link to bind him to his men. They learned that he was as quick to reward as he was to punish and that he had their welfare at heart. Previous to his administration, a policeman who ruined his clothing in stopping a runaway or in arresting a thief was compelled to buy a new suit at his own expense. Commissioner Roosevelt informed the force that he considered muddy clothing, when muddied in such a cause, a badge of honor, and that the Department would always make good the damage.

Mr. Roosevelt was the only police officer to whom the labor unions of New York came for counsel on friendly terms. Usually the police and the unions are at odds. A small strike, in which there was much bitterness between the strikers' pickets and the patrolmen, brought this condition forcibly to Mr. Roosevelt's attention. He promptly called a meeting of the leaders, spent an evening with them discussing their grievances, and finally made the very simple and sensible suggestion that they appoint duly authorized pickets, whose rights the police should protect. After that there was perfect confidence between the police department and the labor unions.

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Dynamite bombs were left in his office, sensational newspapers attacked him with bitter malice, a part even of his own board was against him, but he neither wavered nor paused. When a police captain would not obey orders, he placed him under arrest; he appointed more than 2,000 new men to the force, honest men, and every one of them came in under civil service rules, without regard to politics, religion, or nationality. Within a brief half year from the day of Mr. Roosevelt's appointment, every saloon in New York obeyed the law, crime had decreased, street gangs were broken up, and police blackmail was a thing of the past.

"In administering the police force," he says, "we found that there was no need of genius, nor, indeed, of any very unusual qualities. What was needed was exercise of the plain, ordinary virtues, of a rather commonplace type, which all good citizens should be expected to possess. Common sense, common honesty, courage, energy, resolution, readiness to learn, and desire to be as pleasant as was compatible with the strict performance of duty—these were the qualities most called for."

While Mr. Roosevelt took no very active part in the political campaign of 1896, he was an ardent supporter of the cause of honest money. He could brook no "quack cure," as he called it, for financial distress. It was during this political contest that he published an address telling why he was a supporter of the Monroe Doctrine, an address in which his stalwart Americanism spoke in every line.

"Every true patriot," he wrote, "every man of statesmanlike habit, should look forward to the day when not a single European power will hold a foot of American soil. At present it is not necessary to take the position that no European power shall hold American territory; but it certainly will become necessary if the timid and selfish peace-at-any-price men have their way, and if the United States fails to check, at the outset, European aggrandizement on this continent."

This is a most significant utterance in view of the recent war. Colonel Roosevelt has fought for his belief.

AS A ROUGH RIDER.

In 1897, Mr. Roosevelt began his work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, mention of which has already been made. He resigned on May 6, 1898, to become lieutenant-colonel of his own regiment of Rough Riders. It is an error which has had wide credence, that this was Mr. Roosevelt's first military service. As far back as 1884 he became a lieutenant of the Eighth Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York, afterwards rising to captain, and remaining a militiaman for more than four years. If there is one thing that he believes in more than another, it is the value of the warlike qualities of a nation.

"All the great, masterful races," he says, "have been fighting races; and the minute a race loses the hard-fighting virtues, then, no matter what else it may retain, no matter how skilled in commerce or finance, in science or arts, it has lost its proud right to stand as the equal of the best. Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin."

History bequeathed the idea of the Rough Riders to Mr. Roosevelt. He knew well what Marion's men had done in the American Revolution; how the Texas Rangers rode in the Mexican War; what Andy Jackson's sharp-shooters did in the War of 1812; and he felt that this arm of the service would be invaluable in the Spanish War. Mr. Roosevelt has the rare power of personal attraction; once a friend with him, always a friend, and a warm friend, too. When he called for volunteers, the rough men of the West who had known him as a cowboy, policemen of New York, college boys, Wall-Street traders, flocked from the width of the nation to his standard, and they were naturally men who possessed the fighting qualities of their leader. That was what made the Rough Riders. I talked with a number of officers and troopers in Mr. Roosevelt's regiment while they were camped at Montauk Point, and I found their admiration for their colonel to be boundless. Every man of them had something interesting to tell about him.

"Why, he knows every man in the regiment by name," said one.

"He spent $5,000 of his own money at Santiago to give us better food and medicine."

"You ought to have seen him talk when some of our fellows weren't treated well in the hospital."

A young lieutenant told an incident of a night in the trenches which well illustrates by what means Mr. Roosevelt held his power over his men. It was the night of the Spanish sortie on the captured trenches. The Rough Riders had lain, sweltering by day and shivering by night, for forty-eight hours

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in a mud ditch, with little sleep and little food. During nearly all of this time Mauser bullets sang over their heads. At the hour of the early morning, when men are cowards if they ever are, the fusillade increased suddenly, and the Spaniards appeared in a dense dark line at the top of the hill. For a moment the men in the trenches stirred restlessly, and then they saw Colonel Roosevelt walking calmly along the top of the entrenchment with a faded blue handkerchief flapping from the back of his hat, wholly unmindful of the bullets which hummed about him like a hive of bees. A cheer went up, and calls for the Colonel to come down, and that was the end of the restlessness. "It was the bravest thing I ever saw in my life," said this cowboy lieutenant.

HIS HOME LIFE.

In 1886, Mr. Roosevelt married Miss Edith Kermit Carow, and they have five children, three sons and two daughters. Their home is at Sagamore Hill, about three miles from Oyster Bay, on Long Island Sound. A big, roomy, comfortable house stands on the top of the hill. Wide, green vistas open in front, so that a visitor sitting in one of the hospitable chairs on the veranda may see miles of wooded, watered country, a view unsurpassed anywhere on Long Island Sound. The rooms within everywhere give evidence, in the skins of bears and bison and the splendid antlers of elk and deer, of Mr. Roosevelt's prowess as a hunter. The library is rich with the books of which he is most fond —history, standard literature, and hunting. Portraits of the three greatest Americans, Lincoln, Washington, and Grant, have the place of honor over the cases, and there are numerous spirited animal compositions in bronze by Kemys, the American sculptor. Here Mr. Roosevelt lives and works. He never has been much of a society man, but he has drawn around him a society of his own, of men who have accomplished things in the world. He is a member of the Century Club, the Union League, and other clubs, and he is the organizer of the Boone and Crockett Club, of which he was for a long time the president.

Contrary to a somewhat general belief, Mr. Roosevelt is not a wealthy man, as wealth goes in a city like New York, although he has a moderate income, to which he has himself added materially by his literary work. He is a magnificent example of the American citizen of social position, means, and culture devoting himself to public affairs. Nothing can exceed the contempt with which he speaks of the predatory and useless rich.

"There is not in the world a more ignoble character," he says, unsparingly, "than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune only to the basest uses —whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads for himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter. Such a man is only the more dangerous if he occasionally does some deed like founding a college or endowing a church, which makes those good people who are also foolish forget his iniquity."

Personally, Mr. Roosevelt suggests two things at the very first glance: immense vitality and nervously active strength, and courtesy. In build he is of medium height, thick of chest and square of shoulders, and when he walks it is with a quick-planted, determined step that speaks out for his incessant energy. His face is round and bronzed, with a square chin, firm lips half hidden by a light mustache, and blue eyes looking out shrewdly from thick-lensed, iron-rimmed spectacles. Although still a young man, his ruddy face and elastic step make him appear even younger than he is.

In ordinary speech he is direct and nervously vigorous, although courteous, and he smiles much, showing his teeth. Although a busy man, he is unusually tolerant of interruption, and ready to exchange a kind word or a greeting with any one, friend or stranger. It is the democracy of his character. In company of his choosing he tells a good story, especially if the tale has turned on hunting or ranch life, and he tells it with humorous appreciativeness.

But the stamp-mark of the man is his earnestness, his strenuous love for the serious business and responsibilities of life.

Thinking of the call of the people for him to become candidate for Governor of New York, I asked him, "What of the future?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I don't know," he said. But his friends know that if there is work to do, in low places or high, and he is called upon to do it, he will do it with earnestness, energy, and honesty of purpose, and with the fearless patriotism of a tried American soldier.

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THE ACTRESS OF THE CHATEAU

By Robt Barr.

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

THE 11.18 A.M. express for the southwest stood under the great arch of the Orleans railway station in Paris. A rather sumptuous private car was attached to the end of it, and Adolph Gerard, a man who, Paris said, looked like Molière, paced anxiously up and down the platform in front of the car, which was there because his money paid for it. Gerard was manager of the Theatre Tragique, the company of which had been rehearsing the play entitled "The Duc de Guise," for which all Paris was eagerly waiting. The famous dramatist Durand, it was said, had, in the construction of his play and the creation of his heroine, kept in mind the requirements of that imperious actress whose celebrity was world-wide, Madame Clement.

There was an expression of worry on the manager's face as he paced to and fro, with nervous glances now and then towards the door where a railway official stood examining the tickets of those who entered upon the platform. A young man of perhaps twenty-five descended from the private car, and accosted the troubled manager.

"No sign of madame yet, father?" he asked.

The older man shook his head, casting a look up at the big station clock whose minute-hand was relentlessly approaching the figure three on the dial, "No," he said, mournfully, "she has not come, and in a very short time the doors will be closed."

"What are we to do," continued the young man, "if she does not arrive? Shall we go on to Blois without her, or shall we have this carriage detached and go by a later train?"

"Oh, the Lord only knows!" exclaimed the elder Gerard, raising his hands tragically above his head and letting them fall hopelessly to his sides. "It is a foolish business at best, this Blois tour, and now when we can so ill spare the time, when all Paris is on the *qui vive*, and we need every moment of our two months for preparation, what must this capricious woman do but hale us on a wild goose chase half across France. I have been thanking the fates that she did not demand a special train, and now when all arrangements are made she has probably changed her mind, without even taking the trouble of informing us."

The railway officials were now, with loud voices, requesting intended passengers to take their places in the train. The ticket-examiners were preparing to close the doors that led to the platform, when, at the very last moment, there sailed majestically past the portal official a tall woman well on in middle age, followed by a maid carrying wraps and other impedimenta. She made entrance as if the platform were a stage, and indeed the news of her presence spread electrically up and down, and many craned their necks to get a glimpse of her.

"It is the great Madame Clement," ran the word.

Porters were obsequious to her, and the guards of the train touched their gold-laced caps to her in salutation as she passed, taking little notice of them all. France had dethroned more than one queen, yet here was another who demanded and received universal adulation.

The change in the manner of old Gerard was instantaneous. He rapidly approached the tragedienne, bowing and smiling and rubbing his hands one over the other.

"Ah, my good Gerard," said the actress, "am I late?"

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"Oh, no, Madame," lied the manager, fawning. "There is ample time, and we have everything prepared for your comfort. Dejeuner will be served when you do us the honor to command it, any time you please between here and Blois, and I sincerely trust it will be to your liking, Madame."

The young man held the open door of the private carriage while his father, with cringing officiousness, assisted Madame Clement to enter. There were, in the lengthy compartment, some half dozen actors and actresses belonging to the company of which Madame was the star. They rose as she came in; she inclined her head with some hauteur towards them, and proceeded to arrange herself to her satisfaction, paying scant regard to the convenience of any of her traveling companions, an attitude to which everyone had long since become accustomed. Hardly was this accomplished when the train drew out from the shadow of the station into the brilliant sunlight, and proceeded with ever increasing speed through the suburbs of Paris towards Orleans. The manager, his face wreathed in smiles, still rubbing his hands like a benignant grocer, said, addressing the assemblage: "We have a beautiful day for our most charming excursion; and for the little outing, which I hope we shall all enjoy, we have to thank Madame Clement. The Duc de Guise, as you are doubtless aware, was murdered in the Chateau de Blois, second floor. It has been most opportunely suggested by Madame that it might be well for her leading associates to see the actual surroundings among which this tragic event took place. While we are rehearsing the play which the illustrious Durand has written, it has been wisely thought that if we view the scene where the culmination occurred, something of the spirit of the time may influence you, and thus——"

"Oh, what superb nonsense you are talking, Father Gerard!" interrupted Madame Clement. "These poor creatures will act neither better nor worse for having seen the room in which the murder was committed. It is my caprice that we go to Blois, and see you to it, Gerard, that the journals are informed of our excursion, and that paragraphs are inserted showing at what pains Madame Clement is to bestow historical accuracy upon the dear silly public. But what is more to the purpose than bombastic speeches, open a bottle of champagne at once, and cause dejeuner to be served as speedily as may be. What time does this train reach Blois?"

"At two o'clock, Madame," murmured the abject manager, effectually crushed. The younger Gerard writhed under the contumely which his father had to bear, but all were alike helpless in the august presence of the feminine despot of the stage.

Promptly at two o'clock the express drew up at the station of Blois. The distinguished company descended, and the private car was uncoupled from the train, to be attached later to the "Rapide" for Paris, which left Blois at twelve minutes after three, giving them therefore little more than an hour to view the castle, where, three centuries before, the Duc de Guise had been murdered, while his brother, the cardinal, met a similar fate the day after, at a spot but a few yards distant from the place where the previous tragedy had been enacted.

At the foot of the grand circular stairway, the roof of which was decorated with the salamanders of Francis I., the party met a tall and very beautiful young woman, who held in her hand a bunch of keys.

"We are desirous," said the manager to this queenly girl, "of seeing through the chateau. Where should we apply for permission to do so?"

"No permission is required," replied the girl. "I shall be pleased to conduct you. Be so good as to follow me."

The girl preceded them up the winding stairway, when her footsteps were arrested by the commanding tones of Madame Clement's voice.

"Stop, girl!" she cried. "I have no wish to explore the various nooks and crannies of this wretched chateau. I desire you to take us at once to the rooms in which Henri le Balafré, Duc de Guise, was assassinated. We have no time to spare, and I bid you make haste."

The girl paused, her right foot on a step above the one on which her left rested, and she looked over her shoulder and down upon them with a glance and action that would have done credit to the great actress herself. "If you will have the patience to follow me, Madame Clement, I shall lead you directly to those apartments."

"Ah," cried the ancient manager, nervously rubbing his hands and speaking with affected gaiety. "We are known, it seems, even in Blois."

"We!" cried the actress with great scorn. "I am known much farther afield, I trust, than this stupid little provincial town. Lead on, girl, and let us have less chatter."

They entered a large and lofty apartment

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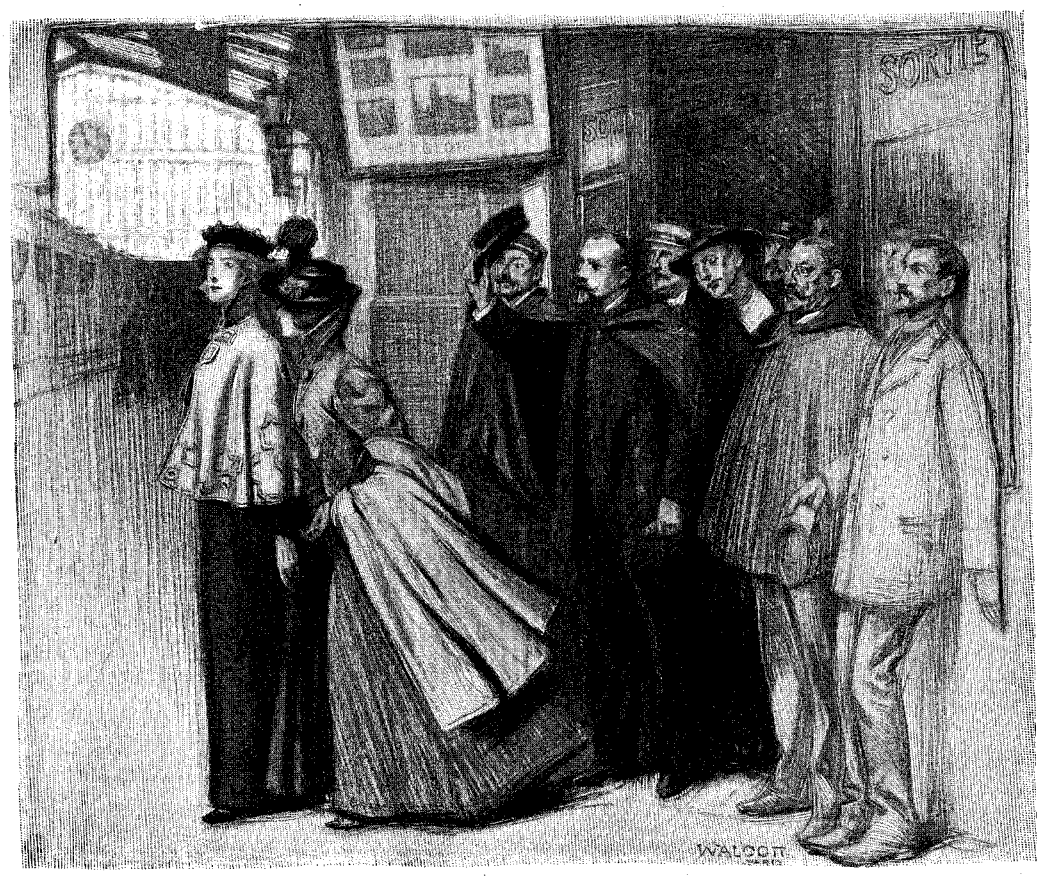

"... And many craned their necks to get a glimpse of her."

at the further end of which was a huge fireplace.

"Here," said the beautiful girl, indicating the mantelpiece, "Henry of Guise stood on the morning of Friday the 23d of December, 1588. Outside the rain was pouring, and the day was bitterly cold, so the Duke stood here and warmed himself, kicking the burning logs and eating Brignoles plums. In different parts of the room, seated and standing, were members of the king's council and numerous courtiers, for the hour was six in the morning, and no word had yet come from the king, whose bedchamber was the room adjoining, and entered by that door to my left. The Duke's hat, cloak, and sword lay on the table. A messenger entered from the king's apartment, and——"

"In God's name, hussy," cried Madame Clement, "are you going to have the impudence to recite to us the history of France? Did you not hear my order? Show us quickly through the rooms."

The girl drew herself up with offended dignity, but made no reply. Her words had been commonplace enough, but her enunciation was so perfect and her few gestures so superb, that the effect of such finished acting upon a company of actors had been instantaneous. The room, for the time being, seemed peopled with shades of the past, and the rich voice of the girl had held them all as by a spell.

"I beg your pardon, Madame," ventured young Gerard, his face flushing, "but we have ample time, and Mademoiselle has interested me so much in the beginning of the story, that, I confess, I should like to hear it through to the end."

The unfortunate father of the over-bold young man gazed at him in mute, amazed beseechment, and the great tragedienne turned upon him like an enraged tigress.

"How dare you?" she cried.

"Oh, Adolph, Adolph," pleaded the father, "apologize to Madame. You do not think what you are saying, my son."

"I willingly apologize to Madame," replied young Gerard, "if I have said anything to give her offense. I merely wished

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to suggest that it is somewhat futile to come two hundred kilometers, or thereabout, from Paris in order to rush through these rooms as if we were riders at the Hippodrome."

An expression of agony came upon the face of his down-trodden father as he saw the effect of his son's words upon the actress. What that thoroughly angered woman might have said never will be known, for the girl, already at the door leading out of the guard's hall, spoke in a tone of calm and cutting clarity.

"Will you be so condescending as to follow me into the king's chamber? My time is limited, and I can give only a certain amount of it to those who pass through these rooms. If you wish to engage in private discussions you can do so in the courtyard below, where doubtless other visitors are now waiting for me."

Madame Clement was so thunderstruck at the girl's audacity that for a moment she was speechless, and before she had collected her wits, the whole party was in the smaller room on the north front of the chateau, where King Henry III. had slept. They were all deeply agitated, but pretended not to be so. They gazed about the room and through the windows at the street below, while their conductor stood silent like an offended goddess, and was about to precede them, without speaking, into the third room when Madame Clement addressed her in a voice trembling with anger.

"What happened in this room?" she cried. "I would have you understand that we are not here to be the victims of your rural sulkiness. Say your lesson, parrot."

"Madame," replied the girl, "in the guard's room I spoke, and you rudely commanded me to be silent. In the king's chamber I am silent, and you rudely command me to speak. Madame, I find some difficulty in pleasing you."

"The room . . . seemed peopled with shades of the past."

"You impudent jade, how dare you so address yourself to me? Apparently you know to whom you speak, therefore speak respectfully."

"Respect, Madame," said the girl, "always commands respect. On the walls of this building are graven the words, 'Liberty. Equality. Fraternity.' I considered you my equal, Madame, until your language and your manner to me too clearly proclaimed you my inferior; I cannot, therefore, regard you with feelings of fraternity, and I exercise my liberty in saying to you, that if you do not treat me with civility, I will lock the doors upon you and refuse to conduct you further."

"You vixen!" cried the actress, "I shall make you smart for this. The moment I return to Paris, I shall see friends of mine in the government and have such a custodian as you are turned out into the streets, where you doubtless belong."

The girl laughed in rippling tones, rich and melodious, and unless one caught the flash of her beautiful eyes, the mistake might have been made that she was not angry.

"There," she said, pointing to a spot near the wall, "the Duc de Guise fell and

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died, having fought his way, covered with forty wounds, from the third room beyond. We now enter the adjoining chapel, where prayers were being said for the success of the crime."

To the great relief of the old manager there were no further hostilities until the party found itself again in the courtyard. The manager, with a sigh of comfort, offered their conductor a piece of gold.

"Stop!" cried Madame Clement. "You shall pay her exactly what the law allows, and nothing more. One franc for each person."

"Madame is right," replied the girl. "I will give you the change, Monsieur; I have it here in my pocket."

The old man held out his hand, and she counted the silver pieces into it.

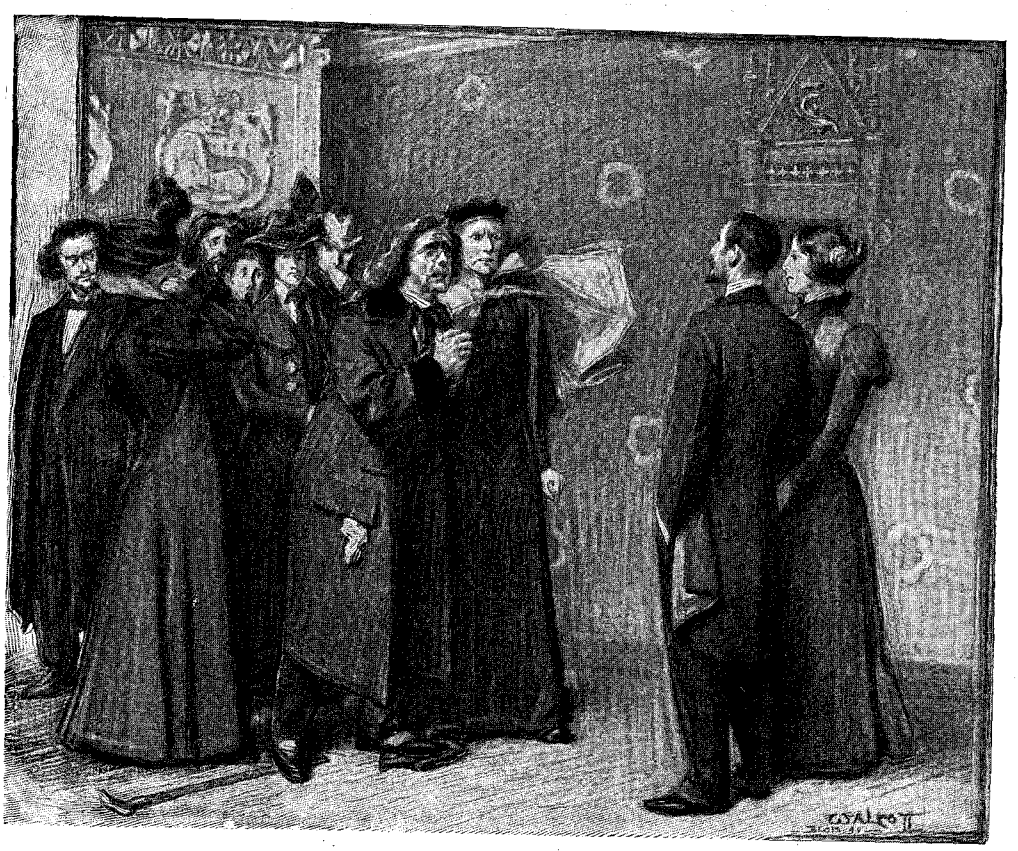
"That is a franc too much, Mademoiselle," said the manager.

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"I refuse to accept a franc for Madame Clement. She has journeyed through the chateau as my guest, and I should like you to know, Madame, that all your interest with the government will not enable you in the least to injure me. I am a Parisian, like yourselves, at Blois for a short holiday. The old man who is custodian of the chateau knows nothing of my presence here, for he is bed-ridden through honorable wounds received in the service of his country; it is his wife and daughter who usually conduct visitors through the chateau. I have taken their place to-day because they are absent at Seuvre, where the wife's sister is ill. You may perhaps have power to injure this poor family, but I warn you that if you do, I have a brother on the staff of a leading Paris journal to whom I shall tell every word that has been spoken, and you, Madame Clement, will wake one fine morning to find all Paris laughing at you and commenting on your bad manners. If I may modestly state my apprehension, I fear a fickle world will say, that for once Madame Clement met a more accomplished actress than herself."

Before any reply could be made, the girl, with a low bow that seemed to include the whole party, turned and fled rapidly up the stair.

It was a sombre and silent procession that walked to the railway station and entered



"Oh, Adolph, Adolph, . . . apologize to Madame."

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"'That did not interfere with their flashing fire to-day.'"

the waiting car. The "Rapide" had not yet come in from the west.

Father and son walked together up and down the platform, and the old man's familiar action resembled the wringing of his hands. He was in a state of the deepest dejection.

"Oh, Adolph, Adolph," he cried. "There will be much to pay for this day's work. What are we to do? Oh, what are we to do?"

"There is plenty of time," replied the young man, soothingly. "Durand's play cannot possibly come on for two months yet, and the Madame cannot break her contract with you until the run of the 'Princess Diaboline' ends. If she cuts up rough about the 'Duc de Guise,' you can keep the 'Princess' running and hold the Madame to her contract."

"It is easy enough to say that, Adolph, but you forget that I also am under contract to produce Durand's tragedy."

"Nothing can be easier," replied Adolph, jauntily. "There is the Theatre Apollon vacant. I should take that, if I were you, and so bring out Durand's play."

"But, my dear son," objected the old man, "there isn't a woman in my company except the Madame who can take the part of Catherine."

"Don't trouble about that, father," replied the son. "I have an actress in my eye for the part, who will burst upon Paris with all the brilliancy of a sky rocket."

"Good heavens!" cried the old man eagerly. "Who is she Adolph? Do I know her?"

"You may have seen her, but I doubt if you know her."

As he spoke the "Rapide" came thundering in, and the old man hurried towards the private car, the transient elation which he had felt when his son spoke of the new actress rapidly evaporating as he thought of his two hours' journey with the displeased queen of tragedy.

"Oh, Adolph," he beseeched, "you will apologize to her, my boy, for my sake? And don't mind anything she says, and don't reply, if you do not wish to bring your father to an untimely grave."

"I have a better plan than that, father," said Adolph. "I will go on to Paris by a later train. You see, I am not in the cast, and it won't matter. You can speak soothingly to the Madame, as is your custom, and throw all the blame on my shoulders. I should only be a marplot at best."

"Well, perhaps there is wisdom in that," mused the old man, entering the carriage.

Adolph Gerard saw the "Rapide" disappear; then, with a laugh, he turned and walked again to the chateau. The girl with the keys looked up as he approached the foot of the grand stairway, and she smiled without evincing surprise at seeing him.

"Mademoiselle," said Adolph, raising his hat with the utmost courtesy, "would you do me the honor to conduct me to the room in which the Duc de Guise was assassinated?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur," replied the girl, with a graceful inclination that would have been difficult to excel by the most stately lady in the land. "The charge will be one franc," and her merry laugh echoed in the old courtyard.

"Mademoiselle, I assure you the pleasure of accompanying you would be cheap at a thousand."

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"Oh, it is quite plain," she said to him over her shoulder, as she lightly mounted the stair, "that I have at last engaged in my proper avocation. If there were many tourists so generous as you are, I might soon buy the castle itself from the government."

They were now in the guard's hall.

"Yes," he said, "if Madame Clement did not use her influence to dispossess you."

"What a dreadful woman!" cried the girl, with something almost resembling a shudder. "And to think that up to this day I have worshiped her from afar."

"She is a beast," said Adolph, with conviction, "and must keep everyone round her in terror or she is not happy."

"But a great actress," sighed the girl.

"You have seen her on the stage then?"

"Oh, often, and always nearly cried my eyes out."

"That did not interfere with their flashing fire to-day. I never saw anything more magnificent," cried the enthusiastic young man, looking the admiration he felt.

The girl veiled the brilliants under discussion, and fixed her gaze on the floor that the Duc de Guise had trodden when he departed on his fatal mission.

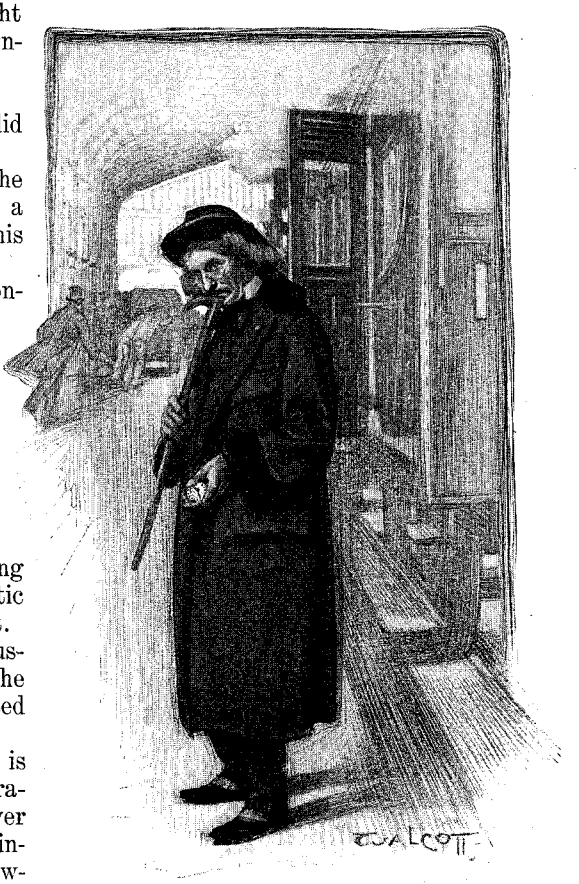
"The elderly gentleman is your father, is he not, and manager of the Theatre Tragique? I have often heard of him, but never saw him before. I did not think so distinguished a man could be so cowed and browbeaten by any woman."

"Alas," replied the young man with a sigh, "we are all the victims of some woman, if not in one way, then in another. My name," he continued, "is Adolph Gerard. May I have the happiness of learning yours, Mademoiselle?"

"Pauline Ducharme," she answered, looking up at him. "But I thought, Monsieur Gerard, that you came to study ancient history, and not to learn anything so modern as my undistinguished name."

"It need not remain undistinguished," he cried, with enthusiasm. "I am sure you are an actress."

"My friends have flattered me by calling me so. I had a small part at the Theatre Apollon until it closed, then I came here to rest and study. Monsieur Gerard, I shall be perfectly frank with you. This morning a white dove with a leaf in its beak alighted for a moment on my window-sill. I had been praying to my saint for success, and when I saw the bird I knew that my chance would come to-day. A dove brought back a branch to the ark to show that the waters had abated. When I saw Madame Clement this morning, my heart leaped with joy, and I said to myself, my chance is coming from the hands of a woman I have adored ever since I was a little girl. But when you spoke, Monsieur, I knew it was to come through you. I was waiting for you at the foot of the stair when you returned."



"There was an expression of worry on the manager's face."

"I had hoped," said the young man in a plaintive tone, "that your desire to see me return might be partly personal, as well as theatrical."

The girl laughed brightly, and looked frankly into his eager eyes. "If that were true," she said, "you would not expect me to confess it. Therefore let us leave the personal element to take care of itself, and turn our minds entirely towards the actor and the actress and not towards the man and the woman. I know you are an actor, for I have seen you play, although you are not in the present cast at the Theatre Tragique.

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You have your foot on the boards, and the whole world lies before you. I want you to extend a hand to me, and help me to a position on the stage. If I cannot maintain it, then let me sink; all I want is my chance."

As the girl said this she seemed to grow in stature, tall as she was. Her voice rang with a confidence that confirmed the young man's opinion of her histrionic abilities, and little as his imagination needed spur, he saw before him a woman who could adequately impersonate the Catherine into whose actual apartments below led the narrow winding secret stairway near which they stood.

"You shall have your chance," he cried. "Durand has written a great play called 'The Duc de Guise.' He has taken some liberties with history, and Catherine, the queen, is the heroine. Madame Clement has been blowing hot and cold for months past, driving the dramatic author to the verge of distraction. Several times we have come to a deadlock, the Madame wishing more lines put in or others changed, and Durand obstinately inflexible, as he has every right to be, and my poor father the buffer between them. One day she is enthusiastic about the character, another she will not play it on any terms, and we have to circle on our knees about her. I am tired of Madame's attitude myself, and my father's reason is tottering. Durand has fled to the country, and no one knows where he hides. Yesterday Madame was all for the play, and nothing would do but my father must get a private car to bring her and part of the company to Blois. I don't know why they assassinated the Duc de Guise, but if he made himself half so objectionable as Madame Clement, I can find it in my heart to forgive his murderers. Now I feel it in my heart that the Madame is going to make the final outburst and revolt to-day. She hasn't changed her mind for twenty-four hours, so a revolution is due. You live in Blois, Mademoiselle; may I venture to ask your address?"

"I live with my father, No. 16 Rue de Tours."

"Very well," said Adolph, noting down the number and street. "I will go to Paris at once, and if things are as I hope to find them, I shall briefly console my father, then return here, bringing with me a copy of the play. Old Durand takes the 'Figaro' wherever he is, so I shall put an advertisement in that paper, which he alone will understand. When he communicates with me, I shall induce him to come to Blois and coach you in your part."

"But may not Monsieur Durand object to so unknown a person as I taking the leading part in his great play?"

"Object? Oh, no! How little you understand the conceit of the successful dramatic author; it quite equals that of Madame Clement herself. This is why my poor father is ground between them. Durand fully believes his play would be a success if it were acted by chimney-sweeps. And now, adieu, Mademoiselle. I must return by slow train to Paris."

For an account of La Pauline's tremendous success in Durand's now celebrated play, the reader is referred to files of the Parisian papers of that year. So well did Mademoiselle Ducharme enact the love scenes of the drama with Monsieur Adolph Gerard, that they seemed to have carried their respective parts into private life, for the same journals have related that they began their wedding journey at Tours.

RAJA SINGH AND OTHER ELEPHANTS.

By W. A. Fraser,

Author of "King for a Day," "God and the Pagan," and other stories.

An elephant can run a mile in a little over five minutes—perhaps a minute or two over, but, at that rate of going, a minute or so one way or the other does not matter. It's not very fast going when we think of the Empire State Express, Jimmy Michael on wheels, Salvator, and a lot of other speedy things. It's not even as fast as a trained man can run. It destroys the glamour of the elephant's charge that we stumble up against in hunting stories. I timed the elephants myself in an elephant race at a great fair which is held yearly a few miles outside of Meerut, in India.

Whether the elephants were trained fine or not I cannot say. They looked as though

Note:—The illustrations on pages 41 and 43 are from photographs by Watts & Skeen, Rangoon, Burmah.

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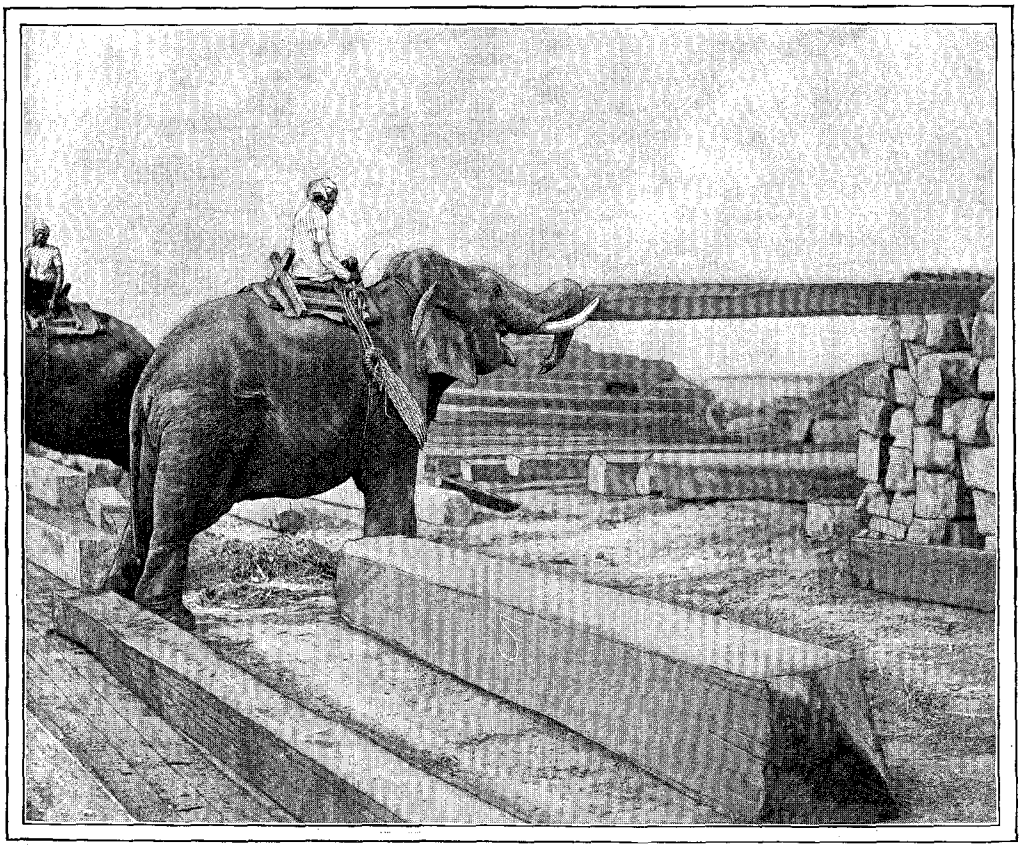

"... *take a squint along to see that it was all straight ... and shove it in.*"

four ice-houses had been brought out on the track to break a record. They were as hard to start as four sprinters. One old fellow with a mastodon's head seemed to think it was a fool's game, and deliberately turned his tail on the starter. His mahout (driver) coaxed him with an iron prod like a boat hook. There was a little fellow, a baby, about five feet high, who concluded that he would like to do the old fellows up. He had not been entered, it seemed—probably it was not a boy's race—but he was bound to start with them.

Finally they got away—the baby in the lead. It was a capital start, old Mastodon seemed to think, for he jockeyed the others and made play to keep the baby in front with his trunk. The pace was not terrific; it was more majestic—more like four barns being gently blown along by the wind. Somebody shouted an order, and a hive of natives swarmed over the course and side-tracked the baby. Then the elders freshened to the race—they strained every nerve.

I had a stop-watch out, timing them. At the half mile, just opposite the little stand, they had done it in 2.30. That gait was no good for a stop-watch. It seemed folly to time such huge creatures with a fussy, ticking little thing like a watch; a grandfather's clock would have done better. I put it away in my pocket, and bet a Haji five rupees on Mastodon.

The natives had smuggled the baby back past the stand, and lay in wait with him two hundred yards from the finish. It was a one-mile course, and the elephants would finish where they had started from, in front of the stand. There was as much cheering and bad language as on Derby day. There was plenty of time for it. As the four ponderous fellows came laboring along, the natives slipped the baby in front of them, and he came sidling along merrily, his little pig eyes gleaming with fun, and old Mastodon caressing him softly with the fingers of his huge trunk. But it was not in the Koran that the Haji should pay me that five rupees, because of the baby elephant. And because of that race I know the elephant is not the swiftest thing on earth, by several minutes to the mile.

It is difficult to size up the horse-power of an elephant. Looking at his legs, in their

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post-like immensity, one would not hesitate to build a fair-sized brick cottage on his back; but as his strength is usually employed to move things laterally, we have no rule to measure him by. I saw a big fellow tested once in the Zoological Gardens in Calcutta. It was not a scientific investigation; it was not the result of an argument—it was simply done to amuse people. It was a tug-of-war between one of these animals and thirty-five sailors. The elephant did not pull with his hands—his trunk—but was hitched up in regular fashion by harness to a long rope. Thirty-five lusty sailors laid hold of the other end, and the word was given. He pulled for the honor of his native jungles; but slowly, steadily, the sailors worked him backward. The mahout plied his goad, and the elephant trumpeted in anger, but it was no use. That was his horse-power—thirty-five sailors.

When I lived in Rangoon a friend of mine had much to do with the elephants at the saw-mills there. The saw-mills of Rangoon and Maulmein give daily the greatest elephant show on earth. All the little tricks these clever giants do in shows are tiny and poor in comparison.

I was in the office of my friend, the big mill owner, one afternoon, when a loin-clothed native, steaming with perspiration, rushed in, and salaaming deeply, handed him a note. I recognized the man as a coolie from the mill. Something serious had happened, I judged from his frightened look. I watched my friend's face narrowly. I might as well have studied the moon; there was only a look of blank, utter amazement on it. He handed me the note—this is what I read:

Honored Sir:—I would bring to your honor's kind recollection the caprices of a demented mad elephant, and ask for your honor's instructions in the same. He is beastly bad one, and notwithstanding that he has already suicided thirty-three of his defunct relatives, he is now murderously intent on all having a similitude to his kind, in the appearance of domestic milch buffaloes, and thereafter. He has raided all the villages in the environs of No. 2 Division, and the coolies and ryots are frighten for the lives and persons, although he has not yet crimed the manslaughter, but only the buffaloes, and not the cows. Mr. Theobald is here just now, and wants your honor's generous advice to shoot or otherwise this furious packshidedams. The fire lines are awaiting the monster's removal as the men wonts work in fear and trembling. A quick response will ever be grateful to your most humble servant,

R. RAMALINGUM.

"It seems a serious business," I said, looking at Rathbone (that was his name).

"Yes," he answered; "the Baboo has got it slightly tangled up. Old Raja Singh's on the rampage, I'm sure, and if it is he, there'll be the very deuce to pay. He takes these streaks sometimes; but it's usually some budmash of a mahout stealing his food, or trying to work him after the whistle blows for dinner, or something of that sort, that stirs him up. But he's a regular Sheitan (devil) when he gets going. We'll drive out there. Will you go?" he asked.

"I won't have the old Raja shot if I can help it," he said, as we bowled along in the tom-tom behind his gray Pegu pony. "He's worth a good £400; but it isn't that. He knows more than any man I've got working about the place. He saved my life once; but it's a long story; I haven't time to tell it now."

We had arrived at the mill. Things were in an uproar. The coolies had cleared out; none of the other elephants were working; in fact, the mill was shut down.

Raja Singh was over in the coolie lines, they said, playing basket-ball with the little bamboo huts. We could hear a smash once in a while, like a tree dragging its branches down through other trees as it fell in the jungle. Then a cheery note of triumph from Raja Singh's melodious trumpet. He was having a merry time, and all to himself. He had thrown his mahout on the top of a huge pile of slabs before starting on his voyage of destruction. That was a lucky chance for the mahout.

A Calcutta-made pony cart had been standing in front of the manager's bungalow when Raja Singh started on his jamboree. Its bright red wheels, yellow running-gear, and black body, polished like lacquer-work, excited his curiosity. He picked it to pieces as a boy dissects a watch. He seemed to like the wheels best—even the spokes had to come out of their hubs. It was a poor toy—it did not last long. The bamboo huts were better—there were more of them. I learned about the mahout and the cart while Rathbone was preparing his net for the capture. The Baboo who had written the letter told me. He demolished English even as Raja Singh laid the coolie lines waste. His history of how things were going, the things pertaining to Raja Singh, was of a complex nature. "He is exuberant bad fellow," he assured me. "My house-gods are dislocated because of his illogical discipline." It was really too bad. After the Baboo had gone to so much pains to acquire a good English education, Raja Singh had flattened out his house as though it was only a coolie's hut.

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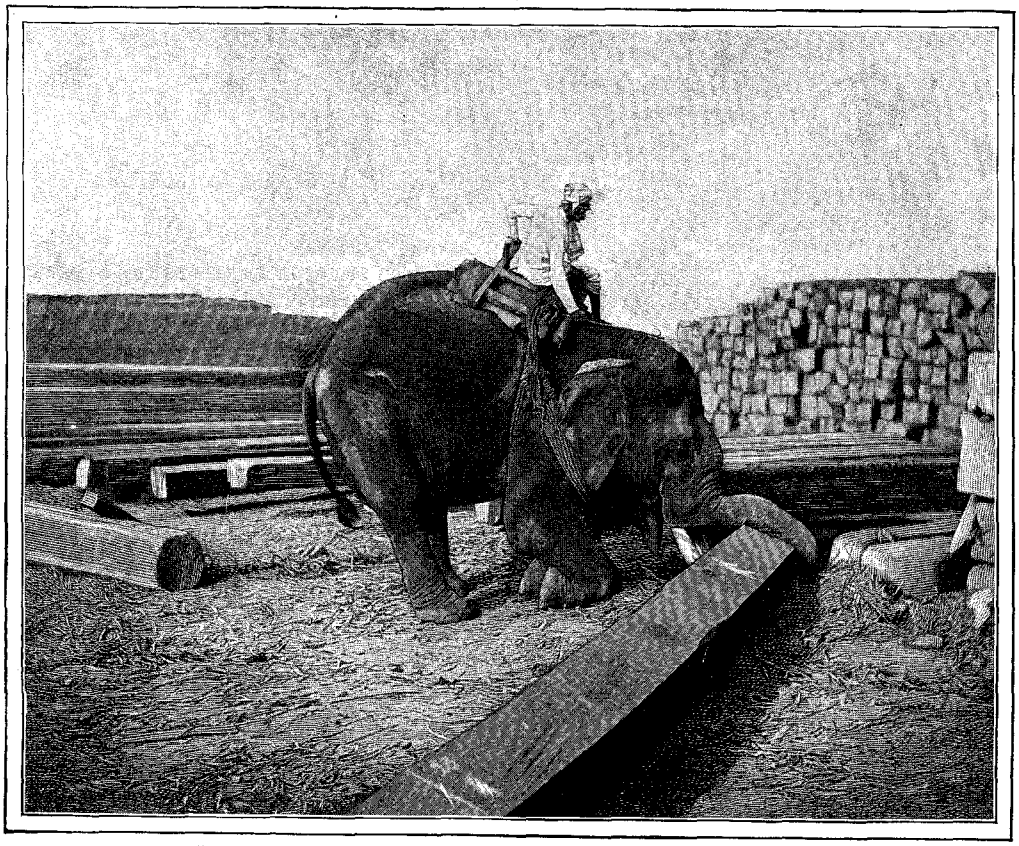
Rathbone had one good fighting elephant. He was a sort of fox-terrier elephant. He was good-natured himself, and never gave any trouble; but nothing pleased him so much as to get a big logging-chain in his trunk, and go at a budmash mate and lambaste the evil spirits out of him. They called him the "Phoongye" (priest), because he was a dirty snuff-color—something like a native priest's robe. Close by, at the other company's mill, was another elephant that would work with the Phoongye in their little chastising game.

Rathbone soon got these two together; also two or three acres of coolies, and Raja Singh began to find things warming up a bit. He had been lamenting that the coolie houses wouldn't stand up and fight; the coolies themselves ran away—it was uninteresting. When the Phoongye and his mate swooped down upon him, Raja thought it fine fun at first; he didn't know they were organized. But when the big chains made play on his ribs and about his cabbage-leaf-shaped ears, he began to take thought with himself. The Phoongye was good at the battering-ram business, too; so was his mate; they battered Raja Singh back and forth between them until he was glad to stand still while a chain was made fast to his hind leg, just above the foot. Then he was chained to a big tree, and left to cogitate upon the evil of losing his temper.

"He'll be all right in a few days," said Rathbone, "but it's expensive business paying for broken limbs and damaged houses. Every coolie that he has even frightened will want backshish."

The next time I saw Raja Singh he was calmly pulling great slabs from a pile at the tail end of the saw, and carting them away to a distance. I sat down and watched him, I and the verbose Baboo. A mahout was perched on his back on an old gunny-bag pad, but his office was a sinecure. The Raja was doing all the work, and the thinking, too. He would draw six or eight huge slabs from the pile with his trunk, place them very evenly together, pass a chain around them, run it through the slip hook in the most approved fashion, and attach himself by his traces to the load. Then he'd move off majestically, swinging his trunk back and forth, as though he were some great piece



". . . the Phoongye was piling square timber . . . a foot square and more, and over twenty feet long."

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of mechanism and the trunk the pendulum. At the end of his walk was a pile of slabs. Upon this he placed those he had brought, methodically, exactly, each one in the place where it fitted best, and all smooth and even, as a careful workman should. The Madrassi mahout hummed a ditty of more or less moral worth, by way of having something to do.

Raja Singh flapped his ears reproachfully as he turned back for another load, and filled his trunk with odds and ends as he moved leisurely along. A stray nail, three or four pebbles, a tuft of grass with a little earth clinging to the roots, and a discarded cheroot formed the bulk of the treasures he found. As he came opposite us he curled his trunk upward, with a quiet, sinuous movement, and blew the lot against the naked stomach of the dozing mahout. It was one of the little jokes he whiled away the hours of labor with—just like any other navvy.

A little farther over, the Phoongye was piling square timber. Huge pieces, a foot square and more, and over twenty feet long, he was carrying on his tusks as easily as a man might carry a stick of cordwood. At piling it he was as ingenious as the Raja. He would place one end up, back to the other end of the stick, lift it up also, and then take a squint along to see that it was all straight. If either end stuck out a little too far, he would place his trunk or forehead against it and shove it in. Other elephants were all about, working in the same matter-of-fact, intelligent way. One big fellow was shoving a stick of square timber on end through a narrow place. He had his fore-foot against the end, and at every step he gave it a shove, just as a man pushes a stone with his foot.

At twelve o'clock the whistles blew, as we sat there, the Baboo and I; he always talking, and I watching the more intelligent animal, the elephant. With the same spirit of punctuality that induces the hod-carrier to drop his load of bricks from half-way up the ladder at the sound of the noon hour, these Titans dropped everything, and turned their attention each to the wash-tub full of grain provided for their dinner.

ADVENTURES OF A TRAIN-DESPATCHER.

By Captain Jasper Ewing Brady, Jr., U. S. A.

A NIGHT OFFICE IN TEXAS.—A STUTTERING DESPATCHER.—MAKING A SCHEDULE FOR A SPECIAL.

THE climate of X——, my new office, did not agree with me, and after I had been there a short while I threw up my job and went South. Landing in St. Louis one bright fall morning, I went up to the office of the chief despatcher of the Q. M. & S., and applied for an office on his division. He had none to give me, but he wired the chief despatcher at Big Rock, and in answer thereto I was sent the next morning to Healyville. And what a place I found! The town was down in the swamps of southeast Missouri, four miles from the Arkansas line, and consisted of the depot and twenty or twenty-five houses, of which five were saloons. There was a branch road running from here to Honiton, quite a settlement on the Mississippi River, and that was the only excuse for an office at this point. The atmosphere was so full of malaria that you could almost cut it with an axe. I stayed there three days, and then, fortunately, the chief despatcher ordered me to come to his office. He wanted me to take the office of Boling Cross, near the Texas line, but I wanted to go further South, and he sent me down on the I. & G. N., and the chief there sent me to Herron, Texas.

A few days after I arrived, I noticed that the town had filled up with "cow-punchers." They had just had their semi-annual round-up, and were in town spending their money and having a whooping big time. I was a tender-foot of the worst kind, and every one at the boarding-house and the depot seemed to make a point of telling me of the shooting scrapes and rackets of these cow-boys, and how they delighted in making it warm for a tender-foot. Bob Wolfe, the day man, told me how at times they had come up and raised a disturbance at the depot, especially when

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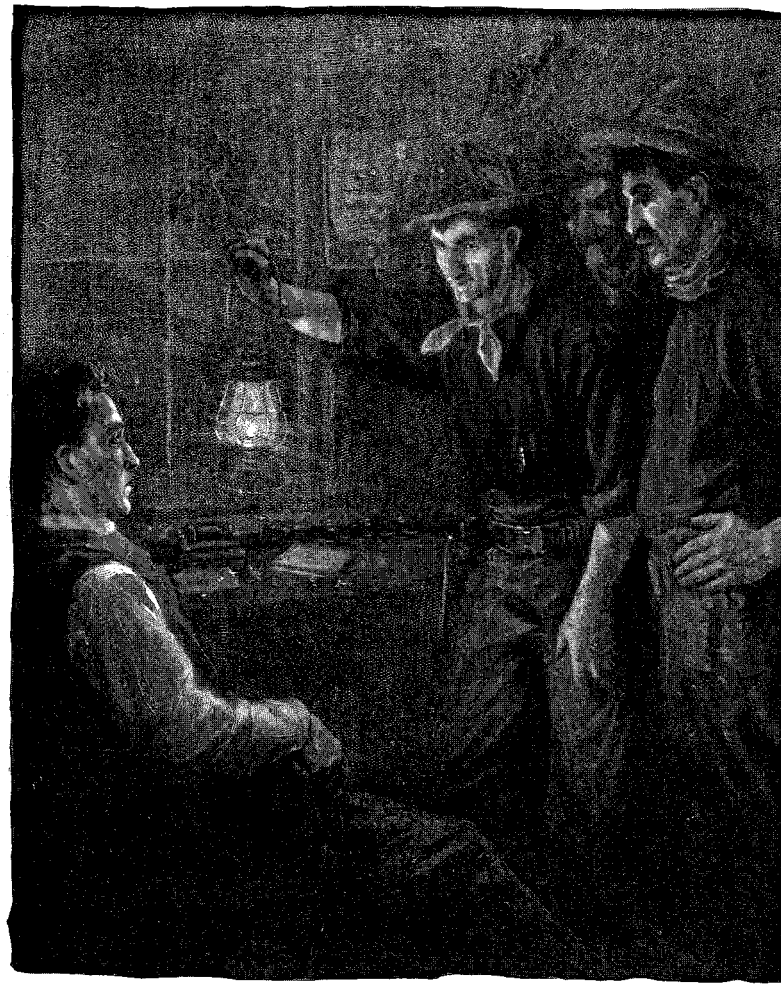
there was a new operator. I didn't believe all their stories, but I will confess that I had a few misgivings when I went to work. One night passed safely, but the second one was a "hummer." The office was somewhat larger than the telegraph office in most small towns. The table was in the recess of a big bay-window, giving me a clear view of the I. & G. N. tracks, while along in front ran the usual long wide platform. There were two lamps over my desk—one on each side of the bay-window—and one out in the waiting-room. I also kept a lantern lighted to carry when I went out to trains.



"One of them picked up the lantern, and swaggering over to where I sat all trembling. . . ."

All through the early part of the night I heard sounds of the revelry and carousing up town, but about half-past eleven they ceased, and I was congratulating myself that my night would, after all, be uneventful. About twelve o'clock, however, there arose just outside the office the greatest commotion I had ever heard. I was eating my midnight lunch, and had a piece of pie in my hand, when there came the report of a shot, and with a crash out went one of my lights, a shower of glass falling on the table. Before I could collect myself there came another shot, and smash went the other light. I dropped my pie, and spasmodically grasped the table. The only lights left were the one in the waiting-room and my lantern, which made it in the office little better than total darkness. Soon I heard the tramp of many feet upon the platform; it sounded to me like the tramp of a regiment. In a moment the waiting-room door was thrown open, and with a wild whoop and a big hurrah, the crowd came in. The door between the office and the waiting-room was closed, but that made no difference to my visitors; they smashed it open, and swarmed into the office. One of them picked up the lantern, and swaggering over to where I sat all trembling, raised it up to my face. They all crowded around me, and one of them gave me a punch in the ribs. Then the one with the lantern said, "Well, fellows, the little man is game. He didn't get under the table. Kid, for a tender-foot, you are a hummer."

Get under the table! I couldn't. I would have given half my interest in the hereafter to have been able to crawl under the table or to have run away. But fright held its sway, and locomotion was impossible.

For about five minutes the despatcher

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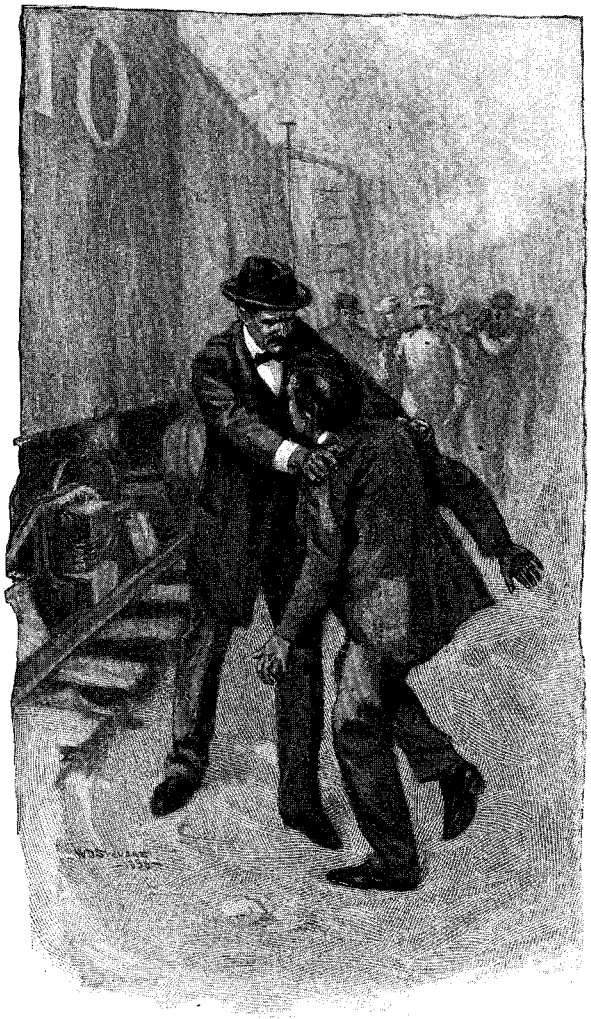

"He looked at me . . . then catching me by the collar . . ."

had been calling me for orders, and in a trembling voice I asked them to let me answer and take the order. "Cert," said one of them, "go on and take it, and then take a drink."

By the dim light of only that lantern, with my order pad on a table covered with broken glass, I finally copied the order, but it was about the worst I ever took; and the conductor remarked, when he signed it, that it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to read it. The cow-punchers, however, from that time on, were very good friends of mine, and many a pleasant Sunday have I spent at their ranches. They afterwards told me that Bob Wolfe had put them up to their midnight visit in order to frighten me. My service at Herron was not very profitable, the road being in the hands of receivers. For four months none of us got a cent of wages.

A STUTTERING DESPATCHER.

In 188– I chanced into a good night job at Mankato, on the P. M. & R., down in Texas. It was really about the best position I had yet found: good hours, plenty of work and a fine office to do it in, and eighty big round American dollars per month. The agent and day man were fine fellows, and there was no chore work around the station —a baggage "smasher" did that. The despatchers up in "Ds" office were pleasant to work with, and as competent a lot of men as ever touched a key. I had never met any of them when I first took the office, though of course I soon knew their names, and the following incident will disclose how and under what unusual circumstances I formed the acquaintance of one of them, Fred De Armand, the second trick man. About four weeks after I took the Mankato office, engine 333, pulling a through freight north, broke a parallel rod, and besides cutting the engineer into bits, caused a great wreck. This happened about two miles and a half north of Mankato. The hind man came back and reported it, and being off duty, I caught up a pocket instrument and some wire, and jumping on a velocipede, was soon at the wreck. I cut in an office in short order, and "Ds" soon knew exactly how matters stood. One passenger train was tied up just beyond the wreck, and in about an hour and a half the wrecker appeared in charge of the trainmaster. I observed a young man twenty-eight or thirty years of age standing around looking on, and once when I was near him, I noticed that he stammered very badly.

I avoided saying anything to that young man, because I, too, at times, had a rather bad impediment in my speech. It asserted itself especially when I heard any one else stutter, or when the weather was going to change; the men who knew me said they could always foretell a storm by my talk. From my own experience, however, I knew that when a stutterer heard another man stutter, he imagined he was being made fun of, and all the fight in him came at once to the surface; and as this young man was about twice my size, I did my best to keep

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away from him. But in a few minutes he came over and said to me, "A-a-a-s-k Ds t-t-t-t-o s-s-s-end out m-m-m-y r-r-r-ain c-c-c-oat on th-th-th-ir-teen." Every other word was followed by a whistle.

My great help when stammering was to kick my right foot. I knew what was coming, and tried my best to avert it. I drew in a long breath, and said: "Who sh-sh-sh-all I s-s-say you are?" and my right foot did great execution.

He looked at me for a second, grew red in the face, then catching me by the collar, gave me a yank that made me see forty stars, and said, "Blast y-y-you! Wh-wh-at d-d-o y-y-you m-mean by m-m-mocking me? I'll sm-m-mash your head!"

Speech left me entirely then, and I am afraid I would have been most beautifully thumped had not Saunders, the trainmaster, come over and stopped him. He called him "De Armand," and then I knew he was the second trick despatcher. After many efforts De Armand told Saunders how I had mocked him. Saunders did not know me, and the war clouds began to gather again; but Johnson, the conductor of the wrecker, came over and said, "Hold on, De Armand. That kid ain't mocking you; he stammers so bad at times that he kicks a hole in the floor. Why, I have seen him start to say something to my engineer pulling out of Mankato, and he would finish it just as the caboose went by, and we had some forty cars in the train at that."

"I studied and figured."

At this a smile broke over De Armand's face, and he grasped my hand and said: "Excuse m-m-me, k-k-kid; but you kn-kn-know how it is y-y-yourself."

One night, shortly after this, I was repeating an order to De Armand, and in the middle of it I broke myself very badly. He opened up his key, and said, "Kick, you devil, kick!" And I got a merry ha-ha from up and down the line. But in giving me a message shortly after, De Armand himself flew the track, and I opened up and said, "Whistle, you tarrier, whistle!" May be he didn't get it back!

THE FIRST ORDER.

I had been knocking about the country for a few years, working in all sorts of places and offices, and acquiring a great deal of experience and valuable information, when the coy little god of luck threw me a job on the K. M. & O., a main trunk line running out of Chaminade. I was first sent to a night office at Vining, about midway on the division. One day an engine, pulling a through live-stock express, broke a driving-rod while running like lightning, and the result was a smash-up of the first water—engine in the ditch, cars piled all over her, live stock mashed up, engineer killed, fireman badly hurt, and the road blocked twenty-four hours. The wreck occurred on a curve going down a rather steep grade, so that it was not possible to build a track around it. A wrecking train was sent out from El Monte, and as I happened to be off duty at the time, I was picked up and taken along to cut in a wrecking office. The division superintendent came out, and he was so pleased with my work that, in a few weeks,

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he offered me a place as a copy operator at El Monte.

My whole ambition had been to be a despatcher, and this appeared to be my opportunity, so I gratefully accepted, and in a day or two was safely ensconced in my new position. The despatchers work eight hours, but the copy operators work twelve, so they work with two despatchers every day. I had the day end of the job, and worked from eight A.M. until eight P.M., with an hour off for dinner, so that I really worked but eleven hours. The pay was good for me, seventy dollars per month, and I was thoroughly satisfied. Really all that is necessary to be a first-class copy operator is to be an expert telegrapher. It is simply a work of sending and receiving messages and copying orders all the day. However, I wanted to learn, so I kept my ears and eyes open, and studied the time card, train sheet, and order-book very assiduously.

The first trick despatcher was honest old Patrick J. Borroughs, a man of twenty-five years' experience and as good a man as ever touched a key or took an O. S. report. He was kindness personified, and assisted me in every way possible, and all of my future success was due to his help and teaching. After I had been there about five months, he would allow me, under his supervision, to make simple meeting-points for two trains, and one day, when he allowed me to give a right-of-track order to a through freight train over a delayed passenger, I felt that my education as a despatcher was complete. How much mistaken I was the following incident will show.

We had received notice one morning of a special train to be run over our division that afternoon, carrying a Congressional Railroad Committee, and that of course meant a special schedule, and you know how anxious railroads are to please railroad committees, especially when they are on investigating tours (?) with reference to the extension of the Inter-state Commerce Act, as this one was. We were told to "whoop her through." Our division was only 102 miles long, and we had abundant sidings and passing-tracks, and, besides, old "Jim" Hayes, with engine 666, was in, so they could be assured of a run that would be a "hummer." When the notification of this special was handed to Pat, he tossed it over to me, and said: "Bates, here's a chance for you to show what kind of stuff you are made of. Make out a schedule for this special, giving her a clean sweep from end to end, with the exception of No. 21."

Proud! That wasn't a name for it. I was determined that this special should have a run for her money if she ran on my schedule. No Congressional committee was going back to Washington with the idea that the K. M. & O. wasn't the swiftest road in the bunch, if I could help it. Pat told me he would do the copying while I made the schedule; but as he said it I fancied I saw a merry twinkle in his honest blue eyes. I wasn't daunted though, and started to work:

ORDER No. 34.

K. M. & O. RAILROAD (Eastern Division),
DESPATCHER'S OFFICE, "DS," *October* 15th 18—.
To C. & E.
ALL TRAINS.

Special east, engine 666, will run from El Monte to Marsan having right of track over all trains except No. 21, on the following schedule:

Leave El Monte, 2.30 P.M.

Thus far I proceeded without any trouble, and there I stuck. Here was where the figuring, knowledge of the road, grades, etc., came in; but I was sadly lacking in that respect. I studied and figured, and used up lots of gray matter, and even chewed up a pencil or two. I finally finished the schedule, and submitted it to Pat. He read it carefully, knitted his brows for a moment, and then said, slowly: "For a beginner, that schedule is about the best I ever saw. It's a hummer, without doubt. But to prevent the lives of the Congressional committee from being placed in jeopardy, I think I will have to make another." Then he laughed heartily, and continued:

"All joking aside, Bates, my boy, you did pretty well, but you have only allowed seven minutes between Sumatra and Borneo, and the time card shows the distance to be fourteen miles. Jim Hayes and engine 666 are capable of great bursts of speed, but they can't fly. Then, again, you have forgotten our through passenger train, No. 21; what are you going to do with her? Pass them on one track, I suppose. But don't be discouraged, my boy, try it again."

He made another schedule, and I resumed my copying. It wasn't long, however, until my confidence returned, and I wanted a trick. I got it, but in such a manner that even now, fifteen years afterwards, I shudder to think of it. I must reserve the account of this, however, for my next article.

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A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL

By Harriet A. Nash.

IT had been a most successful donation party, every one agreed. The pastor himself was heard to say that he had seldom seen so many of his people together, and the pastor's wife clasped hands that day with some parishioners who had never been in her house before. A few of them, with a vague sense of past delinquencies murmured a half apology of good intentions frustrated by lack of time, while others, under the firm conviction that all social advances should be made by the pastor's wife herself, felt their magnanimity in overlooking her neglect of them and consenting to honor this gathering. People from the outlying districts who could seldom attend a village merry-making came early and stayed late. All the children in the Sunday-school, with many of their friends from other churches, appeared in a body as soon as school was over, and added to the cheerfulness of the occasion by starting, in the already crowded rooms, the games of "blindman's buff" and "I spy." The village merchants dropped in for a few moments at supper time, while there was a lull in the business of the day, and even the busy doctor, after making a professional call next door, ran in for a cordial handshake with the pastor, leaving in the latter's hand a receipted bill for all indebtedness. The pastor's eyes had filled at this, and after the doctor had gone, he hurried to find his wife and share the surprise with her, but a thoughtful sister who had observed the scene reached her first, and the little pleasure of telling her was denied him.

Late in the afternoon Miss Black, representative of the most wealthy family in the parish, had swept through the parlor, pausing long enough to superintend the hanging of a fine engraving she had brought. And for some time after Miss Black had drawn her fur-lined cloak about her and departed, a little group stood about the picture, some admiring, some criticising, while one good sister frankly admitted that she'd enough sight rather had the money it cost. But the pastor and his wife exchanged glances of delight as they recognized in the picture a long coveted favorite.

It was soon after Miss Black's departure that a fine seal pocket-book was first noticed among the gifts spread out in the study. No one knew just who put it there. More than one fingered it curiously, and one or two surreptitiously opened it, to see if there was anything inside. And the pastor smiled a little as he heard it whispered from one to another that the pocket-book was empty.

It was late before the weary hostess heard the gate click after the last guest, and later yet before she could find time to examine the gifts. For cross, sleepy little ones must be put to bed, and the confusion that reigned in their home be reduced to some such order as would permit breakfasting there to-morrow—or—no—it was to-day. She noticed as she passed through the kitchen that little cooked food remained from supper. Not only had a multitude been fed, but more than one mother had carried home a few pieces of cake to Tommy or Jane, who had been unable to attend. But there were uncooked provisions in abundance; the shed was filled with fuel, and the stable with hay and grain for the pastor's horse, while the study was filled with goods of every description—vases, tidies, splashers, among which the pastor was helplessly groping.

"You will be able to appreciate these things better than I, my dear," he said. "Some of them look very pretty, but I don't know their uses."

Mrs. Tyler sighed as she glanced around. "There's a good deal here I haven't any use for," she said. "But I oughtn't to say it, Ezra, for they have been generous: that new easy chair, and the lamp and picture, not to mention all the provisions and dear Doctor Holme's bill that has worried me so. Only—there wasn't any money at all, was there, Ezra?"

"I think not, Martha."

"You do so need a new overcoat, and I was hoping it would come to-day or the money to buy it."

"Never mind, my dear; don't let us depreciate the gifts we have by sighing for those that failed to come. I can do without a coat very well. My old one is quite whole."

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"But so shabby, Ezra. And I'm sure some of the people feel it a discredit to the church for you to wear it."

"Well, Martha, if it's essential to the welfare of the church for me to have a new overcoat, the Lord can provide it. And in any case the people can't complain that their pastor carries a shabby pocket-book. Just see this, Martha."

"What good is a pocket-book with nothing to put in it," grumbled the tired wife, opening it listlessly. But in a moment her manner changed. For accidentally slipping her fingers into one of the pockets, she felt a paper, and drew forth a crisp new bill—a twenty-dollar bill.

For a moment they looked at each other in delighted surprise. Then the same question sprang to the lips of both: Who could have done it? "You don't think it could have been Maria, do you?" he asked, wistfully.

But Mrs. Tyler settled the question with a prompt negative. It wasn't likely that his sister had sent it after neglecting him so many years. It was much more likely to have been Miss Black or some of their people. "Though I don't know who there is in *this* parish," she said, "who would do so generous a thing and keep it secret."

"Martha, Martha," chided her husband. "Is this a moment for uncharitable thoughts?"

In a moment another question arose. Several had looked in the pocket-book and pronounced it empty. How had they overlooked the bill. "It must be they didn't look carefully," decided Mrs. Tyler. By her suggestion they resolved at last to say nothing about the money. "We'll be twice as likely to find out where it came from," she urged. And there for that night the matter rested. But the next day plans must be made for its expenditure. To Mrs. Tyler's annoyance, her husband was strongly inclined to devote the whole sum to the cause of missions, and only her oft-repeated argument that his shabby coat was causing comment among his flock availed to turn him from his purpose.

"Couldn't I buy a cheaper coat, and give a part of it, Martha?" he said, at last.

Mrs. Tyler's patience gave way. "Ezra Tyler," she exclaimed, "what kind of a coat can you get for less than twenty dollars, and how long would it wear? You'd be losing things through the pockets in six weeks. If you've no regard for yourself and the people, do have a little for me, and get a coat I shan't have to mend for this winter at least."

She heaved a weary sigh as he, reluctantly consenting, left the room. "I'm afraid I haven't got patience enough for so good a man as Ezra," she said to herself. "But his lack of worldly wisdom does try me so."

There was some delay in purchasing the coat, for so important an article could not be procured in the little village, and a trip must be made to the city, twenty-five miles distant. Mrs. Tyler decided to accompany her husband, that she might personally superintend the purchase, but on the morning chosen, the baby woke ill and fretful, and the mother could not be spared. So with many injunctions to look well to the quality of the cloth and be sure the lining was firm and well made, she saw him depart, running to the gate to shriek after him instructions as to the buttonholes and to go first to the tailor's.

Mr. Tyler had several matters to attend to in the city. There were errands for several parishioners, and he desired to spend some hours in the public library, and carry out a long-cherished plan of visiting one of the city missions. But he obeyed his wife's instructions and went first to the clothiers', coming out in a new stylishly made coat, with no sense of the change save that he was more comfortable. He carried the old coat in a bundle, which he forgot and left in the next place he entered. The errands finished, the mission came next, then the library. He was hurrying through the winter twilight to the station, with a vague fear that he had read too long and might miss his train, when a hand on his shoulder stopped him, and he turned in wonder, to confront a blue-coated policeman.

"I reckon you're the man we want," remarked the policeman, while an excited looking young man behind him cried breathlessly, "That's him; hold him, don't let him get away."

"Excuse me, sir," said the bewildered minister, "but I really cannot be delayed. I fear I have already missed my train."

"Well, I reckon you, have my friend," replied the officer grimly. "But the city 'll be pleased to give you free entertainment, so don't let that trouble you. The best thing you can do is to come along quietly."

"But really, sir, you are laboring under a misapprehension; you can have no possible business with me."

"Can't I? Well, I know a man that has,

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then. Just you come along, and you'll find out, my professional friend. I've seen your kind before. You do the country parson act fairly, but it's a little overdone."

They had reached the police station before Mr. Tyler could be made to understand that he was under arrest. Even then he believed he had only been mistaken for another man, and protested over and over that it was all a mistake and he should lose his train. The appalling truth was made plain to him at last. It was he, and none other, who was wanted —the man who had bought an overcoat of Claus and Clothier that morning, and paid for it with a twenty-dollar bill—charged with passing counterfeit money.

Over and over he protested his innocence and tried to explain how the bill came to him. He was only greeted with incredulous smiles, and advised to say nothing until he had time for reflection. His dazed mind grasped only the mere outlines of the situation. He, Ezra Tyler, pastor of the Gimfield Congregational Church, was under arrest. He tried to remember how the newspaper items read in such cases, and the first definite thought that struggled through his brain was of the publicity that would be given his case. He almost smiled as he wondered how his church would take it—the church that had been unable to bear their pastor's shabby coat? For a moment he thought of giving an assumed name. Then his real identity would not be learned in time for publication to-morrow, and before another day they would see the mistake and let him go. John Jones would do as well as any name. Dr. John Jones would convey more dignity. But when a few moments later he was called to give his name, his truth-loving nature rebelled against the falsehood, and in a clear voice he answered, "Ezra Tyler," going on, without further questioning, to explain that he was pastor of the Gimfield Congregational Church. He heard the charge against him, and for the first time began to realize the fact that the bill —that precious twenty-dollar bill—was valueless. There could be no doubt of it, they told him. An officer more kind-hearted than the one who had arrested him explained it all, and assured him there would be no trouble, if he was really innocent and could prove where he got the bill.

He had a confused sense of many people around, most of them looking miserable and unfortunate. One woman, carrying a baby, staggered as she tried to cross the room. She was ill beyond question. He wondered why they didn't do something for her, and felt relieved when a pleasant-faced matron approached and coaxed the baby to her arms. How pitifully the thin little arms contrasted with the rosy baby at home. In one corner sat a ragged man of middle age, from whose stolid face crime had banished every trace of a better nature. Opposite him was a well-dressed young fellow, his face buried in his hands. The minister's heart throbbed with pain as he looked at them and wondered how long since the one was like the other and what depths of degradation lay between. He wished he were near enough to lay his hand on the bowed curly head—not much older than the little heads at home. His own trouble passed from his mind. What mattered it so long as he was innocent? And an emotion akin to the divine love and pity moved him, as he gazed on these fellow prisoners, who perhaps were guilty. Life must have been so hard for them—temptations so strong and wills so weak.

He found himself, after a little, conducted to a cell with two others—strangely enough the two on whom his attention had been fixed. The attendant—Mr. Tyler had no idea what his exact title might be—jocosely remarked that he hoped they didn't mind crowding, they were unusually full to-night.

To Mr. Tyler's relief, his elder companion dropped upon the floor, in a half-drunken sleep. The boy, as if anxious to repel all advances, had retired to the opposite corner, and resumed his attitude of deep dejection. The minister watched him thoughtfully for a long time. At last he drew nearer, and touched the boy's arm gently. A haggard, miserable face was raised to his—oh, so young.

"What do you want?" was the impatient question.

"My boy," Mr. Tyler said gently, "tell me how it happened." The boy shrank away, and ungraciously demanded to be left alone. Then some gentler impulse seizing him, he muttered a half apology, and, as if to atone for his rudeness, added a few words of explanation. Then slowly the longing for sympathy overcame him, and he poured forth a story of over-indulgence, dissipation, and debt, a pressing need for money, and—the use of funds not his own. Before him now was certain disgrace, perhaps years of prison life.

The minister sat silent. In his country parish he had never met a case like this.

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He could recall nothing in his theological training that fitted it. According to his best knowledge and belief, he should speak words of condemnation and warning. But the pity swelling in his heart choked them back. And when he opened his lips at last, there came from them only words of sympathy. He seemed possessed by some power beyond himself—that tender, all-absorbing love for the guilty ones of earth, for whom too often he had felt only contempt. He struggled with himself in vain. His brain told him he should have exhorted the young man to repentance, before it was too late. His heart would let him speak only of a heavenly Father's love. When he ceased speaking the room was very still. Even the heavy breathing in the other corner had ceased.

Presently the boy raised his head with a defiant gesture. "See here," he said, and slipped a little vial into the minister's hand. "I didn't mean to go to prison. If it came to that, there was stuff enough in that bottle to have taken care of me. If they'd put me alone in a cell, I should have swallowed it before now. I haven't any friends left. My relatives will all refuse to speak to me after this; and I didn't suppose there was any one in heaven or on earth that cared. But I believe you. I never heard it put that way before. And I'm going to stand my trial, and whatever comes after it, because of what you say."

The two clasped hands warmly. And as they did so, the ragged criminal in the corner staggered to his feet and stood before them. Had they but known it, it was years since he had stood so erect. "Squire," he said, "the youngster's right. If somebody'd said to me, twenty years ago, what you've just said to him, I might have been a man to-day in place of what I be. Oh, go on; don't talk any foolishness. It's too late to work any such racket on me. Well, pray for me if you want to; 'twon't do no hurt maybe, though I can tell you't won't do no good. I tell you I don't want to be any better. I wouldn't change if I could. But in the name of the boy I was twenty years ago, I want to thank you for givin' this young feller a lift." He staggered back to his corner, as if ashamed of the momentary interest he had shown, and the brief intelligence died out of the hardened face.

The boy, worn out with deep emotion, dropped upon the hard cot and slept. The minister sat through the long night wrapped in meditation. It was not until the first gray streaks of dawn stole through the grated door, that he roused to a remembrance that he was a prisoner, charged with crime.

Early that morning, in one of the sumptuous homes of the city, a woman past middle age was partaking of a solitary breakfast, glancing over the morning paper at the same time. For Mrs. Marsh was a business woman, and watched the markets closely. Running her eyes slowly down the news columns, she suddenly started so violently as to overturn the coffee urn, and, regardless of the amber liquid soaking into the snowy cloth and dripping upon the rug, she sat motionless, her eyes riveted upon these words:

A suspicious looking character purchased a coat of Claus and Clothier yesterday morning, paying for it with a twenty-dollar bill which proved to be a clever counterfeit. The swindler, who was arrested as he was about to take the evening train for New York, claims to be the pastor of a church in Gimfield, and gave the name of Ezra Tyler, which is believed to be assumed.

Mrs. Marsh rang the bell for a maid to repair damages, and, paper in hand, left the room. "I wish I could think it was a mistake," she soliloquized as she tied on her bonnet. "But it's too much like him. Nobody but Ezra could get himself into such a scrape as this. Well, he was quite right when he declared he had no head for business, and after all I shall have to acknowledge it."

Mrs. Marsh's quarrel with her only brother dated from his entering the ministry. Many years younger than she, he had until that time been entirely submissive to her wishes. She had selected his books, his clothes, his college, even his friends. But when it came to choosing a profession and a wife, the young man's will asserted itself. He would study theology instead of banking, and he would marry the girl of his choice. The result had been utter estrangement and a silence which no effort on the brother's part could break.

This morning Mrs. Marsh's lawyer, listening to her story, smiled to himself, as he read beneath her calm, almost indifferent manner her longing for a reconciliation. "For he's proved me in the wrong," she said candidly. "As a business man, he would have ruined himself and all his friends by this time. And I intend to keep an eye on him after this."

And the lawyer, as he closed his desk and

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prepared to accompany her, remarked under his breath, that the working of a woman's mind was past his comprehension.

It was a busy morning. But wealth and influence can accomplish much, and before noon Ezra Tyler walked forth a free man, the charge against him withdrawn. He hardly knew how it was brought about. His sister, greeting him as though they had parted but the day before, had announced the facts to him, and knowing she had attended to it, he had not troubled his head with details. He was far more interested in the case of his young friend, and insisted on calling at once upon the employers, where he argued the matter with such persistency, that they finally consented not to prosecute, if the money was refunded.

Mrs. Marsh grumbled not a little, wrote a check for the amount, and the much amused attorney added his mite by consenting to give the young man a position in his office, where he would be under strict supervision and out of temptation's way.

Altogether, as Mr. Tyler sat at lunch in his sister's house, he was by no means unhappy, even though his parishoners were yet to be confronted. If he only knew where that bill came from! That was a mystery which must be solved before the world could be entirely assured of his innocence. With curious persistency the thought kept coming to him, that his wife had discovered the bill after others had declared the pocket-book empty. Mr. Tyler was the least suspicious of men, but the events of the past twenty-fours hours had sadly disturbed his usually calm spirit, and he felt prepared for any strange solution of the mystery. He remembered that Martha had urged him to say nothing about the money. Could she have suspected that all was not right about it? Could she have placed it there? And where could she have obtained it? He put the thought away again and again, but it crept back each time, until he turned and faced it squarely, determined to reason it down. But to his horror, all his reasoning powers, brought to bear upon the matter, only confirmed his suspicion. The thought overwhelmed him. He would rather have been guilty himself. He could not mention it to Maria, who had never approved of his marriage. How could he face his people now? And how could he ever stand in his pulpit again? All the pleasure in his acquittal and the reunion with his sister turned to ashes. Even the good he had tried to do his fellow prisoner seemed a dull, dead thing. The boy would soon be in trouble again, he thought bitterly; he might as well have left him to his fate. He grew quiet, and begged his sister to let him alone. And Mrs. Marsh noticed for the first time how old he had grown, and began to realize that this careworn man was not her boy.

As the train drew into Gimfield that night, Mr. Tyler stepped from it with the utmost unconcern. It had ceased to be of any consequence what his parishioners thought. The few people he met greeted him warmly. One or two stopped to shake hands and express their regret at his disagreeable experience. He felt his hypocrisy in allowing them to call it an unfortunate mistake. His wife met him at the door, full of questions and comments, but he brushed them all aside, only inquiring, with a sarcasm she had never heard in his tone before, if his overcoat was quite satisfactory. Supper was a silent meal; even the children, awed by the general gloom, spoke little. Tommy was sent away from the table for dropping his knife, and Lizzie was sharply reproved for putting her elbows on the table.

All the time Mrs. Tyler was putting the children to bed, her husband meditated. Should he tell her that he knew what she had done, or should he not? He could not bear to hear her add to her guilt by denying it. But if she believed him ignorant, she might question him concerning his arrest. He felt he could not bear to tell her anything about it. He wearily wished himself back in that gloomy station-room, in the midst of vice and crime, but with his faith in humanity undisturbed.

The door-bell rang, and Mrs. Tyler, coming down at that moment, ushered into the room Miss Black and her little nephew. Miss Black's face wore an expression of righteous indignation. Jimmie's eyes were swollen, and he hung behind his aunt. "I have no words to tell you," she began, "how grieved we are at the result of Jimmie's naughtiness. It was he who put that counterfeit bill in the pocket-book—just before the party dispersed. My brother-in-law took it at the bank, and had brought it home to examine by our microscope. This all comes from allowing young children at such gatherings unattended. Jimmie knew the bill was counterfeit——"

"I only just took it to show the boys," faltered Jimmie, "'n then I thought what a good joke 'twould be to put it in there. I never thought a man that knew so much as the minister'd be fooled by it."

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"We are very much annoyed," commenced Miss Black, but her pastor, his face wreathed in smiles, interrupted:

"Never mind, Jimmie," he said. "You're a nice little boy, and I am glad you did it. That is"—for Miss Black looked scandalized—"I should say, I am very glad to know who did it. And it has proved how even our mistakes—for I think we won't call it anything more serious than a mistake, Jimmie—may be used for others' good. Sometime, when you are a little older, Jimmie, I will tell you a story of another boy who made a mistake."

"Martha," Mr. Tyler said, after the guests had gone, "can we not sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow'?"

"I'm afraid it would wake the children, Ezra," replied the tired mother.

"Then let us read the one hundred and third Psalm; and after that I have a long story to tell you about last night and to-day."

But there was one part of the story that Mrs. Tyler never heard.

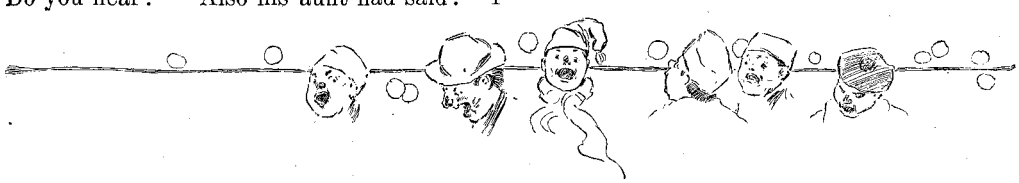
HIS NEW MITTENS

· STEPHEN · CRANE ·

LITTLE Horace was walking home from school, brilliantly decorated by a pair of new red mittens. A number of boys were snow-balling gleefully in a field. They hailed him. "Come on, Horace. We're having a battle."

Horace was sad. "No," he said, "I can't. I've got to go home." At noon his mother had admonished him. "Now, Horace, you come straight home as soon as school is out. Do you hear? And don't you get them nice new mittens all wet, either. Do you hear?" Also his aunt had said: "I declare, Emily, it's a shame the way you allow that child to ruin his things." She had meant mittens. To his mother, Horace had dutifully replied: "Yes'm." But he now loitered in the vicinity of the group of uproarious boys, who were yelling like hawks as the white balls flew.

Some of them immediately analyzed this extraordinary hesitancy. "Hah!" they paused to scoff, "afraid of your new mittens, ain't you?" Some smaller boys, who were not yet so wise in discerning motives, applauded this attack with unreasonable vehemence. "A-fray-ed of his mit-tens! A-fray-ed of his mit-tens." They sang these lines to cruel and monotonous music which is as old perhaps as American childhood and which it is the privilege of the emancipated adult to completely forget. "A-fray-ed of his mit-tens!"



". . . Yelling like hawks as the white balls flew."

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Horace cast a tortured glance toward his playmates, and then dropped his eyes to the snow at his feet. Presently he turned to the trunk of one of the great maple trees that lined the curb. He made a pretense of closely examining the rough and virile bark. To his mind, this familiar street of Whilomville seemed to grow dark in the thick shadow of shame. The trees and the houses were now palled in purple.

"A-fray-ed of his mit-tens!" The terrible music had in it a meaning from the moonlit war-drums of chanting cannibals.

At last Horace, with supreme effort, raised his head. "'Tain't them I care about," he said gruffly. "I've got to go home. That's all."

Whereupon each boy held his left forefinger as if it were a pencil and began to sharpen it derisively with his right forefinger. They came closer, and sang like a trained chorus, "A-fray-ed of his mittens!"

When he raised his voice to deny the charge it was simply lost in the screams of the mob. He was alone fronting all the traditions of boyhood held before him by inexorable representatives. To such a low state had he fallen that one lad, a mere baby, outflanked him and then struck him in the cheek with a heavy snow-ball. The act was acclaimed with loud jeers. Horace turned to dart at his assailant, but there was an immediate demonstration on the other flank, and he found himself obliged to keep his face toward the hilarious crew of tormentors. The baby retreated in safety to the rear of the crowd, where he was received with fulsome compliments upon his daring. Horace retreated slowly up the walk. He continually tried to make them heed him, but the only sound was the chant, "A-fray-ed of his mit-tens!" In this desperate withdrawal the beset and haggard boy suffered more than is the common lot of man.

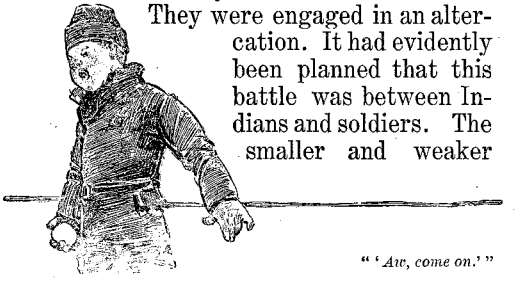
Being a boy himself, he did not understand boys at all. He had of course the dismal conviction that they were going to dog him to his grave. But near the corner of the field they suddenly seemed to forget all about it. Indeed, they possessed only the malevolence of so many flitter-headed

"When he raised his voice to deny the charge. . . ."

sparrows. The interest had swung capriciously to some other matter. In a moment they were off in the field again, carousing amid the snow. Some authoritative boy had probably said, "Aw, come on."

As the pursuit ceased, Horace ceased his retreat. He spent some time in what was evidently an attempt to adjust his self-respect, and then began to wander furtively down toward the group. He, too, had undergone an important change. Perhaps his sharp agony was only as durable as the malevolence of the others. In this boyish life obedience to some unformulated creed of manners was enforced with capricious, but merciless, rigor. However, they were, after all, his comrades, his friends.

They did not heed his return. They were engaged in an altercation. It had evidently been planned that this battle was between Indians and soldiers. The smaller and weaker



"'Aw, come on.'"

boys had been induced to appear as Indians in the initial skirmish, but they were now very sick of it, and were reluctantly, but steadfastly, affirming their desire for a change of caste. The larger boys had all won great distinction, devastating Indians materially, and they wished the war to go on as planned. They explained vociferously that it was proper for the soldiers always to thrash the Indians. The little boys did not pretend to deny the truth of this argument; they confined themselves to the simple statement that, in that case, they wished to be soldiers. Each little boy willingly appealed

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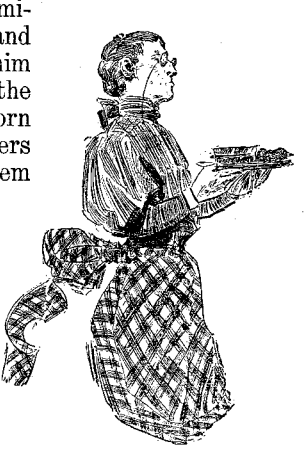
to the others to remain Indians, but as for himself he reiterated his desire to enlist as a soldier. The larger boys were in despair over this dearth of enthusiasm in the small Indians. They alternately wheedled and bullied, but they could not persuade the little boys, who were really suffering dreadful humiliation rather than submit to another onslaught of soldiers. They were called all the baby names that had the power of stinging deep into their pride, but they remained firm.

Then a formidable lad, a leader of reputation, one who could whip many boys that wore long trousers, suddenly blew out his cheeks and shouted, "Well, all right then. I'll be an Indian myself. Now." The little boys greeted with cheers this addition to their wearied ranks, and seemed then content. But matters were not mended in the least, because all of the personal following of the formidable lad, with the addition of every outsider, spontaneously forsook the flag and declared themselves Indians. There were now no soldiers. The Indians had carried everything unanimously. The formidable lad used his influence, but his influence could not shake the loyalty of his friends, who refused to fight under any colors but his colors.

Plainly there was nothing for it but to coerce the little ones. The formidable lad again became a soldier, and then graciously permitted to join him all the real fighting strength of the crowd, leaving behind a most forlorn band of little Indians. Then the soldiers attacked the Indians, exhorting them to opposition at the same time.

The Indians at first adopted a policy of hurried surrender, but this had no success, as none of the surrenders were accepted. They then turned to flee, bawling out protests. The ferocious soldiers pursued them amid shouts. The battle widened, developing all manner of marvelous detail.

Horace had turned toward home several times, but, as a matter of fact, this scene held him in a spell. It was fascinating beyond anything which the grown man understands. He had always in the back of his head a sense of guilt, even a sense of impending punishment for disobedience, but they could not weigh with the delirium of this snow battle.



". . . Brought a plate of food."

II

ONE of the raiding soldiers, espying Horace, called out in passing, "A-fray-ed of his mit-tens!" Horace flinched at this renewal, and the other lad paused to taunt him again. Horace scooped some snow, molded it into a ball, and flung it at the other. "Ho," cried the boy, "you're an Indian, are you? Hey, fellers, here's an Indian that ain't been killed yet." He and Horace engaged in a duel in which both were in such haste to mold snow-balls that they had little time for aiming.

Horace once struck his opponent squarely in the chest. "Hey," he shouted. "you're dead. You can't fight any more, Pete. I killed you. You're dead."

The other boy flushed red, but he continued frantically to make ammunition. "You never touched me," he retorted glowering. "You never touched me. Where, now?" he added defiantly. "Where'd you hit me?"

"On the coat! Right on your breast. You can't fight any more. You're dead."

"You never!"

"I did, too. Hey, fellers, ain't he dead? I hit 'im square."

"He never!"

Nobody had seen the affair, but some of the boys took sides in absolute accordance with their friendship for one of the concerned parties. Horace's opponent went about contending, "He never touched me. He never came near me. He never came near me."

The formidable leader now came forward and accosted Horace. "What was you? An Indian? Well, then, you're dead—that's all. He hit you. I saw him."

"Me?" shrieked Horace. "He never came within a mile of me——"

At that moment he heard his name called in a certain familiar tune of two notes, with the last note shrill and prolonged. He looked toward the sidewalk, and saw his mother standing there in her widow's weeds, with

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two brown paper parcels under her arm. A silence had fallen upon all the boys. Horace moved slowly toward his mother. She did not seem to note his approach; she was gazing austerely off through the naked branches of the maples where two crimson sunset bars lay on the deep blue sky.

At a distance of ten paces, Horace made a desperate venture. "Oh, ma," he whined, "can't I stay out for a while?"

"... A pair of very wet mittens."

"No," she answered solemnly, "you come with me." Horace knew that profile; it was the inexorable profile. But he continued to plead, because it was not beyond his mind that a great show of suffering now might diminish his suffering later.

He did not dare to look back at his playmates. It was already a public scandal that he could not stay out as late as other boys, and he could imagine his standing now that he had been again dragged off by his mother in sight of the whole world. He was a profoundly miserable human being.

Aunt Martha opened the door for them. Light streamed about her straight skirt. "Oh," she said, "so you found him on the road, eh? Well, I declare! It was about time!"

Horace slunk into the kitchen. The stove, spraddling out on its four iron legs, was gently humming. Aunt Martha had evidently just lighted the lamp, for she went to it and began to twist the wick experimentally.

"Now," said the mother, "let's see them mittens."

Horace's chin sank. The aspiration of the criminal, the passionate desire for an asylum from retribution, from justice, was aflame in his heart. "I—I—don't—don't know where they are," he gasped finally as he passed his hand over his pockets.

"Horace," intoned his mother, "you are telling me a story!"

"'Tain't a story," he answered, just above his breath. He looked like a sheep-stealer.

His mother held him by the arm, and began to search his pockets. Almost at once she was able to bring forth a pair of very wet mittens. "Well, I declare!" cried Aunt Martha. The two women went close to the lamp, and minutely examined the mittens, turning them over and over. Afterwards, when Horace looked up, his mother's sad-lined, homely face was turned toward him. He burst into tears.

His mother drew a chair near the stove. "Just you sit there now, until I tell you to git off." He sidled meekly into the chair. His mother and his aunt went briskly about the business of preparing supper. They did not display a knowledge of his existence; they carried an effect of oblivion so far that they even did not speak to each other. Presently, they went into the dining and living room; Horace could hear the dishes rattling. His Aunt Martha brought a plate of food, placed it on a chair near him, and went away without a word.

Horace instantly decided that he would not touch a morsel of the food. He had often used this ruse in dealing with his mother. He did not know why it brought her to terms, but certainly it sometimes did.

The mother looked up when the aunt returned to the other room. "Is he eatin' his supper?" she asked.

The maiden aunt, fortified in ignorance, gazed with pity and contempt upon this interest. "Well, now, Emily, how do I know?" she queried. "Was I goin' to stand over 'im? Of all the worryin' you do about that child! It's a shame the way you're bringing up that child."

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"Well, he ought to eat something. It won't do fer him to go without eatin'," the mother retorted weakly.

Aunt Martha, profoundly scorning the policy of concession which these words meant, uttered a long, contemptuous sigh.

III

ALONE in the kitchen, Horace stared with somber eyes at the plate of food. For a long time he betrayed no sign of yielding. His mood was adamantine. He was resolved not to sell his vengeance for bread, cold ham, and a pickle, and yet it must be known that the sight of them affected him powerfully. The pickle in particular was notable for its seductive charm. He surveyed it darkly.

But at last, unable to longer endure his state, his attitude in the presence of the pickle, he put out an inquisitive finger and touched it, and it was cool and green and plump. Then a full conception of the cruel woe of his situation swept upon him suddenly, and his eyes filled with tears, which began to move down his cheeks. He sniffled. His heart was black with hatred. He painted in his mind scenes of deadly retribution. His mother would be taught that he was not one to endure persecution meekly, without raising an arm in his defense. And so his dreams were of a slaughter of feelings, and near the end of them his mother was pictured as coming, bowed with pain, to his feet. Weeping, she implored his charity. Would he forgive her? No; his once tender heart had been turned to stone by her injustice. He could not forgive her. She must pay the inexorable penalty.

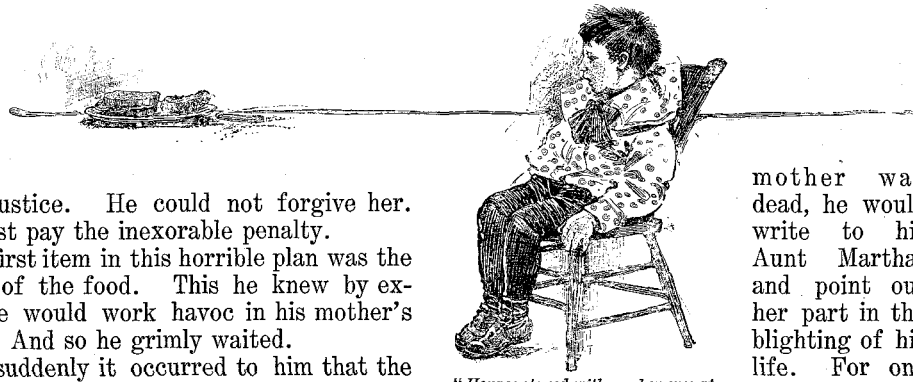
The first item in this horrible plan was the refusal of the food. This he knew by experience would work havoc in his mother's heart. And so he grimly waited.

But suddenly it occurred to him that the first part of his revenge was in danger of failing. The thought struck him that his mother might not capitulate in the usual way. According to his recollection, the time was more than due when she should come in, worried, sadly affectionate, and ask him if he was ill. It had then been his custom to hint in a resigned voice that he was the victim of secret disease, but that he preferred to suffer in silence and alone. If she was obdurate in her anxiety, he always asked her in a gloomy, low voice to go away and leave him to suffer in silence and alone in the darkness without food. He had known this manœuvering to result even in pie.

". . . Some sort of bloody-handed person."

But what was the meaning of the long pause and the stillness? Had his old and valued ruse betrayed him? As the truth sank into his mind, he supremely loathed life, the world, his mother. Her heart was beating back the besiegers; he was a defeated child.

He wept for a time before deciding upon the final stroke. He would run away. In a remote corner of the world he would become some sort of bloody-handed person driven to a life of crime by the barbarity of his mother. She should never know his fate. He would torture her for years with doubts and doubts, and drive her implacably to a repentant grave. Nor would his Aunt Martha escape. Some day, a century hence, when his mother was dead, he would write to his Aunt Martha, and point out her part in the blighting of his life. For one blow against



"Horace stared with somber eyes at the plate of food."

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him now he would, in time, deal back a thousand; aye, ten thousand.

He arose and took his coat and cap. As he moved stealthily toward the door he cast a glance backward at the pickle. He was tempted to take it, but he knew if he left the plate in- violate his mother would feel even worse.

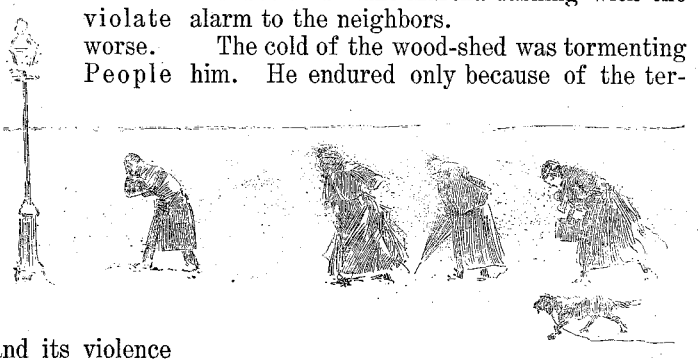
A blue snow was falling. People bowed forward were moving briskly along the walks. The electric lamps hummed amid showers of flakes. As Horace emerged from the kitchen, a shrill squall drove the flakes around the corner of the house. He cowered away from it, and its violence illumined his mind vaguely in new directions. He deliberated upon a choice of remote corners of the globe. He found that he had no plans which were definite enough in a geographical way, but without much loss of time he decided upon California. He moved briskly as far as his mother's front gate on the road to California. He was off at last. His success was a trifle dreadful; his throat choked.

But at the gate he paused. He did not know if his journey to California would be shorter if he went down Niagara Avenue or off through Hogan Street. As the storm was very cold and the point was very important, he decided to withdraw for reflection to the wood-shed. He entered the dark shanty, and took seat upon the old chopping-block upon which he was supposed to perform for a few minutes every afternoon when he returned from school. The wind screamed and shouted at the loose boards, and there was a rift of snow on the floor to leeward of a crack.

Here the idea of starting for California on such a night departed from his mind, leaving him ruminating miserably upon his martyrdom. He saw nothing for it but to sleep all night in the wood-shed and start for California in the morning bright and early. Thinking of his bed, he kicked over the floor and found that the innumerable chips were all frozen tightly, bedded in ice.

Later he viewed with joy some signs of excitement in the house. The flare of a lamp moved rapidly from window to window. Then the kitchen door slammed loudly and a shawled figure sped toward the gate. At last he was making them feel his power. The shivering child's face was lit with saturnine glee as in the darkness of the wood-shed he gloated over the evidences of consternation in his home. The shawled figure had been his Aunt Martha dashing with the alarm to the neighbors.

The cold of the wood-shed was tormenting him. He endured only because of the ter-



". . . People bowed forward."

ror he was causing. But then it occurred to him that, if they instituted a search for him, they would probably examine the wood-shed. He knew that it would not be manful to be caught so soon. He was not positive now that he was going to remain away forever, but at any rate he was bound to inflict some more damage before allowing himself to be captured. If he merely succeeded in making his mother angry, she would thrash him on sight. He must prolong the time in order to be safe. If he held out properly, he was sure of a welcome of love, even though he should drip with crimes.

Evidently the storm had increased, for when he went out it swung him violently with its rough and merciless strength. Panting, stung, half-blinded with the driving flakes, he was now a waif, exiled, friendless, and poor. With a bursting heart, he thought of his home and his mother. To his forlorn vision they were as far away as heaven.

IV

HORACE was undergoing changes of feeling so rapidly that he was merely moved hither and then thither like a kite. He was now aghast at the merciless ferocity of his mother. It was she who had thrust him into this wild storm, and she was perfectly indifferent to his fate, perfectly indifferent. The forlorn wanderer could no longer weep. The strong sobs caught at his throat, mak-

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ing his breath come in short, quick snuffles. All in him was conquered save the enigmatical childish ideal of form, manner. This principle still held out, and it was the only thing between him and submission. When he surrendered, he must surrender in a way that deferred to the undefined code. He longed simply to go to the kitchen and stumble in, but his unfathomable sense of fitness forbade him.

Presently he found himself at the head of Niagara Avenue, staring through the snow into the blazing windows of Stickney's butcher shop. Stickney was the family butcher, not so much because of a superiority to other Whilomville butchers as because he lived next door and had been an intimate friend of the father of Horace. Rows of glowing pigs hung head downward back of the tables, which bore huge pieces of red beef. Clumps of attenuated turkeys were suspended here and there. Stickney, hale and smiling, was bantering with a woman in a cloak, who, with a monster basket on her arm, was dickering for eight cents' worth of something. Horace watched them through a crusted pane. When the woman came out and passed him, he went toward the door. He touched the latch with his finger, but withdrew again suddenly to the sidewalk. Inside Stickney was whistling cheerily and assorting his knives.

"His head hung low."

Finally Horace went desperately forward, opened the door, and entered the shop. His head hung low. Stickney stopped whistling. "Hello, young man," he cried, "what brings you here?"

Horace halted, but said nothing. He swung one foot to and fro over the saw-dust floor.

Stickney had placed his two fat hands palms downward and wide apart on the table, in the attitude of a butcher facing a customer, but now he straightened.

"Here," he said, "what's wrong? What's wrong, kid?"

"Nothin'," answered Horace, huskily. He labored for a moment with something in his throat, and afterwards added, "O'ny—I've—I've run away, and——"

"Run away!" shouted Stickney. "Run away from what? Who?"

"From—home," answered Horace. "I don't like it there any more. I—" He had arranged an oration to win the sympathy of the butcher; he had prepared a table setting forth the merits of his case in the most logical fashion, but it was as if the wind had been knocked out of his mind. "I've run away. I——"

Stickney reached an enormous hand over the array of beef, and firmly grappled the emigrant. Then he swung himself to Horace's side. His face was stretched with laughter, and he playfully shook his prisoner. "Come—come—come. What dashed nonsense is this? Run away, hey? Run away?" Whereupon the child's long-tried spirit found vent in howls.

"Come, come," said Stickney, busily. "Never mind now, never mind. You just come along with me. It'll be all right. I'll fix it. Never you mind."

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Five minutes later, the butcher, with a great ulster over his apron, was leading the boy homeward.

At the very threshold, Horace raised his last flag of pride. "No—no," he sobbed. "I don't want to. I don't want to go in there." He braced his foot against the step, and made a very respectable resistance.

"Now, Horace," cried the butcher. He thrust open the door with a bang. "Hello there!" Across the dark kitchen the door to the living-room opened and Aunt Martha appeared. "You've found him!" she screamed.

"We've come to make a call," roared the butcher. At the entrance to the living-room a silence fell upon them all. Upon a couch, Horace saw his mother lying limp, pale as death, her eyes gleaming with pain. There was an electric pause before she swung a waxen hand toward Horace. "My child," she murmured tremulously. Whereupon the sinister person addressed, with a prolonged wail of grief and joy, ran to her with speed. "Ma—ma! Ma—ma! Oh, ma—ma!" She was not able to speak in a known tongue as she folded him in her weak arms.

"... *Eight cents' worth of something.*"

Aunt Martha turned defiantly upon the butcher because her face betrayed her. She was crying. She made a gesture half military, half feminine. "Won't you have a glass of our root-beer, Mr. Stickney? We make it ourselves."

"'*Ma—ma! Ma—ma! Oh, ma—ma!*'"

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DIARY OF THE BRITISH CONSUL AT SANTIAGO DURING HOSTILITIES.

By Frederick W. Ramsden.

(*Conclusion.*)

EFFECTS OF THE AMERICAN BOMBARDMENT—SCARCITY OF FOOD—EAGERNESS OF RESIDENTS TO GET AWAY—DEPARTURE OF CERVERA'S FLEET—FLIGHT TO EL CANEY—DURING THE TRUCE AND AFTER THE SURRENDER.

TUESDAY, June 21st. This morning the ships that arrived yesterday went off to the eastward, and we all thought they had gone to Guantanamo. At midday, however, they turned up again, and there are now sixty-three ships outside. I suppose they went off so as to get air circulated through the vessels, instead of remaining quietly in front. Evidently they are waiting for something, either to communicate with insurgents on shore or expecting some other ship. It is not likely, however, that they will wait very long. The "Herald" cables me to-day to know if it is true that Hobson was exposed to the bombardment. I have replied that he was temporarily in the Morro until lodging was prepared for him in the "Reina Mercedes," and consequently was there during the bombardment of the 6th, but unhurt. I meant to have gone to see Hobson this afternoon, but I had a severe attack of vomiting.

Wednesday, June 22d. Last night, at eleven, there were four shots fired, probably some vessel getting closer in. I hear that they have found two torpedoes on board the "Merrimac," and also two cables attached to her and leading outwards, but also that they have not cut these cables nor taken them up. It is thundering to the southward, and a sea appears to be on the coast. At eight this morning firing began, slowly but steadily, until twelve o'clock. Then again at two, for half an hour, and at intervals all day. A few shells were thrown into the bay, but the principal firing was at Siboney and Aguadores and on that part of the coast. The telephone with Siboney was soon in silence. This evening we find that it was because the firing there was so heavy that all had to clear out, and communication is open with Firmesa, which is inland beyond Siboney. We now know that yesterday afternoon 500 men were landed between Baiquiri and Berracos, and it is pretty certain that during to-day they have been landing all along; but nothing is yet known, one side saying that the Americans have been all cut to pieces, and the other *vice versa*. I saw Hobson this afternoon, and replied to a cable from Gollan asking about him. There is no doubt that we are now in for a land attack on the town, and it is likely to be a bloody one; and if the Americans take it, as they should if they bring enough people, we shall then probably have the Spanish ships in the bay bombarding us. There is, then, a fair chance of all the town remaining in ruins, and also of great mortality. I hear that another American column is coming over by the north side; and from Guantanamo we know nothing, our messenger not having returned. We have discussed the question of going to Dos Bocas or San Sebastian, but probably the women would be in more danger there, because all sorts of people would be around, and many things might happen. The situation is not pleasant, but we are now mounted on the jack-ass, and have to stop there and fight it out. I saw the captain of the "Reina Mercedes" this afternoon. His ship has come up to town, and he told me that had he remained one day more nothing could have saved his ship, as a dynamite shell burst last night at exactly the spot where he had been anchored. He says that altogether thirty-five shells or projectiles have fallen on his ship since they commenced to throw shell.

Thursday, 23d June. There seems to be no doubt now that the Americans have landed

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at Baiquiri and are in possession of that place, and their vessels are seen in front of that port. Here there are eight battleships, two transatlantic boats, and the "Vesuvius." Linares went off this morning with nearly 3,000 men to fight the enemy. Some eight hundred men, between marines and sailors, have been landed to-day from the Spanish ships, and are posted at the town defenses. We now expect an attack at any moment. A flag of truce has been sent in to-day, but I don't yet know what it was about. This evening we hear that Linares had reached Siboney and that there are Americans at Baiquiri. Therefore it may be expected that to-morrow there will be an encounter. Some wounded have been brought in from the coast bombardments, and I hear that the commandant at Siboney was killed by a shell during the bombardment. As far as I can make out, there are 3,000 troops here in the neighborhood, and 4,000 more between San Luis and other places on the railway; therefore the Spaniards have about 7,000 in this district. At Guantanamo we suppose that altogether there are another 7,000, and they have asked for troops to be sent from Manzanillo, some say 7,000, others half that number. They cannot arrive, however, for some days, and I don't see how they will provision themselves on the road. We have made a communication over the roof from our kitchen to Willie's house which may be useful.

THE FIRST ENGAGEMENTS ON LAND.

Friday, 24th June. From half-past eleven to one o'clock we could hear cannon and musketry fire over in the direction of Sevilla, and Linares came late in the afternoon. There have been three encounters so far, one yesterday midday between Sevilla and Siboney, another in the evening somewhere in the same neighborhood, and one to-day at Sevilla. In the three the Spaniards have had seven killed and fourteen wounded, but evidently they are retiring on the town. The insurgents are with the Americans, and they are in possession of everything up to Sevilla, while on the coast the last post held by the Spanish is Aguadores. Billin, the Commandante de Armas at Siboney, was killed by a piece of a shell. It is reported that Calixto Garcia is at the sugar estate, Sabanilla, and is marching this way. I cannot ascertain positively if another landing has been effected to the westward or not. From Guantanamo we can get no news since the 7th. Last night I was informed that the cable steamer was there repairing the cut cable, and the Americans are evidently in possession of Playa del Este, and may be the Caimanera also. The Spaniards expect reinforcements from Holguin and Manzanillo, but God knows when they will be able to arrive. I conclude that they may be in front of this town by Sunday. Now will the Spanish forces, if they cannot withstand the attack, as they cannot if there are many Americans, retire to the country and on Holguin or Manzanillo, after setting fire to this town; or will the Spanish squadron lay it in ruins with shell; or will they simply surrender? The last is doubtful. This afternoon I passed by the Spanish Circulo, and by the faces of the people there one could tell that things were going badly. The officers and others were sitting round without saying a word, and with faces as long and glum as you can imagine. The situation warrants it. Nicanor sent in to say that he had joined the insurgents; he had made himself a cavalry volunteer (Spanish) last year, so as to facilitate his going and coming from the Guao, and now thought it time to move.

Saturday, 25th June. This afternoon we have heard firing in the direction of Sevilla, and probably there has been fighting with General Vara del Rey at the Pozo. We have no details yet. Linares returned yesterday to town, upon which place the Spaniards are falling back, and the Americans possess from Sevilla eastward. The last Spanish post on the coast is Aguadores, and the Americans have been cannonading it at midday and afternoon. A little while ago, 12 midnight, we heard an explosion, which was probably the Spaniards blowing up the iron railway bridge at Aguadores with dynamite, as they advised me this afternoon they were going to do. In the encounters the Spaniards have only had seven killed and about fourteen wounded, and appear to have killed Americans, who, they say, exposed their persons considerably. The flag of truce was simply to ask if Hobson was still in the Morro. Four thousand men left Manzanillo on the 22d, and are expected here by the 28th. I much doubt, however, if they can do it in that time, and what they are going to eat when they do get here I don't know. Hurried preparations for defense of town are being made, earthworks and cannon placed, etc. Linares says he can hold out for a long time behind his trincheras. He is a man who probably will fight to the last. Another telegram to-day from the "World" inquiring about Hobson.

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EFFECTIVE FIRE FROM THE "VESUVIUS."

Sunday, 26th June. I am fifty-nine years old to-day. The "Vesuvius" last night threw two shells, one onto the house of the lighthouse-keeper at the Morro, and another onto the Morro itself, where it did considerable damage, wounding one soldier and three seamen from the "Mercedes." The house referred to was completely smashed up. Linares has published an address to the troops, explaining that he retired from the coast not to expose them to the fire from the American ships; that the Americans were going to attack the town, and that he meant to defend it and do his duty. The Red Cross flag is flying to-day on the hospitals and on the barracks where Hobson is. We now know that the American troops engaged the other day were the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth United States Infantry, Second Massachusetts, and Seventy-first New York, with four troops of dismounted cavalry of the Eighteenth Regiment, and another four troops of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. I went to see Hobson again this afternoon. He thinks they will soon take the town.

Monday, 27th June. They say that 4,000 men have arrived at Palma Soriano from Manzanillo, but I don't know if it is true. There was some firing Aguadores way yesterday; and last night, or rather at 2.30 this morning, the Spaniards destroyed part of the Juragua bridge, so that trains cannot pass. The "Vesuvius" pitched in her usual two shells before daybreak, this time onto the Socapa battery, and wounded another three men of the "Mercedes." No one can understand what the American forces are waiting for, but it is said that eleven more steamers had appeared at Berracos (the others had gone away), and they probably are awaiting artillery or more men. I don't think they have landed more than 12,000 or 15,000 men.

FLOUR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A BARREL.

Tuesday, 28th June. The troops have not yet been heard of at Palma Soriano. Flour has been sold at sixty-eight dollars gold per barrel, and anyone who has any now asks $100 per barrel for it. Eggs are fifteen cents each, and a big biscuit sells for twenty cents when it is to be had. To-day I spoke very seriously to General Toral about the American prisoners, and insisted on their being removed from where they are. He promised me to attend to it. I went to see them all this afternoon and found that one, Montague, has been now ill for three days with intermittent fever, and another, Kelly, has fallen sick to-day. This evening, therefore, I have been again to Toral and found that he has given orders for their removal, sick and well ones, to a room in the Military hospital, which is large and well ventilated, and they are to be removed there to-morrow. I shall then go and inspect it, but without exercise they are sure to fall sick. Hobson proposed their being sent to the American Hospital ship under parole of the Admiral, but Toral did not seem to see that. From the barracks I could see the condensation of the atmosphere caused by the American camp at Sevilla, which is only eight miles by the road, and their scouts reach up to the Spanish outposts near town. Caney still belongs to the Spaniards, and so does Aguadores. They say that they are waiting for reinforcements before attacking, and that those are to arrive the day after to-morrow. The "Vesuvius" was quiet last night, but during the day there have been occasional shots fired at Aguadores. Among the Americans there is a French staff officer watching operations.

Wednesday, 29th June. Nothing particular has occurred to-day, and they say the Americans are awaiting reinforcements.

A CAPTURE—SANTIAGO SHELLED BY THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

Thursday, 30th June. This afternoon a balloon, captive, was seen rising from the American camp, and called great attention. Also a vessel was chased and caught by the fleet outside. They say she is a black steamer like the "Amethyst," afterwards "Santiago de Cuba," and was coming up from leeward and was getting well away from a vessel chasing her, but two ships from here went out and cut her off. The Spaniards continue to mount guns and prepare earthworks, and have, I believe, now about forty guns.

Friday, 1st July. This morning at seven we began to hear cannonading in the direction of Caney and Sevilla, or nearer here, and at eight I went up to the high part of San Basilio Street, where it looks out on the Caney plain, and found they had artillery on the little hill just to the north of Begona; Campana is the place. The balloon was about Tamari, and some more cannon were near Miguel Rodriguez' place, or near where

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those two men had their kitchen garden on the road to Juragua. The first named cannon were firing towards Caney, and the distance of the other battery to where I stood was three miles, to judge by the time the report took to arrive. It was evident that they were going to take Caney, and not be outflanked, and then it was natural they should advance on this town. About eleven o'clock they came nearer and began to fire on the trincheras, and at the same time the American fleet began to throw shells into town from in front of Aguadores. The first fell in the Barracones Street, just behind Schumann's store; the next went into the Carmen church in St. Thomas Street, and then I thought it time to go up to breakfast, but looked on my way in at Louis Brooks, who was up, but very far from well. While there another shell fell some five hundred yards from his azotea on the Veguita side, and after breakfast they began to get hotter, and it seemed to me that this house was just in the line of fire, especially when one fell and burst not a hundred and fifty yards from this house, between here and the Veguita house, where Castillo started his clinic. I thought then I would send the women and children down to the store, as being safer, but Mason telephoned me that shells were also falling in that neighborhood and that one had just fallen close to Valiente's shop. (Therefore I sent them to your grandmother's. A shell passed over our heads in the direction of the house to which they had gone, and then I told Martinez to tell them to come back. That shell actually fell in the Albernis house, in the callejon alongside your grandmother's; so there is not much choice of a situation. For one moment, when that shell burst so near and the children began to cry, your mother was frightened, but immediately recovered herself.) I sent for the other consuls, and we had a meeting as to protesting to Admiral Sampson against his throwing shells in this way on defenseless folk, without a word of previous advice, and we signed a letter which will go to him to-morrow morning if the Governor allows a flag of truce to go out, which I doubt. Several more shells have fallen in different houses and streets of the town, but I have not yet particulars. Until 2 P.M. the continuous reports of gatlings, musketry, and cannon was terrific. Then came a lull, and they began again, advancing. After an hour or so another lull and then another attack, and now when I began to write this they were firing again as hard as they could, 5.30 P.M. A short time ago, say 6.30, they stopped, and we shall now see if they will allow us to sleep, or if they will rush the town with the moon. General Linares has been brought in wounded in the left arm, not seriously, but he was very pale when I saw him just now. General Vara del Rey and his two aids were killed this morning on taking Caney, also Colonel Vaquero; and Bustamante, the Admiral's chief of staff, who was commanding the men from the fleet in the trenches, has been badly wounded in the groin, and is not expected to live. Colonel Ordonez, of the artillery, is shot through two legs, and they say the Colonel of Engineers is also wounded, and there are other officers killed. God knows who will go to-morrow. We hear that four ships were bombarding Manzanillo yesterday afternoon, and to-day our direct cable communication with Cienfuegos appears to be cut. Now, at nightfall, the Americans are in possession of San Juan, close by where the Caney and Juragua roads divide, and here on the south side of town they are nearer, say just before Santa Ursula. On the other side they are between Sueno and Roberts Veguita. Linares was brought in this afternoon wounded in the left arm. He has delivered over the command to General Toral.

AN ATTACK FROM ALL SIDES IN PROSPECT.

Eleven at night. Toral tells me they tried to land at Aguadores to-day, but failed, and that they were throwing shell there. I am now informed that the Americans since four o'clock this afternoon are extending towards Cuavitas and the Matadere sides, so as to surround the town. We shall probably be attacked from all sides to-morrow. All told there are about 6,000 men of arms in the town and in the neighborhood: say nearly 4,000 troops, 1,000 from the ships, and 1,000 volunteers; but some are at the Cruz, others at Morro, San Miguel de Paradas. Therefore, there are certainly not more than 5,000 opposed to the Americans. I should say "were," for any quantity on both sides must have died to-day. The men from the ships are good, but the troops are half starved, sick, and dispirited, and not of much use. Again they have been bombarding Manzanillo to-day. It is supposed that Pando is on his way with troops from Manzanillo, they say 8,000 men. If so, after the Americans take this place, we may yet have another attack from Pando's people, to say nothing of the Spanish squadron in port.

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A PANIC IN SANTIAGO—RUMORS FROM SAN JUAN.

Saturday, 2d July. At daybreak, five o'clock, the firing of cannon and rifles began, and was hot until eight o'clock, when it ceased until twelve. The ships outside also began at six o'clock, and kept it up without intercession until eight. They were firing at the Morro, and shell fell in the bay. There were also some shell in town in the early morning, but I believe these proceeded from the artillery of the land attack. These shells were whistling just over our heads, and I hurried the women and children downstairs. We made sure they would have rushed the town then, but they did not. At noon they began again, and though at times the firing was very hot, it has not been so much so as yesterday, but more continuous. It is said this morning that Capriles, at the head of a party of marines or sailors, retook the San Juan fort, capturing two American cannon and recapturing the Spanish cannon taken by them there the previous day. At nightfall the firing ceased, but at a quarter to ten at night it began again furiously for half an hour, and now, midnight, I have just persuaded the people to go to bed. I have the house full of people. At ten to-day the French Consul showed me a reply he had received from the Spanish Admiral to a communication he had sent him the day before asking if it was true that they would bombard the town if the Americans took it and in such case to let us know. The Admiral replied that immediately on the Americans taking possession he would commence hostilities against the place, and to take that letter as advice. The consul immediately sent around to all the Frenchmen to advise them to go off with him to the country; but as the Americans had taken Cuavitas the night before, the government would allow no train to go out. They left at one o'clock with a few carts and horses, but mostly on foot, and they say they were fired at on their way to Cuavitas, but I don't know. The panic was something terrific, and I was besieged by people who wanted to know what to do, and they would not leave me a moment in which to send a telegram or anything. I saw the civil governor, and told him about the Admiral's reply. He went to see Toral, who was at the front, and also the Admiral. The latter said that, if they took the town and the army and the inhabitants abandoned it, he certainly should fire at the Americans, but this was very different from his despatch to the French Consul, which the latter has carried off with him to the country. Louis Brooks and family went down to the store at midday, so as to be on hand near the train with their bundles, but no train went. Rice and beans the only thing for breakfast that day, as it was difficult to cook, with the bullets and rush and panic, and we did not get much to eat either. My women folk took it all very quietly. Yesterday the Americans appeared to make no headway; it is reported that they lost San Juan fort, but they have now extended themselves all round the town, that is, from in front of the Beneficencia or Santa Ursula to the Matadero, and the American flag was flying in San Pedro. The troops have been called in from the west side of the bay, Cobre has been abandoned, and the forts on the hills behind where they had the heliographs were burning last night. They say to-night that the Manzanillo reinforcements, some 4,000 men, are at San Luis, and will be here to-morrow. The defense of the Spaniards has been really heroic, the more so when you consider they are half starved and sick. It was affirmed to-day that the squadron would leave this evening, but they have not done so, though the pilots are on board. I will believe it when I see them get out. If they do, they will fare badly outside. Had the American troops followed up their advantage of yesterday and rushed the town, they would have carried it. To-day the spirit of the defenders has recovered.

DEPARTURE OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

Sunday, 3d July. At 9.30 Spanish squadron got under way, and soon after we heard the guns outside, counting 2,545 shot in sixty-five minutes, after which we heard no more. Mason went to the Vigia, reported they had rounded Cape Cabrera, followed by five American ships, and it was thought they had made good their escape. At 2.30 P.M. General Toral sent me a message to see him, and then he showed me a letter from General Shafter, saying he had determined to shell the town next day at 10 A.M., and gave the notice so that the women and children might be got out before that hour. I advised the other consuls, saw the civil governor, and cabled the Commodore to send a ship if there was time, and at about half-past four I went with R. Mason, Ysidoro Agostini, Modesto Ros, and

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Willie, part of the way in a carriage and the rest on foot, to the American lines. We first found Colonel Dorst, who took us to General Kent and General Wheeler behind San Juan. The latter sent a message to General Shafter, at the Pozo, and he conceded twenty-four hours more. We explained to them what a frightful act they were about to commit, and that, while doing no harm whatever to the Spanish army, they would drive out to a barren country and starvation some 20,000 women and children and destroy their homes. The villages of Caney and Cuavitas and Dos Bocas were designated as places to which the people might go, the former being in the hands of the Americans and the latter in those of the Cubans; but of course there was no food at either, and little shelter, and the country round was barren, in consequence of the three years' war. On my return I found telegrams from the Commodore saying that the "Alert" would be off the port to-morrow at daylight, and the "Pallas" at nine o'clock. General Toral absolutely refused to allow either to come in, although the torpedoes had not yet been put down again after the squadron's departure. I was up the whole night at public meetings, fixing matters with the authorities and arranging for getting people out of town and deciding where they should go.

HELPING THE FOREIGNERS TO GET AWAY.

Monday, 4th July. Agostini and Ros again went to see General Wheeler, by appointment, but their visit did not alter matters. Shafter cabled Washington in view of what we had told him of the suffering of innocent people, and expected a reply that same afternoon. At eight in the morning I went off with the tugboat "Esmeralda," having been since 5 A.M. getting permits for her, etc., between captain of port and military governor, to the "Alert," and met Captain Savile in his boat just outside the Morro. He sent word to get their boats and those of the "Pallas" in, and came up to town with me. I advised British and foreigners to be down at the wharf by 2 P.M., and was engaged all morning answering questions, making lists of them, and refusing Spaniards, etc. At two we started in the "Esmeralda," with a lighter in tow carrying the luggage, the Brooks and Douglas families going in the "Pallas's" boats. A frightful sea on outside. Tried to get out with the lighter, broke her tow-rope, and had to come back to Smith Cay. I then told the passengers that those who wished to go without their luggage should remain on board the "Esmeralda," and that the rest should step into the lighter and await our return, as it was impossible to get off with the lighter. The two Brookses, my girls and grandchildren, a cable clerk, and a few more went off again, and then we had a terrible time. On getting alongside the "Alert," more than a mile outside, the tugboat with every sea smashed up against her, our chimney smashing a boat of the "Alert" on its davits, and the tugboat's bulwarks and wooden deck-roof and chimney breaking up.

I thought we should have sunk alongside, but we bundled or threw the women through the gangway of the "Alert," as she rose with each sea, and the two vessels smashed against each other with a tremendous crash; and we were also able to get a few small pieces of luggage on board, and shoved off again as quickly as possible. Owing to the damage to the tug's smoke-box, we only got to town by dark, with the lighter and other passengers. Got out the luggage and stored it in our store, and then went to see Toral, and found a proclamation had been published telling people to leave town between five and nine, but no carts or animals allowed. I exacted from Toral a pass for two carts for myself, and finally got home at 8.30 dead beat; but still people incessantly calling at my house with all sorts of stupid questions, until finally I had the street door closed, and paid no more attention to them once I had got the house empty. Then for the first time could I talk to my wife and settle as to what we should do. We packed up a few provisions and other things and that Indian tent that Willie sent me, sufficient for a few days, and just as we finished at midnight cannonading from the fleet outside at the Morro began. We feared this might be interpreted as a breach of the truce and that shelling might begin before the people could get out in the morning. At two in the morning I went out to look for Toral and the civil governor, but both their houses were closely shut, and I lay down at 2.30 and slept until 4 A.M.,—for the first time in three nights.

Tuesday, 5th July. At 5.30 A.M. I started with two carts which Willie had found, provisions, and people for Caney, with flag. Three and a half hours on the road. The scene was terrible: people flocking out, sick carried in chairs or as they could, children getting lost by the way, etc. Through a

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son of Diego Moyas in the American army, I obtained a room, such a one, in a house just chock full of niggers, and put my wife's mother and sisters in there, while Willie pitched our tent in an empty piece of ground where a house had stood, and also managed to obtain a small room in a house close alongside. The entrance to Caney was stinking with half-buried corpses of men and horses, as three days before there had been a tremendous battle there.

A TERRIBLE CONDITION AT EL CANEY.

Wednesday, 6th July. Visited by war correspondents of papers, etc. About 18,000 to 20,000 in Caney; houses, of which there are 300, full of people, in most of them not leaving room enough to lie on the floor, but having to pass the night in a sitting posture. I wrote to General Shafter about provisions for the British subjects, of which I have thirty odd on the list.

Thursday, 7th July. Akers and other correspondents arrived. He has no horse. I received 100 pounds of flour from General Shafter for Britishers, and had it made into bread, which they brought to my tent at midnight, and made me get up to cool it down and put away till morning. General Toral wrote me asking me to send in the English cable clerks if I could, and I sent in poor Cavanagh, Frume, and Bonney. Toral said he had important telegrams for Madrid, and I know it was with regard to capitulation. Musgrave, correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle," turned up, and was very kind. I wrote by him to my girls at Jamaica and to the Commodore, having also done so two days before. (This of Musgrave was Friday, not Thursday.) Captain Arthur Lee, of Royal Artillery and military attaché, turned up.

Friday, 8th July. More correspondents, etc. Distributed biscuit, or rather bread, I had made. Got Edwards to take charge of distributing provisions for British subjects. The people are starving. The Red Cross Society cannot get provisions up in time for want of means of transportation, nor can the army. The people, thinking they had come out for but a couple of days and not being allowed to bring animals of burden with them, have now no provisions left, and round here the only thing obtainable is mangoes, of which there is a profusion. The streets are filled with the remains of these thrown down by the people, and they are in a state of ferment. The place is one big pigstye, and soon there must be a frightful epidemic, with the people bathing and washing dirty clothes in the river, from which the drinking water is obtained and to which any quantity of filth and refuse finds its way. In some houses you will find fifty in a small room, and among them one dying of fever, another with diarrhea, and perhaps a woman in the throes of childbirth, and all that with not a chair to sit on or a utensil of any kind, and all in want of food. You cannot buy anything for money, though I know one man lucky enough to buy five biscuits of about two ounces each for a five-dollar piece, and another who bought a small chicken for seven dollars, but he did not take it right off, and the bargain was refused. People will exchange mangoes or other things for food, such as rice, biscuit, or pork, the things mostly looked after. Twenty-five good-sized biscuits were paid for three small chickens by the Red Cross man. The country is absolutely bare, and money will buy nothing, and it is useless. Children dying for want of food; in fact, the situation is indescribable. We now hear that the bombardment has been postponed until Saturday, 9th, at noon. Elwell turned up in the afternoon; had been in Kingston, Jamaica, the previous day, and had seen the Brooks and Douglas families at the hotel, and said that my people had also arrived safely, though he had not seen them. Elwell is chief of Miss Clara Barton's Red Cross work, and prevailed on Willie to take charge to run the distribution, in place of poor old Bangs, who works like a mule. Captain Finlay had arrived the day before, and went off to-day. Major Allen also arrived, and two wagons of food.

CHILDREN CRYING FOR FOOD—PEOPLE SICK AND STARVING.

Saturday, 9th July. I insisted on Willie giving up the distribution business, as I foresaw what was bound to happen with no provisions to distribute, and I might want him at any time to clear out, as indeed did happen. Lieutenant Noble came. People starving. Major Allen turned up, and Captain Lewis is appointed Governor of Caney. Captain Mendoza arrived with a letter from Andreini, and a cow from General Lawton, which cow I made over to old Bangs to make soup with, which he did. Mendoza told me that Linares had offered to surrender the town if the troops were allowed to go with arms. Shafter cabled Washington about this.

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"World" and "Harper's Weekly" correspondent turned up; also Rawson Rhea, of "Journal," returned and was very kind. At 6 P.M. Mendoza came with an aid of General Shafter, saying the Americans would enter the town to-morrow, and all would be back there in forty-eight hours. Great rejoicings. I wrote to General Shafter to know if families of Spanish officers would be allowed to go in before their husbands left, etc. General Ludlow sent me a cow, which I made over as before.

Sunday, 10th July. Went round for distribution of provisions just arrived. The whole afternoon with people begging sugar or milk or rice or something to keep them from starving, or a sick child of a person from dying. I have now very little left, having been giving away what I could. At 5 P.M. Americans began to cannonade from field and siege batteries, with a few from fleet, until dark. Frightful scenes; children crying for food and nothing to give them; a few provisions arrived this afternoon, but not one-twentieth enough.

The weather so far had been fine, but this afternoon it began to rain, thus adding misery to people without shelter; 300 houses in town, without counting ranches run up with branches and leaves and sheets. Rough census taken estimates population at eighteen to twenty thousand. At Cuavitas, Dos Bocas, Siboney, and Firmesa there are also people, and probably 35,000 have left Santiago.

Monday, 11th July. American shore batteries and fleet cannonading town until midday, also with some rifle fire. One shell burst here in Caney. Busy all day with Major Allen, dividing up the few provisions. Misery increasing. Americans sent flag of truce at noon to see if town would surrender. Rained heavily, and at 11 P.M. a terrific thunderstorm and rain.

A TRUCE—NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER.

Tuesday, 12th July. Rained heavily nearly all night and until noon to-day. Truce continued. Americans offer to convey troops to Spain with arms, and now await Blanco's answer. They say 5,000 men are now on the way from Holguin. General Miles has landed with more troops and six batteries of artillery, and comes to the front this afternoon. They placed a lot more siege guns to-day. The town is now surrounded except on the Guao side. People continue to starve, and fevers are taking hold after the rains. Smallpox was reported to me last night, but on investigation I found that it was only chicken-pox. Cavanagh, who returned from Santiago on Saturday, is completely off his head, and I much fear for him. To-day I got hold of a chair, and find it a luxury. Several ladies wanted permission to return to Santiago, preferring to die at once by shells rather than slowly by starvation. Siboney burned, owing to some cases of yellow fever there.

Wednesday, 13th July. Conferences yesterday between lines with American generals and Toral about capitulation. Archbishop told Akers, who interpreted, that several houses in town had been damaged, but no one killed. Wanted to send nuns out, but refused. General Lawton was ordered to take Caney on the first day, and then proceed with the rest to Santiago, but he found it a tougher job than expected, and only got through with artillery by four in afternoon. Americans lost 436 men at Caney, included in the 1,800. Starvation and sickness increasing. Willie gone to Siboney to try for food. Rained at intervals, and everything awfully damp and muddy. Cavanagh is very bad with bilious fever, and no medicine to be had. I fear he will die. A purge might save him, but it is not to be had. I don't feel at all well. When rain began we moved at night to a small room Willie managed to get, a filthy place.

Yesterday, 14th July. Cavanagh died at 2.15 this morning, and I have been with sore throat, chest oppression, and fever all night, and have to remain in bed, or rather hammock. Got a coffin for Cavanagh, and buried him in the afternoon. I could not go. In afternoon Sir Brien Leighton turned up, and gave me two pastilles of Eaggis consommé, which came in well in my state. He told me capitulation had been agreed upon. Spanish troops here and 8,000 more under Toral's command to be shipped to Spain, and Santiago, Guantanamo, and Baracoa to be included in capitulation. Ladies made memorial to General Shafter to be allowed to go to town, preferring death by bomb to starvation. Willie returned from Siboney without provisions, but got a little sugar on the road from a Cuban. I wrote Shafter, asking when we could go in.

IN SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

Friday, 15th July. Passed a bad night, fever and diarrhea. At 9 A.M. round came Major Allen with a note from General

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Shafter asking me to go in, as there were some difficulties which he hoped my influence would fix, as otherwise there might still be more fighting. I was still in bed, but got up, packed, and started. Was detained at Spanish lines till I could get a note to Toral, and I found that he and generals were between lines negotiating. Therefore, being nearly 2 P.M., went on home. The city was like a deserted place, and with soldiers on the outskirts and trenches, no one in the streets. Some houses gutted and pillaged, others hurt by shell; not a shop of any kind open, trenches and barricades in the streets down to Plaza de Dolores, made since I left. Found my house intact. Changed, and went to see Toral, who was in his hammock done up, just returned from conference. He told me everything had been arranged and preliminary bases signed. Madrid approval to capitulation, asked for three days previous, is wanting, but he said, if not approved, he would capitulate even if court-martialed after. Bob Mason has been running it, and is one of the commissioners who signed the articles. Eulogio brought us a piece of meat and some bread, his share of rations, for nothing can be bought. Moran and Espejo also came, and Barruecos. A shell burst in latter's house, twenty yards from mine, and fragments came on my roof. Did a lot of damage. Several fell around store, and one bursting in front broke roof tiles. It is said fifty-nine houses have been damaged, including three utterly demolished. A large piece in my drawing-room knocked down and some bric-à-brac broken. No one killed. Linares's wound has been painful, affected the radial nerve, but not dangerous.

Saturday, 16th July. I was writing until half-past two, and then could not sleep, and was up at 4:30. Some families have come in to-day, and this afternoon everything has been finally settled, without Madrid, and to-morrow at nine the city, Guantanamo, and Baracoa will be handed over. Thank God! Seventeen thousand five hundred troops surrendered, and will be sent to Spain. I have not had a moment all day long, and am done up and sick, and shall now try and get a little sleep, but I have a frightful lot of work before me. Santiago de Cuba has made a heroic defense, and the Americans have learned to admire the pluck of the Spaniards. On the first attack there were, including 1,000 men from the squadron, 3,500 men of all arms, with volunteers. Aldea had a column of 600 on the other side of the bay, and there were about 200 more between Morro, etc., and Aguadores. From Manzanillo 3,500 men arrived after the attack, and helped to replace the killed and wounded. At Caney there were 500 men. There are now here and along the railway, etc., 10,500 men. At Guantanamo 5,000, and Baracoa and others scattered 2,000, making a total of 17,000. Santiago had no defenses, but they ran up some earthworks, and made trenches after the fleet began to blockade and the United States army to besiege them. The Spanish soldiers are half-starved, have very little ammunition left, and are sick. Linares would have surrendered the place a week ago had he been in command, but Toral has been delaying, while Blanco and Madrid were against it.

Sunday, 17th July. The American generals came in this morning, and have taken formal possession, and the troops are being marched out to encamp somewhere round San Juan until the ships come to take them off to Spain. The Red Cross boat "Texas" has come in, and also Sampson in a yacht. I saw Shafter and all the American generals this morning, but went off home with a strong fever, and I feel bad.

Monday, 18th July. Fever of thirty-eight odd degrees, and sweated during the night; took quinine, but still bad. Obtained a cart to bring me up home and to bed to-day; no carriage obtainable. Several American ships now in port.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The fever which Mr. Ramsden's exposure and heroic labors throughout the siege of Santiago had brought upon him grew gradually worse. By August 1st he was so ill that he started for Kingston, Jamaica, where his wife and daughters were, going by her H. M. S. "Alert," so often named in his diary; he was too weak to walk, and had to be carried to and from the ship. He reached Kingston on the morning of August 2d. But under his rare sense of duty, he had deferred going until too late to derive any benefit from the change: he grew only worse, and on the afternoon of August 10th he died. His wife and daughters were with him at his death, but not his sons. Mr. Ramsden was as much a martyr of the war as if he had been killed in battle, and no man in the war rendered a nobler service.

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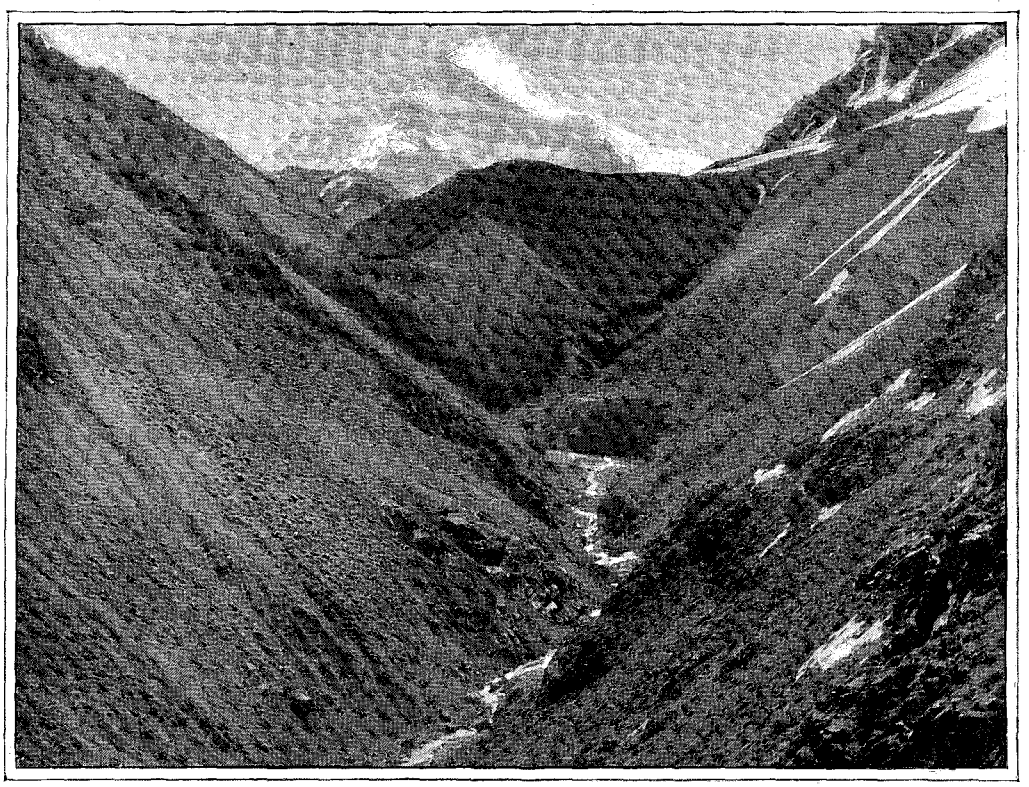
VIEW LOOKING UP TO THE SUMMIT OF ACONCAGUA.



ON TOP OF ACONCAGUA AND TUPUNGATO.

THE FIRST VIEW HAD BY CIVILIZED MAN FROM THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN PEAKS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

By E. A. FitzGerald,

Author of "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps."

SIX days after the ascent of Aconcagua by my guide Zurbriggen, as related in McClure's Magazine for October, I started, with Mr. Stuart Vines, to make another attempt on the mountain. Zurbriggen was temporarily disabled by the hardships he had undergone on Aconcagua, and by an accident sustained in crossing one of the fords in the Horcones Valley, owing to his mule falling with him. I had, therefore, sent him down to Mendoza to recuperate. After two unsuccessful attempts, we reached the high-level camp on Aconcagua, at 18,700 feet, on the 22d of January [1897], in very bad weather.

At these altitudes the digestive organs are not in a state to allow of indulgence in a hearty supper, and we felt a craving for hot food at an early hour on the following morning. It was Vines's first experience at 19,000 feet. He spent a restless night, and on getting up did not seem fit for much. It was impossible to rise early, or when up to move about and do things quickly, so that it was not until nine o'clock that we began to prepare breakfast. Coffee was our staple food, but there was no means of obtaining water except by melting snow and ice.

I undertook to light the fire, no easy task at this altitude, where it requires almost superhuman efforts to induce the wood to ignite. Vines went with a biscuit-tin to

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collect suitable snow and ice for water ten yards away on the other side of the tent, and crouching down by the fire, I gave myself up to the exhausting work of persistently blowing the smouldering wood, thereby filling my lungs, which were craving oxygen, with smoke. I looked up to see what had become of Vines. He stood a few yards from me, apparently doing nothing in particular. The tent being perched on a narrow ledge, under the shelter of a rock, he had to cross the numerous guy-ropes in order to reach the snow. I watched him slowly raise one leg over the first rope, and stop breathless and exhausted. He then wearily dragged the other leg after the first. Thus he proceeded until he reached the snow. It was about ten minutes before he returned, with hardly enough ice and snow in the tin to wet the bottom of the kettle. I noticed during the time I spent at this high camp that the ropes of the tent always needed readjustment. The reason was not far to seek, for we were continually kicking them as we passed, no one having the energy to raise his feet high enough to clear them. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that we did not get our breakfast until long after ten. It seemed to restore Vines at once to comparative activity, but had a contrary effect upon me, for I was attacked by indigestion, and retired to my sleeping-bag for the rest of the morning.

SNOW-BOUND AT AN ELEVATION OF 18,700 FEET.

I intended to rest the first day, and if possible make the ascent on the next. It began to snow at ten o'clock. It snowed all day. A porter came up during the morning with some wood and provisions, and descended late in the afternoon. In spite of the snow, Vines and I intended to hold on as long as possible. When the day was too far advanced to make a descent possible, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the snow increased in volume, and the wind rose, causing it to drift. Huddled in our little tent, we anxiously watched the turn of events. We closed the fastenings of the tent, and tried to sleep. But it was not a night for rest. I soon began to realize that we were being buried in the snow, for the corner under the shelter of the rocks where the tent was pitched was filling up with one great snowdrift. At nine o'clock we seriously discussed the state of affairs. We must either keep the snow clear of the tent or retreat to the valley. The latter course we feared would be impossible. On such a night we could never find our way down the great exposed slopes of Aconcagua. Vines burrowed his way out of the tent, and with difficulty found and brought in the boots and ice-axes, so that we might be ready for the worst. From time to time we beat upon the roof of the tent, in order to prevent a mass of snow from collecting and crushing it in. Sleep was out of the question. It was a miserable and exciting night, and by morning we were quite worn out. Snow began to fall again at nine o'clock, so we made a bolt for the valley. It was useless to attempt further climbing in such weather.

Our next start from Inca was, therefore, delayed to February 7th. We reached the 14,000 feet bivouac, at the head of the Horcones Valley, and sent porters up to report on the condition of the mountain and the high camp. They came down on the following day with a story that was not encouraging. Owing to continued snowfall, the difficulties to be encountered in the ascent of the mountain would be greatly increased, and sleeping at the high-level camp was becoming more uncomfortable

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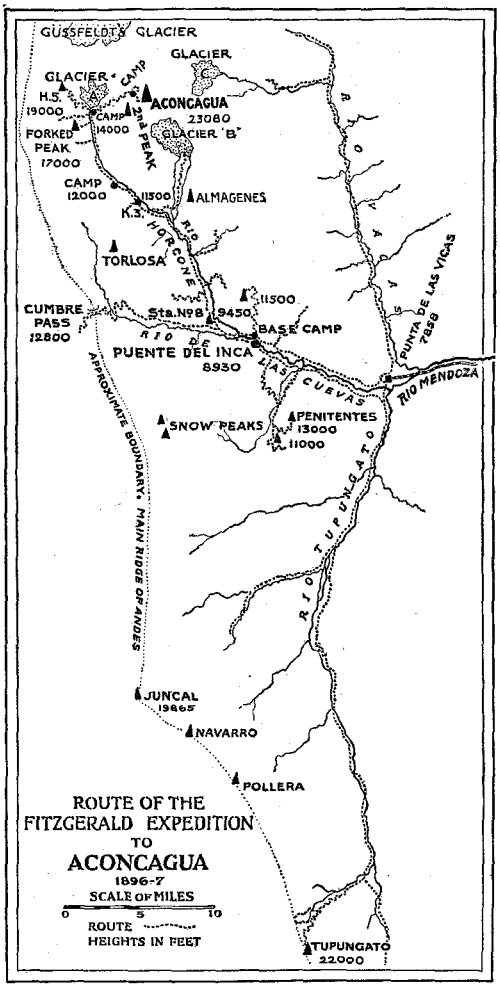
every day. I started with Vines on the 10th, and on reaching the camp, soon realized that the description given by the porters was only too true. Tent, wood, provisions, and instruments were covered with ice and snow. The few cooking utensils were covered with frozen grease. To thaw these things out and clean them up was no easy task, and the difficulties of preparing hot food, so necessary to us, were greatly increased.

However, on the 12th the weather looked promising, and we determined to prepare for the ascent on the following day, for we were not gaining strength by remaining at this altitude. Lanti came up in the evening, for as he had proved himself less susceptible to the surrounding conditions than the other porters, I wished him to make the ascent with us. He undertook to wake us at an early hour, that we might all have a good breakfast before starting. Unfortunately, we were unable to sleep at night, and as usual made up for it in the morning, so that it was only when the sun came on the tent at 7.30 that Lanti roused us. So slow were our movements, that we did not make a start until after 8.30. Our packs were equally divided, and contained a bottle filled with a mixture of port wine and egg, a bottle of red wine, a flask of brandy, and some Kola biscuits, besides the various instruments, and some extra clothing in the shape of gloves, helmets, and sweaters—about seventeen pounds to each man. I may here mention that the port and egg was almost the only nourishment taken during the day.



HUMAN ENDURANCE AT ITS LAST STRETCH.

The aspect of the mountain had changed considerably since Zurbriggen's ascent. He had reached the summit almost without putting his foot on snow; now great fields of deep snow spread over the northwestern slopes as far as the eye could see. We trudged over it for an hour, when, at the height of 20,000 feet, I was forced to turn back. I begged Vines to go on and make the ascent if possible, taking Lanti with him. He followed practically the same route that had been taken on the previous attempt, clinging to the protection afforded by the base of the cliffs running down from the summit to the north. It was absolutely necessary to keep on the solid rock or hard snow, and avoid as much as possible the soft broken surface caused by the thousands of years of denudation. In ascending by the line of cliffs, they reached at mid-day a spot 21,500 feet high, where, on our first attempt, we had left some provisions and instruments. Here their further passage towards the summit was barred by a precipice, so that they were forced to cross the face of the mountain to the west, in order to reach the couloir ascended by Zurbriggen. In doing this they had to pass over the rotten debris which covered the whole of this side of the mountain. Their patience and endurance were sorely tried, for they were at an altitude of 22,000 feet, and the fatigue caused by slipping and falling on the unreliable surface was very great. At

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each step the whole side of the mountain seemed to give way, and they were continually thrown down on their hands and knees. It took them over an hour to cross the slope to the couloir; not that the distance was very great, but they were forced to halt every few minutes. Their legs seemed incapable of working for more than twenty steps at a time, and the difficulty of breathing seemed to increase at each step.

At 2 P.M. the couloir was reached, and after an ascent of some 300 feet, they entered a vast amphitheatre filled with masses of broken red rock. The opposite wall of this was formed by a great arête, which joined the eastern and western peaks of Aconcagua, and ran from one end of the mountain to the other. To the left of them rose a huge bastion of rock on which was the actual summit. To the right, cone-shaped rocks and aiguilles towered into the clouds above. Not a vestige of snow was to be seen within this vast enclosure. They were nearly 22,500 feet above the level of the sea, and in no mood to cope with the frequent petty annoyances which occurred while scrambling over the great rough stones and boulders now blocking the way. An almost irresistible desire to turn and descend, and the longing for some stimulating nourishment, seemed to overwhelm them. In halting they found there was only one position for rest and recuperation. The overpowering lassitude that seized their lower limbs after sitting or reclining made this mode of rest out of the question, and instinct soon taught them to stand with legs wide apart, the body thrown far forward, the hands grasping the head of the ice-axe and the forehead resting low on the hands. Ten or a dozen violent respirations brought the breathing back to its normal state, the legs gradually regained power, and they were able to advance a short distance. So they proceeded until, at 4.30, the great arête that joined the eastern and western peaks was reached.

Vines crept to its edge, and looked over the southern wall of Aconcagua. An immense distance separated him from the glacier below, the difference between 23,000 and 13,000 feet. Looking down this dizzy precipice, he saw spurs of the mountain flanking the glacier beneath to the right and left, giving it the appearance of a huge amphitheatre. The sun was now not far off the horizon, and did not penetrate into this vast pit. Great masses of vapor were moving about in it far below; it looked like some giant cauldron, of which the bottom was quite invisible, two miles vertically below where he stood.

But no time was to be lost; it was late, and it was hard to tell how far the actual summit might be. They turned along the arête to the east, until its rotten condition and its steepness compelled them to leave it. As a cliff in front barred the way and shut out the view ahead, the excitement of the climbers became intense. Vines scrambled up the cliff. Once level with its edge, all was made clear. Here was the actual summit right before his eyes, and not twenty yards from him was Zurbriggen's stone man, and the ice-axe planted in its center. A few steps more, and they stood on the summit of Aconcagua in silence, the feeling of triumph too great for words. There was no more need to *stand* and rest. They flung themselves down by the stone man, crouching close on its leeward side, and Lanti produced the bottle of wine. They neither of them cared for the chilled, sour stuff, and poured it as a libation over the stone man, in order to use the bottle for the record.

THE SUMMIT REACHED—A MARVELOUS VIEW.

A square plateau about seventy-five yards across, quite clear of snow, formed the summit of the mountain, inaccessible on all except the western side, where the arête joined it with the western peaks. But for a few clouds that had been coming over towards the mountain all the afternoon and hovering round the southern and western slopes, the sky was clear. Vines was quite overwhelmed by the vastness of the panorama that lay beneath him. Innumerable ranges of mountains stretched away to the east, to the Uspallata plain and the pampas of Argentina. These ran to a great height, maintaining an average of about 13,000 feet, so that it was not possible to see the pampas except far to the north, where a break in the mountains gave a glimpse of the distant plains. Most of those great brown mountains were capped with white, the result of the unusually heavy summer snows. Within ten miles surrounding the base of Aconcagua lay the heads of the Vacas and Horcones valleys, and to the north, the Penitentes Valley, by which Güssfeldt had approached the mountain—wide, bleak wastes of gray stones bounded by red and brown slopes and ending in glacier. Clear above the low clouds lying in the Horcones Valley, stood up the mighty dome of Tupungato. Vines scrutinized its outline carefully. For Aconcagua once con-

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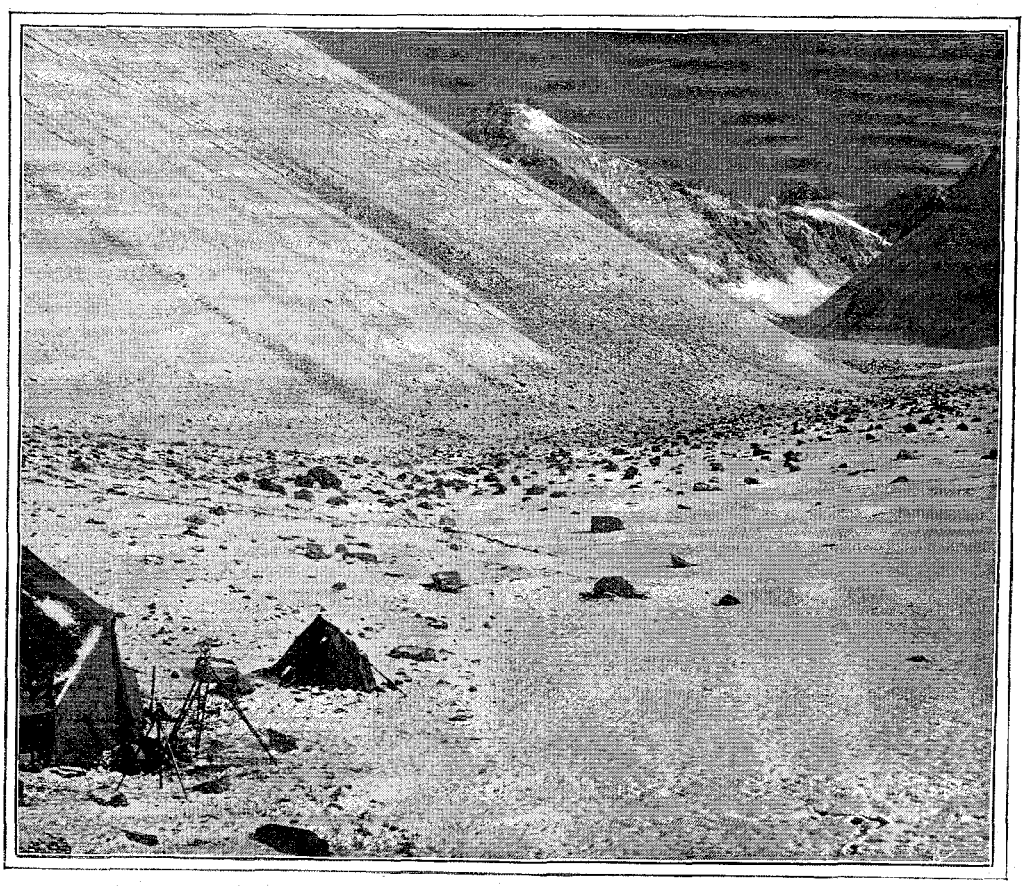
quered, the scaling of Tupungato would be our especial care. Not far to the north of it rose the ice peaks of Pollera and Navarro, and the lofty glaciers lying beneath the rugged cliffs of Juncal. Nearer still, the Twins and Torlosa on either side guarded the Cumbre Pass over into Chile.

Turning to the north, the eye traveled over vast fields of ice and snow lying at their feet, down the Val Penitentes and the Val Hermosa, to the giant slopes of Mercedario, forty miles away, and far beyond, over innumerable peaks and ridges. All around on these three sides was a sight of which the desolate grandeur defied description. But



THE HIGH-LEVEL CAMP.

there was beauty as well as grandeur in the view to the west. Beyond the two white western peaks of Aconcagua, to right and left, lay the Pacific. A hundred miles away, the mighty ocean glittered in the evening sun. Far down to the south, and away some fifty leagues to the north, it stretched in a great blue line. The sun lay low on the horizon, 160 miles away, and the whole surface of the ocean between the point of vision and the sun became suffused with a ruddy glow. The shimmering of the light upon the water could be distinctly seen, so that it seemed quite near to them, and it was difficult to believe that the distance was so immense.

But the setting sun warned them that it was time to descend unless they would be overcome by night at this great altitude. It was nearly half past six, and should clouds obscure the moon, the descent would be very perilous. Nearly an hour and a half had been spent upon the summit, nor had the time seemed long. For to take in all its details and appreciate that vast scene was a herculean task in that short time. They felt no ill effects from the altitude while thus at rest, with the wind whirling great clouds of snow from the arête up into their faces, and the thermometer at seven degrees Fahrenheit. With great reluctance Vines gave the word to pack up and descend. They had looked upon one of the grandest sights ever beheld

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by man, and would never perhaps look on anything again to equal it.

When the summit was left behind, the sun dipped into the Pacific, a great ball of fire, leaving a wonderful after-glow. Then began a series of magnificent changes of color. The whole Pacific Ocean from north to south, together with the sky above, was lit up with a fiery red glow, which changed slowly to purple and then to blue. They were not, however, in darkness; for soon after the sun had set, the moon rose and shone brightly, revealing everything with wonderful distinctness in the clear air, while for at least half an hour the wonderful glow remained on the horizon of the Pacific, a great red line of subdued fire high in the air, and darkness between.

Nothing simpler in theory could be conceived than the descent down the great slope to the camp. But for men in such an exhausted condition it was no easy task, and the two hours seemed more like six, as with heavy, weary steps they flounder down the steep snow or broken stones, from time to time attempting to glissade, in their anxiety to reach camp by the quickest means. Too exhausted to support themselves with their axes, and with the snow in bad condition, they had to give this up. Vines had continually to call a halt, in order to gain breath and strength. The way seemed never-ending, but the moonlight helping them, their direction was good, and soon they heard the voices of the two Pollingers, whom I had sent out from the camp to meet them and bring them in.

Wrapped in all the available clothing, I awaited them at the camp. The thermometer had run down to twelve degrees at sunset, and was still falling. As they came slowly over the snow towards me in the moonlight, I was able to realize by their appearance and gait that their task had been severe. They both looked exhausted, more especially Vines, a desperately pitiable object, with beard and moustache a mass of ice frozen hard to the helmet. He did not seem to appreciate my greetings or congratulations, but crawled into the tent, hardly having the strength to pull his sleeping-bag over his shoulders.

ATTEMPTING TUPUNGATO.

I had heard so much from the people of Mendoza about the mountain of Tupungato and the difficulties surrounding it that I particularly wished to see it ascended. I took, therefore, the first opportunity the weather gave to send Vines to the south to attempt the mountain, while Lightbody and I confined ourselves to the measurements of heights and traverse work in the high valleys leading to Aconcagua.

Tupungato is a mountain nearly 22,000 feet in height, on the great chain which forms the watershed and at the same time the frontier boundary between Argentina and Chile. It is sixty miles to the south of Aconcagua, fifty miles east of Santiago, and 120 miles from the Pacific coast.

On the 25th of March, Vines left Punta de las Vacas with Zurbriggen and Lanti and a caravan of four mules, under the charge of an arriero of the name of Fortunato. After a journey of much difficulty, they came, on the third day, in sight of Tupungato, within ten miles' distance: it had been out of their view almost ever since they started. And now arose the question how near they could approach the mountain with mules. The advantage of attacking a mountain of this height from a base camp at a high level cannot be over-estimated; 10,000 feet can be ascended from sea level in a day, but it is a very different matter when one's starting-point is 10,000 feet above the sea. Vines hoped to take his pack animals to 14,000 feet, bivouac there, and if possible, make the ascent in one day from that height. Great was his disappointment to find that all pasturage ceased below 11,000 feet, and that the valley became impassable for animals beyond that point. This was a serious difficulty, with only one porter to rely on. There was nothing for it but to form the base camp at a distance of over nine miles from the summit.

However, on the next day, in spite of the protestations of Fortunato, two mules were forced up to 13,000 feet. Everything that could be dispensed with was left behind. Provisions for three men for four days, with sleeping-bags and covering, a small cooking-stove, and a few instruments, and other necessaries were all that could be taken without overloading. The animals had a very hard time of it, but the work they did was invaluable, and Vines was able to bivouac with Zurbriggen at 14,000 feet. With such limited porterage, they had to dispense with a tent. They chose a spot protected on one side by a wall of ice and on the other by a great overhanging boulder, and crawling into their eider-down bags, slept the night in the open.

Lanti joined them at daybreak, and a start

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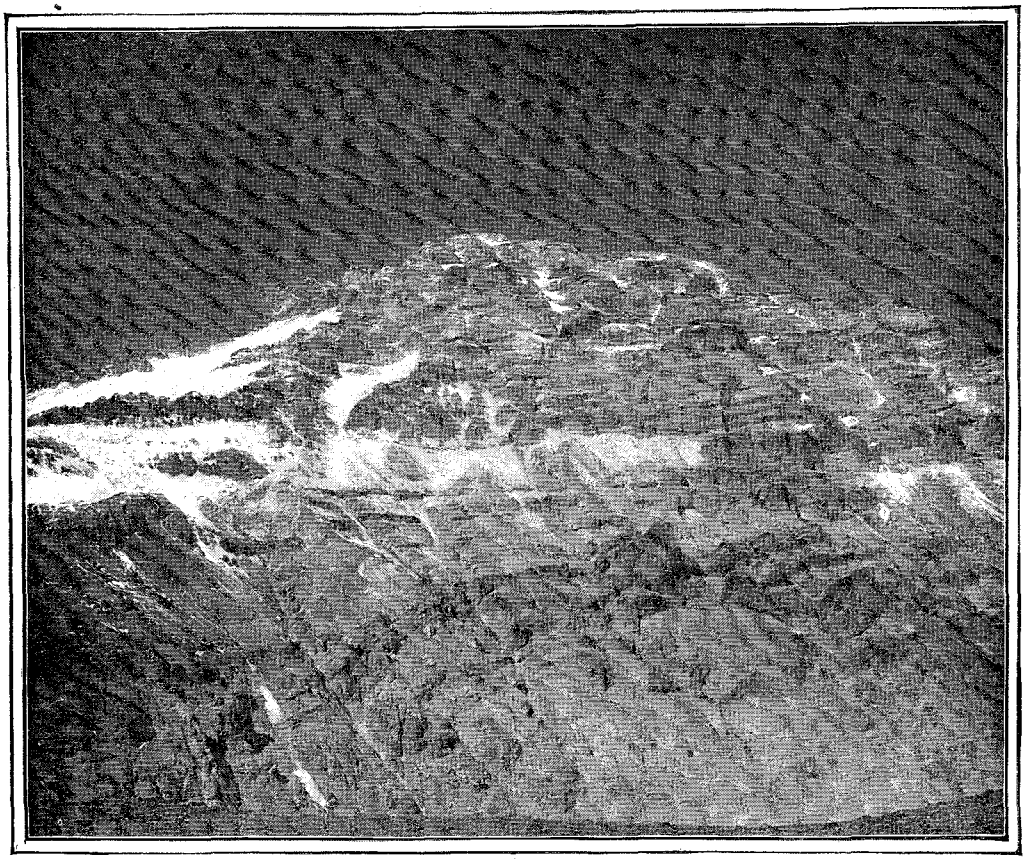
was made soon after. A three hours' ascent of a formation of ice pinnacles brought them to a great snow field, whence a magnificent view was obtained of Aconcagua, sixty miles away to the north. Crossing this, they reached the foot of the great spur that ran north from the dome of Tupungato. At the height of nearly 17,000 feet Lanti turned back. Zurbriggen and Vines continued, and reached the height of 19,000 feet. They had been casting anxious eyes towards the Pacific as they ascended the spur, for storm clouds had been rolling up towards Tupungato all morning, and at 3.30 P.M. burst over the dome. They left an account of their attempt, and beat a hasty retreat, reaching the base camp in the valley late in the evening.

The next day they started for Vacas, now convinced that the stories which reached them from Mendoza of the difficulties to be encountered on Tupungato were no superstitious exaggeration. More tents and provisions would be required, and, above all, more porters. A few days later, therefore, I sent down what porters I could spare from my work in the Horcones Valley to join Vines at Vacas. Reinforced by Joseph Pollinger and Lochmatter, the party reached the Tupungato base camp on the 5th of April, and next day Vines, Zurbriggen, and two porters slept again at the 14,000 feet bivouac.

They started early on the 6th—it was a bitterly cold morning—and reached the top of the great spur at mid-day. From this time forward everything moved badly with them. No longer sheltered from the north-west, they met the full force of the terrible gale. Rücksacs were taken off and opened, and every available stitch of clothing taken out. But in spite of double helmets and greaves it was impossible to face the wind, which beat them out of their course. Hoping that the weather would clear, they struggled on for two hours through storm and wind, vainly seeking shelter every ten minutes. At last a rock was found which would afford some kind of protection, and it was agreed to wait beneath it in the hope that the wind would clear the clouds. At 2 P.M. it be-



THE SUMMIT OF ACONCAGUA.

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came evident that it would be madness to proceed or even delay. The clouds were rolling in all around them, and even far below them. Once more they retreated, and reached the valley exhausted and disheartened late in the evening.

The great distance to be traversed, the effects of the altitude, and the shortness of the days made it impossible to ascend the mountain from so low a level as 14,000 feet at this season of the year. So after a few days' rest at the base camp, a bivouac was made, on the 8th of April, at about 17,000 feet, at the foot of the great spur. Vines slept here, with Zurbriggen and Lanti. I will not enter into the details of their sufferings during that night spent on the ice. Suffice it to say that the wind, rising to a hurricane, wrecked the tent, and left them exposed to the mercy of the storm, with the thermometer at five degrees. Half frozen, they retreated to the valley in the morning.

It was now so late in the season—April here corresponding to October in Switzerland—that they deemed it almost impossible to make the ascent. However, after two days' rest they became more sanguine, and slept again at the 17,000 feet bivouac on April 11th. On Monday, the 12th, Vines made a fourth attempt, with Zurbriggen and Joseph Pollinger. The weather was perfect but for a cold northwest wind. After ascending the spur, they bore round to the western side of the mountain, and scrambled for an hour and a half up the rocks overhanging its western side, and after many disappointments and misfortunes found themselves at the highest point of Tupungato at 3.45. A strong wind was blowing, with the thermometer at thirteen degrees, and it was intensely cold work taking photographs and bearings.

ON THE DOME OF TUPUNGATO.

On the dome of Tupungato is an undulating plateau covering an immense area, from which three peaks rise up, that to the far north being the highest and attaining to a considerable height above the plateau. The whole of the northwest side of the mountain, the great spur, and the plateau, open to the sun and swept by terrific northwest gales, are entirely free from snow in summer, and yet from the north and east the mountain appears robed in white from base to summit. Vines traversed the plateau from north to south, but could discover no sign of any crater. The sky was cloudless and the view superb. About fifteen miles to the northeast, the Cerro del Plato stood up from a mass of high mountains. Turning further from the north, and looking due east, the Cerros became very low and almost disappeared in the low hills sloping down to the pampas or great plains of Argentina, which start, seemingly, from the base of Tupungato and stretch almost without interruption to the Atlantic Ocean. The rivers winding through this great plain, and the dim outlines of the villages could be distinctly seen. To the south, the Cerro de San José and the volcano of Maipu were the chief features.

The great frontier boundary between Chile and Argentina, of which Tupungato and its northern spur form part, the parting of the rivers to the Pacific and Atlantic, was clearly marked far beyond San José to the south and fifty miles to the north, formed by the beautiful ice peak of Pollera, nearly 19,000 feet high, the great pyramid of Navarro, 500 feet higher, and, beyond, the great peaks and glaciers of Juncal, 1,000 feet higher still. A vast sea of snow-capped peaks stretched away to the north, and out of it, nearly sixty miles away, arose the magnificent mass of Aconcagua, like some great rock alone in its majesty. It was difficult to realize that many of the peaks around were higher than Mount Blanc, so small and insignificant did they appear beneath the giant slopes of the Sovereign of the Andes.

The men had been an hour on the summit, and had been so busy that it seemed like five minutes. It was five o'clock, which was so late at that season that an immediate retreat was imperative. Vines had lost all feeling in two of his fingers while taking photographs in that icy wind, and feared a severe case of frost-bite. Zurbriggen seized his hand as they began to descend, and by dint of pinching and rubbing for the first thousand feet of the descent, succeeded in restoring circulation. They reached the 17,000 feet bivouac in the moonlight at 8 o'clock, and could go no farther—so went supperless to bed.

Two days later, Vines and Zurbriggen determined to start early and, if possible, reach Vacas before sunset. They chose the best of the animals, and started before daybreak on the 14th of April, relying on their horses in the darkness to find the way for the first hour, and without drawing rein for fourteen hours, except to water their horses at noon, they reached Vacas the same day—nearly fifty miles over rough and dangerous country.

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THE DISBANDMENT OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

By Marshall Putnam Thompson.

WE rode past the curve, and saw in the gathering twilight the yellow Virginia road winding ahead for miles, nothing else to break the monotony of the ranks of pines except a weather-beaten shanty that stood lonely among the trees. In front, a rude flag-pole sentineled the way; and at the peak fluttered in the evening breeze, thirty years after the war had ended, the tattered and faded, but still to be distinguished, red field, divided by the blue St. Andrew's Cross, of the last battle-flag of the Southern Confederacy.

As the sun slowly sank behind the pines, the notes of a bugle sounded among the trees. Then a rifle shot rang from the cabin, and an old man, erect as a soldier, walked, or rather marched, to the flag-pole, and gently lowered the flag. As it fluttered to the ground, I noticed that the Virginia colonel with whom I rode had uncovered and that a look of other days had come into his face.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It is the last headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia," he laughed in reply.

Afterwards I heard the story, partly from the Colonel, partly from others.

When the War broke out and the strains of "Dixie," from the Gulf to Baltimore, were setting bright eyes and brave hearts a-dancing, Company F was being recruited in Albemarle County, Virginia. The privates were gentlemen's sons from neighboring plantations; the officers, wealthy land-owners of the vicinity; the equipment of the best, the uniforms being of fine gray cloth and made in London; and Company F was considered—at least in Albemarle County—"the finest company of the finest State in or out of the Union, sah."

In the community of Ivy Church there was only one man of military age not in Company F. He was an Irishman, Patrick Murphy, once a sergeant in the British army, now a "land-owner and a gintleman." He had an acre or two in the country. He raised vegetables, and sold them when he could, smoked his pipe, and was happy. Patrick had not been asked to join the company when it was organized, for the young cavaliers had no desire for the society of a man who worked with his hands and was, in their opinion, "little better than a nigger."

As the days of drilling wore away, all was not sunshine in Company F. The officers, with the best intentions in the world, knew absolutely nothing of drill and military discipline, and of course the men could not be blamed for ignorance when there was no adequate instruction. Meanwhile, Patrick Murphy stood an on-looker and watched with amused contempt the movements of "th' recruities."

When Captain De Courcy (ex-West-Pointer) took charge of the company, things rapidly changed for the better; but it took all the company's enthusiasm and all its respect for De Courcy to keep from open protest when the captain announced that Patrick Murphy must and should be enlisted.

"He is an ex-sergeant," said De Courcy; "has served in the British army; and we've got to have a good non-commissioned officer or we'll go all to pieces at the first fire; the men marched this afternoon like a lot of brats with broomsticks."

"But a common Irishman to be placed over gentlemen!"

"And mighty lucky for the gentlemen," said De Courcy. "You gentlemen must learn that there are just two classes in the army—officers and privates. Other things being equal, I should prefer to have gentlemen privates; but I have had Irishmen, Englishmen, Germans, and niggers, and they all come out about the same under a good sergeant."

"Not niggers!"

"Yes, niggers. They're all right when properly drilled, and you fellows will admit it too before this war is over," and with this heretical remark De Courcy went to his quarters.

So Patrick Murphy was enlisted. He

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knew something of the feeling in the company, and when he had signed the papers and taken the oath of allegiance to the sovereign State of Virginia, he turned to the on-lookers and said:

"I'm the lasht man of this coompany to enlisht; but tak' notice, I'll be th' lasht wan to dishband."

The influence of Murphy as drill-master was immediately apparent: the lines straightened out, the men became erect, the company wheeled like clockwork, and the manual of arms went with the click and precision of machinery. Then came the day when they marched off—

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away, look away."

How well the old Virginians remember it! The line in front of the court-house steps; the girls in their big bonnets and voluminous skirts; the fathers and mothers and sweethearts; the cheer, the sob, and the laugh! The presentation of the flag—"the blue flag of Virginia—blue as the sky, woven by the fair hands of the ladies of Albemarle County—given to the sons of heroic sires, the best blood of the Old Dominion—gentlemen." "May it wave in victory!" "May it never know defeat!" "Hurrah!—three cheers for the ladies of Albemarle County!" "Good-by! Good-by!"

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away,—look—"

The line has passed down the street, out on the yellow road, and the pine trees hide it.

More than thirty years ago, ladies and gentlemen of Virginia; but the days of '61 still live in the hearts of your faded women and white-haired men who entertain us, the sons of the Northern invaders of other days, with your generous hospitality; still live in your hearts, with no thought of bitterness or disloyalty; but they were your boys, and they lie from Bull Run to Appomattox—but to you, still young, still confident, ever marching on in the spring sunshine, the bonny blue flag waving over them—

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away, look away."

Patrick Murphy marched away with the company; in the first engagement saved the flag, and became color-sergeant; went to West Virginia and back to Manassas; fought at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines; tramped on the wonderful night march through the Shenandoah valley; kept time to the

"Maryland, my Maryland"

of the bands, as regiment after regiment crossed the river in the shadow of the hills, and swung over the dusty road on the march to Frederick. After Antietam, was offered and refused a commission; stood in the line of flame and death at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; marched with the tattered and ragged, but till now victorious, army of Northern Virginia on the second invasion of the North; retreated, as light-hearted in defeat as in victory, from Gettysburg, and after each reverse of the Wilderness laughed and said, "We'll lick 'em worse nixt toime."

The next times grew sad for the army of Northern Virginia. Day by day came news of fresh losses, fresh defeats on the Gulf, in the West. Rumors of Sherman's march thickened, while in front their old enemy, the Army of the Potomac, ever persistent, with a commander at last who understood his trade, pressed relentlessly forward. At last came the feeling that the very stars in their courses fought for the Northern battalions—Petersburg, Cold Harbor—and the army, starving, ragged, but gallant still, was for the first time in its history in real retreat. Here and there a man slipped away in the night, sure that the war was practically over; now a company lost ten and a regiment a hundred; but the majority, ragged, shoeless, shirtless, munched their parched corn, marched on, fought on, to Appomattox; and with the majority marched and fought Patrick Murphy.

As General Lee, "flower of Southern chivalry" indeed, rode back from his interview with Grant, his escort, respecting his feelings, fell back, while the General, with head bowed, let his horse choose his own way back to the defeated army. Suddenly his revery was disturbed; a thin, sunburned sergeant, carrying a flag, stepped from the bushes, halted, and came to attention.

"Gineral Lee."

"Yes, my man."

"Me name is Patrick Murphy."

"Well?"

"Gineral Lee, the bys say that the Arrmy of Northern Virginia is surrindered and will dishband."

"Yes, my man. The army is to give its parole never to bear arms against the United

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States, turn in its arms and accoutrements, but keep its horses, and disband."

Patrick Murphy shifted uneasily from foot to foot, while the General watched him curiously, doubtless glad that the train of his gloomy thoughts should be broken by the interruption. Suddenly a twinkle came into Murphy's eyes.

"Gineral Lee, if wan division of th' Arrmy of Northern Virginia should refuse to dishband, that wad still be the Arrmy of Northern Virginia, wouldn't it, Gineral Lee?"

"Yes, my man."

"If two rigiments or a brigade should refuse to dishband, that wad be the Arrmy, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, my man," replied the General, wondering what the whimsical Celtic brain was evolving.

"Gineral Lee, if all th' officers an' all th' soldiers of the Arrmy of Northern Virginia except wan company should dishband, that company wad be the Arrmy of Northern Virginia?"

"Yes, yes, my man." The General was getting impatient, and lifted his bridle rein.

"Wan minute more—if th' Gineral plaze, sor! If all that wan coompany should dishband except wan man, that man wad be the Arrmy, sor, wouldn't he, Gineral Lee?"

The General's eyes twinkled at the conceit, but answered gravely as before, "Yes, my man, I suppose he would."

Murphy stood even more erect than before. "Gineral Lee, I refuse to dishband." Then turning half front, his voice ringing with the tone of command, "Arrmy of Northern Virginia, about face! Forward march! Report at Ivy Church, Virginia!" and off he marched whistling, not "Dixie," but the "Wearing of the Green."

When Colonel Marshall, who was on escort duty, rode up, he wondered as he heard for the first time in many weary months a hearty laugh ring from the General's lips.

General Lee forgot the matter entirely; but when the Army of Northern Virginia gave in its parole, one name was missing—that of Patrick Murphy—and one battle-flag was never accounted for; it was the one I had seen fluttering down from the staff among the pine trees thirty years after the war ended, where Patrick Murphy, in sunshine and shadow, held his cabin, the last stronghold of the dead Confederacy, against his one enemy—old age, and maintained under the branches of the pines the organization of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Here I supposed the story of the disbandment of the Army of Northern Virginia would end; but in May of this year I again rode down through the pines, and again the Colonel rode with me. This time he rode in a blue uniform, and the letters U. S. V. glittered on the collar. In front marched, as in '61, the young men of Ivy Church; but their uniforms were blue, and the national flag kissed the sunlight above the marching ranks. There had been the scenes of 1861 reënacted before the court-house steps, and a new picture of marching men and a proudly tossing flag had been painted, never to fade by the years, and again the old Confederate tune set the eyes and the hearts a-dancing:

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away, look away."

Patrick Murphy came from his cabin, and saluted the Colonel. He was dressed in the tattered gray of Company F, in his hands the furled battle-flag.

"I want th' officer commanding this coompany."

"I am he," said the Colonel.

"Captain—for that's your rank now—the Arrmy of Northern Virginia"—a twinkle danced in the faded blue eyes—"the Arrmy of Northern Virginia wants to enlist as an organization, to fight"—his eyes lost their twinkle, and his face took on a new look of dignity—"for the United States."

The Colonel waited a moment. "You are too old," he said.

"Then it's toime to tak' th' oath of allegiance and dishband," said Murphy. "There is wan flag for us now, and it's not this," and he held up the old flag.

Fresh and clear came the music of the band:

"Away down South in Dixie,
Look away, look away."

As the flag passed—his flag at last—the old man uncovered and stood at salute.

"In Dixie's land I take my stand,
To live and die for Dixie."

The Colonel was silent. Wilder and more rollicking came the music, the dust rolled up in a cloud, and still Patrick Murphy stood at attention.

"By Jove, the war is over!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Order them to play the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

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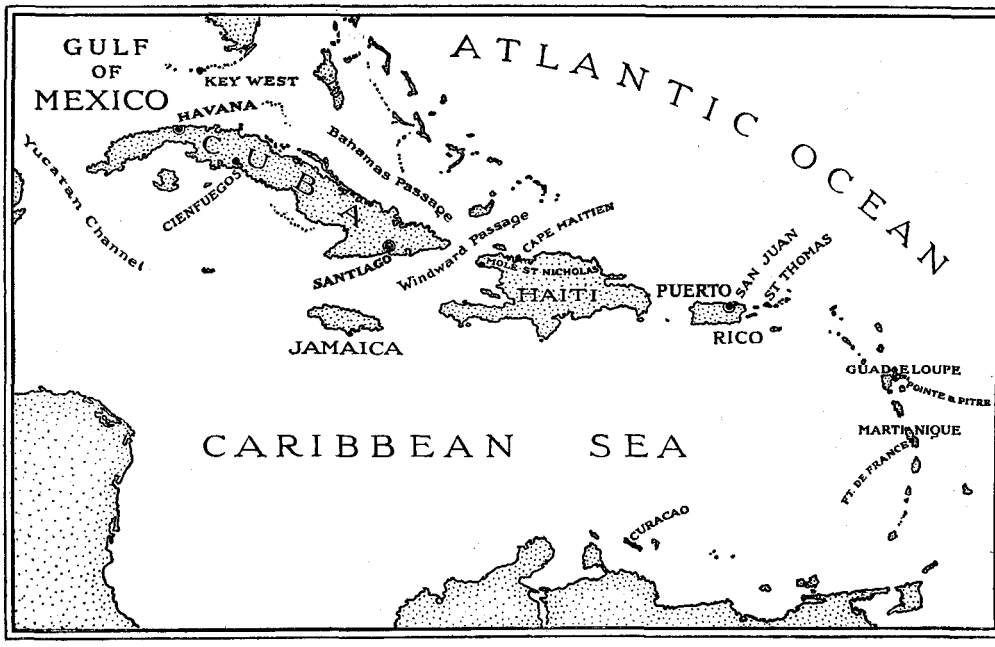

THE INNER HISTORY OF ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S CAMPAIGN.

BASED UPON THE OFFICIAL DESPATCHES OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, ADMIRAL SAMPSON, AND ADMIRAL SCHLEY.

By W. A. M. Goode.

Editor's Note.—Most of the official despatches which form the body of the following article have never before been published. They give nearly a complete narrative in themselves of the search for Admiral Cervera's fleet, its confinement in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, and its ultimate destruction; and, in addition, they bring out, in a very interesting way, the personal relations subsisting between the Secretary of the Navy and Admiral Sampson, and between Admiral Sampson and the other officers of his fleet. They also clear up many points that have been more or less in controversy, and they throw a strong light on some important episodes of the campaign that hitherto have been entirely passed over. Mr. Goode, representing the Associated Press on Admiral Sampson's flagship, the "New York," throughout the campaign, was intimately acquainted with the desires and intentions of Admiral Sampson, and saw the gradual unfolding of the plan which resulted in the final victory. He is preparing also a book, soon to be published by the Doubleday & McClure Company. It will contain all the official despatches published here, along with much exclusive information which Mr. Goode was able to get only through his exceptional position as the only non-combatant on board the "New York." It will also contain chapters by Admiral Sampson, Captain Chadwick, Captain Evans, and Commander Todd.

DURING the early morning hours of the 8th of May, in this year of the war with Spain, Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson received this cablegram from the Secretary of the Navy:

> Washington, May 6.—Do not risk or cripple your vessels against fortifications so as to prevent soon afterwards successfully fighting Spanish fleet composed of "Pelayo," "Carlos V.," "Oquendo," "Vizcaya," "Maria Teresa," "Cristobal Colon," and four deep-sea torpedo boats, if they should appear on this side.
>
> Long.

At the hour when this injunction was read, Admiral Sampson was twenty miles from Cape Haitien, a cable-station town on the north coast of Haiti. It was to the Windward Passage that Sampson was bound. His force consisted of the flagship "New York," the battle-ships "Iowa" and "Indiana," the monitors "Terror" and "Amphitrite," the unarmored cruisers "Detroit" and "Montgomery," the torpedo boat "Porter," and the collier "Niagara." The "Iowa" was towing the "Amphitrite," and the "New York" was performing the same service for the "Terror" and the "Porter." The squadron had stopped off Cape Haitien, awaiting the return of the "Montgomery," which had

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gone into that place and returned with Secretary Long's important cablegram.

It may be well to briefly review the naval campaign in southern waters prior to the 8th of May. Early on April 22d, Sampson left Key West with the North Atlantic Squadron, and within a few days had established the blockade of Havana, Matanzas, Mariel, Cardenas, Bahia Honda, Cabanas, and, later, Cienfuegos. His own suggestion to bombard the batteries and city of Havana immediately after the declaration of war had been overruled by the Navy Department. He had been told, "Do not bombard;" and so nothing but a reconnoissance at Matanzas and the firing of a few shells from the "New York" in reply to a Spanish infantry attack at Cabanas had disturbed the monotony of the blockade. After spending nine days off the north coast of Cuba, Sampson had returned in the "New York" to Key West, coaled ship, assembled the squadron enumerated above, and during the night of May 3d started for the Windward Passage, for the purpose of observation, with a view to going further east, if thought advisable, and making Cape Haitien a place of call for despatches. The move was made with the entire concurrence of the Navy Department, and was based on information received on April 29th regarding the sailing of Cervera's fleet from Cape Verde and the probable destination of those vessels.

So, on the morning of the 8th of May, we find Sampson off Cape Hatien, with a slow fleet, but the best he could gather without seriously impairing his blockading force, looking for the entire Spanish fleet, and hoping to intercept his speedy antagonists in the Windward Passage or in the vicinity of Porto Rico. The impression prevailed at that time that Cervera would first try to enter San Juan.

In addition to the cablegram telling Sampson not to risk or cripple his vessels through actions against fortifications, the "Montgomery" brought three other despatches from Secretary Long, sent from Washington two days previous. In one the Secretary said that the "Yale" and the "St. Louis" were keeping a lookout for the Spanish about eighty miles to the east of Martinique, while the "Paris" was cruising around Porto Rico on the same errand. The other two were as follows:

Washington, May 6.—From Halifax, N. S., it is reported that several vessels with coal [for] Spanish fleet are to be near Pointe à Pitre, Guadaloupe. Possible contingent supply. LONG.

Washington, May 6.—German steamer reports from Cape Haitien to-day Spanish vessels coaling and loading ammunition at St. Thomas, W. I., and Spanish men-of-war patroling outside harbor. LONG.

Sampson at once called a conference of his captains. This was his custom throughout the war, whenever it was possible. Like Nelson, who referred to the captains of his fleet as his "band of brothers," Sampson never neglected the opportunity to avail himself of the advice of his juniors. From two until six o'clock that morning he discussed with Captains Evans, Taylor, Chadwick, Harrington, and Barclay, and Commanders Converse and Dayton the problem of how to find Cervera. Eventually the Admiral decided that further information must be secured before the fleet moved. I suggested to him that it would be better to send me into Cape Haitien on the Associated Press tug "Dauntless," which had followed the fleet from Key West, than to send the "Montgomery" back, the latter step being likely to betray the exact location of the fleet, to excite suspicion, and, possibly, to create international friction. He accepted my suggestion, and at six o'clock that morning I went into Cape Haitien on the "Dauntless," with instructions to wait for cablegrams from the Navy Department, sent in care of Consul Livingston, the United States representative there, and also for an answer to queries that I had offered to send to various correspondents of the Associated Press in the West Indies, so that the latest official and unofficial news might be known before any decision as to the future movement of the squadron was made. In his communication to Secretary Long, Sampson suggested, pending more definite information, the advisability of proceeding to San Juan, Porto Rico, on the chance of finding Cervera's fleet there, where, even if it could not be destroyed, it could be closely blockaded.

The next day, May 9th, I returned from Cape Haitien with Secretary Long's answer, which read in part as follows:

Washington, May 8.—"Pelayo," "Carlos V.," one deep-sea torpedo boat cannot leave Cadiz, Spain, for two weeks. "Oquendo," "Maria Teresa," "Colon," two deep-sea torpedo vessels, published in the newspapers, were seen yesterday night near Martinique. Completion of course American Line steamers off Windward Passage, May 10th; off Porto Rico, May 13th. I order them to St. Thomas to await instructions from you. Blockade of Cuba and Key West will be endangered if stripped by you. You should be quick in your operation at Porto Rico. In everything the Department has utmost confidence in your discretion, and the Department does not wish to hamper you. LONG.

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The replies from Associated Press correspondents were of a no more definite nature, and a telegram which I sent in Consul Livingston's name to the United States Consul at Martinique failed to bring any confirmation of the Martinique rumor.

As a result of the indefinite character of the information, Sampson decided to proceed to San Juan, according to the plan formulated at the conference of captains the previous morning. As the fleet had been seen from the top of a mountain at Cape Haitien, and as some newspaper correspondents had cabled its location, Sampson doubled on his tracks, and steamed westward, as if heading back to Key West; then, at three o'clock in the afternoon, when far out of sight of land, turned to the eastward and headed for San Juan. I returned to Cape Haitien on the "Dauntless," to wait there until night for possible despatches from the Navy Department and to obtain from the Associated Press the latest news of Cervera's whereabouts. Nothing of any importance or tending to confirm the Martinique rumor was received at Cape Haitien that night. At 3.30 the next afternoon, I caught up with the squadron, now well on its way to San Juan, and returned aboard practically empty-handed. During that day and several times before arriving at San Juan, Admiral Sampson, in talking over the situation with me, expressed little confidence of finding Cervera in that harbor. However, it was evident that if San Juan was the Spanish admiral's objective point, he must either have arrived there already, or would be met with while endeavoring to get into the harbor. Under any circumstances, it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack; but if it was absolutely necessary to make some offensive move for the discovery of this needle, all indications pointed to the advisability of making it at San Juan, and trusting somewhat to chance as to the result.

The squadron arrived off San Juan at 3.30 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of May. The batteries were bombarded for nearly three hours, and replied strongly; two enlisted men were killed, and seven injured; the "Iowa" and the "New York" were both struck, but not seriously injured; the shore batteries were probably damaged somewhat; and while accounts differ as to the number of Spanish soldiers killed, it is safe to say that it was not over twenty. The details of the engagement, which, after it was seen that Cervera was not in the harbor, became more of an endeavor to ascertain the strength of the forts, are too fresh in the memory of the public to need retelling here. However, the real purpose of the bombardment of San Juan and the reason for the return of the squadron to Havana never seems to have been thoroughly understood. Sampson himself lucidly explains it as follows:

> It was soon seen that Admiral Cervera's squadron was not in the port. It was clear to my own mind that the squadron would not have any great difficulty in forcing the surrender of the place, but the fact that we should be held several days in completing arrangements for holding it; that part of our force would have to be left to await the arrival of troops to garrison it; that the movements of the Spanish squadron, our main objective, were still unknown; that the Flying Squadron was still north, and not in a position to render any aid; that Havana, Cervera's natural objective, was thus open to entry by such a force as his, while we were a thousand miles distant, made our immediate movement towards Havana imperative. I thus reluctantly gave up the project against San Juan and stood westward for Havana.

The next day, while we were on the way back to Havana, a press boat from St. Thomas caught up with the squadron, bringing word that Cervera's fleet had returned to Cadiz and was in that harbor. Sampson at once sent the torpedo boat "Porter" into Puerto Plata, Haiti, with these despatches:

> Secretary of the Navy.—Is it true Spanish ships are at Cadiz, Spain? If so, send to San Juan, Porto Rico, collier from Key West or elsewhere.
>
> SAMPSON.

> Remey (Commodore), Key West.—Send without delay "Vesuvius" to San Juan, Porto Rico, if the Department confirms the arrival of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz.

Sampson wanted the collier and the "Vesuvius" because he had made up his mind to return to San Juan and take the place, in case it was true that Cervera had gone back to Spain, under which circumstances he would have had ample time to accomplish his purpose and would have operated under conditions entirely different from those which had attended the bombardment of the previous day. Despite this plan to return to San Juan, Sampson held on with the squadron towards Havana, instructing the "Porter" to rejoin with replies off Cape Haitien.

Two days later, the "Porter" rejoined the squadron off Cape Haitien, bringing these despatches, those from the Department having accumulated:

> From the United States Consul at Curaçoa.—"Maria Teresa" and "Vizcaya" in harbor coaling. Arrived Saturday. "Oquendo," "Cristobal Colon," "Terror," and "Pluton" outside. Only two admitted at time. Short of coal and provisions. Dirty bottoms.

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Through Consul Livingston, Secretary Long cabled :

Inform Admiral Sampson Spanish squadron will leave [Curaçoa] 6 P.M. Destination unknown.

Secretary Long's direct cables were as follows :

Five vessels, supposed to be men-of-war, observed off Fort de France, Martinique, May 14th, afternoon.

Then later :

Spanish fleet from Cape de Verde off Curaçoa on May 14th; "Vizcaya" and "Maria Teresa" entered into port as reported, and to leave Curaçoa on May 15th. Department heard . . . colliers would probably meet them [Spanish fleet] north coast of Venezuela. Flying Squadron sailed May 13th for Key West. Proceed with all possible despatch to Key West. Flying Squadron ready to reinforce Cuban blockade or KeyWest if necessary. The "Minneapolis" leaves to-day to watch between Monte Cristi and Caicos Bank, Bahamas, and the "St. Paul" to watch between Morant Point, Jamaica, and west end of Haiti. Very important that your fast cruisers keep touch with Spanish squadron. The Spanish torpedo boat, deep-sea class, "Terror," remains at Fort de France, Martinique. Only Spanish man-of-war observed May 13th. Captain Goodrich, the "St. Louis," reports having cut a cable between St. Thomas and San Juan.

Sampson at once cabled Secretary Long as follows :

Auxiliary cruisers are ordered to cruise as follows : "Yale" to assist "St. Paul" between Morant Point, Jamaica, Nicholas Mole, and Cuba; "Harvard," Mona Passage, and on north side of Porto Rico Island; "St. Louis," cutting cables at Santiago and at Guantanamo, Cuba, then at Porto Rico, thence to St. Thomas about May 19th to await orders. United States squadron proceeding at best speed, seven knots, to Key West, and will arrive early May 19th.

To Commodore Remey, in charge of the base at Key West, Sampson at the same time sent this cablegram :

Inform at once vessels blockading at Cienfuegos the Spanish fleet may appear at any time on south coast of Cuba.

From the first moment after he received any definite information regarding Cervera's arrival on this side of the Atlantic, Sampson felt certain that the Spanish fleet would make for the south coast of Cuba. To Captain Cotton, of the "Harvard," he sent instructions, and warned him of the presence of the Spanish fleet at Curaçoa. The following sentence in this cablegram is an excellent instance of the remarkable judgment and foresight displayed by Sampson throughout the war : "Destination [of Cervera's fleet, then at Curaçoa] unknown. *Probably Santiago de Cuba or San Juan, Porto Rico.*" Could Nelson have done better had he been in Sampson's place, out of touch with the world and with only the numerous, indefinite, and almost contradictory sources of information contained in the foregoing cablegrams upon which to base his supposition regarding the enemy's objective point? These cablegrams to Captain Cotton and Commodore Remey were written on the 15th of May, four days before Cervera entered Santiago, and about seven days before the Navy Department felt justified in acting upon the belief that he was really on the south coast of Cuba.

Sampson left the main body of the squadron to get back to Key West as quickly as possible, and went ahead himself on the "New York." Two days later he was met by the torpedo boat "Dupont," carrying a big batch of despatches from Secretary Long to Remey, and also bringing first news of the death of Ensign Bagley and the men of the "Winslow." The latest despatch brought by the "Dupont" was dated Washington, May 17th, and was as follows :

Armored vessels and monitors of the naval force on the North Atlantic and Flying squadrons must be coaled immediately upon their arrival at Key West; also four gunboats of the force of the "Marblehead." Flying Squadron, after being increased by the armored vessels Commander-in-Chief North Atlantic Station considers most suitable, proceed with despatch [utmost] off Cienfuegos, accompanied by the smaller vessels above mentioned and such torpedo boats, if any, as the Commander-in-Chief will choose to send. The remainder of the naval force of the North Atlantic Station and the monitors will blockade Havana closely, remembering the importance of having current in their favor. Sampson [to] have choice the command off Havana or at Cienfuegos, Schley in either case to remain with his own squadron. Commander-in-Chief is authorized to make such change of detail in this plan as he may think proper. In general the object is to engage and capture the enemy off Cienfuegos if possible, or otherwise blockade him in that port.

An earlier despatch from Secretary Long to Remey said :

Inform Sampson that the Department has just heard that the Spanish fleet have munitions of war essential to the defense of Havana, and the order of the Spanish fleet is imperative to reach Havana, Cienfuegos, or a railroad port connected with Havana at all hazards; and as Cienfuegos appears to be the only port fulfilling the conditions, Schley with the "Brooklyn," "Massachusetts," and "Texas," to arrive Key West morning of the 18th, will be sent to Cienfuegos as soon as possible, so Admiral Sampson take or send his most suitable armored ship [one] to join Schley and hurry with remainder of his heavy ships to Havana blockade.

LONG.

Commodore Remey also sent a copy of the following orders from the Department :

Washington, May 16.—Previous plans for the "St. Paul" are changed, and she must coal immediately and proceed with all possible despatch to Venezuela Gulf, South America, where it is considered the Spanish

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fleet from Cape Verde will coal. He [Captain Sigsbee] must find and keep in communication with enemy, exercising the utmost care to avoid being captured. More vessels will be sent to join "St. Paul," probably "Harvard."

Sampson, on the 15th, had ordered the "St. Paul," the "Yale," and the "St. Louis" to cruise over the territory where, as after events proved, they would have been almost bound to see Cervera on his way into Santiago. In his cable of May 8th, Secretary Long said that he had ordered the American Liners to report to Sampson from St. Thomas. Apparently the Secretary was afraid that Sampson would be unable to communicate with the scouts quickly enough after Cervera's arrival became known. The transfer of the authority over scouts back to the Department, and a consequent muddle, was partly responsible for the scouts failing to be of positive service, and also caused considerable inconvenience and uncertainty both in the internal arrangements of the fleet and to the scout commanders.

On May 14th, Secretary Long had telegraphed Remey to order all except the smallest of the blockading vessels off Cienfuegos to return to Key West, on account of the "presence of the Spanish fleet near Curaçoa." Remey was also told, on the 14th, by Secretary Long, to send lookout ships to the Yucatan Channel.

The day after receiving these despatches at sea, Sampson arrived at Key West. The Flying Squadron was found at anchor there. Instructions had been received at Key West for the "St. Paul" to proceed hurriedly to Cape Haitien and there communicate with the Department. If the "St. Paul" met the "Yale," the latter was to accompany her to Cape Haitien. "Further instructions at Cape Haitien," Secretary Long's message concluded; and so Sampson sent the "St. Paul" off that afternoon. The following telegram had just arrived for the Flying Squadron:

Proceed with all possible despatch to Havana, Cuba, to support blockade until arrival of naval force on North Atlantic Station. "Puritan" and "Miantonomah" to defend Key West. LONG.

A cable for Sampson from Secretary Long was waiting, evidently based on the belief that the foregoing orders had been carried out:

Owing to the absence of your armored vessels, Flying Squadron was called and sent off Havana, Cuba. Therefore, you will coal your ships and carry out the Department's telegraphic orders of the 17th. Leave a suitable defense for Key West, and use utmost despatch to get the force off Cienfuegos. The "Oregon" arrived at Barbadoes. All well on board.

Sampson replied to all these cables of the 17th and 18th, in the following brief message:

Schley will leave Thursday morning, 19th, for Cienfuegos with "Brooklyn," "Massachusetts," "Texas," and two cruisers and two torpedo boats. "Iowa" will leave as soon as coaled.

The "Iowa" arrived at Key West that evening. All the ships coaled throughout that night. The next morning, almost the very hour that Cervera was calmly entering Santiago with his fleet, Schley sailed from Key West with the "Brooklyn," the "Texas," the "Massachusetts," and the "Scorpion," for Cienfuegos. Sampson gave him the following instructions:

Sir: I send you a copy of a telegram received last night from the Secretary, concerning a vessel which was to sail on the 15th and carrying a large amount of specie, and is supposed to be going to land it at Trinidad or to the east of Cienfuegos. This may be a blind, however, and the vessel may be bound for Cienfuegos, or even Havana.

The two cruisers will be sent out to-day, and with the torpedo boats following them. As soon as the "Iowa" is coaled, she will follow you.

It is unnecessary for me to say that you should establish a blockade at Cienfuegos with the least possible delay, and that it should be maintained as close as possible.

Should the Spanish vessels show themselves in that vicinity, and, finding you on the lookout, attempt to come around the island, whether east or west, please send me notice by the best vessel you have for that purpose as to their direction, that I may be prepared for them at Havana.

I will try and increase the number of light vessels at your disposal, in order that you may have them to send with messages to me in case you desire to do so.

After I have the situation more in hand, I will write you and give you any information that suggests itself.

Very respectfully,

W. T. SAMPSON, Rear Admiral,
Commander-in-chief U. S. Naval Forces,
N. A. Station.

Commanding Officer Flying Squadron.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the "St. Louis," which Sampson had sent to Santiago to cut cables, left the mouth of that harbor only a few hours before Cervera hove in sight, proceeding that day to Guantanamo.

After the departure of the Flying Squadron on the 19th, the Department telegraphed that Consul Livingston, at Cape Haitien, reported two Spanish ships cruising off Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti, every night, and that the United States Minister to Venezuela reported that he learned from a confidential source that Spanish men-of-war were seen on May 17th apparently heading for the French West Indies. A memorandum by Commander McCalla regarding the defenses at

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Cienfuegos was sent to Schley. McCalla stated that the Spanish force there was between four and five thousand men; poor batteries, and rain every day. He did not encourage the idea of landing troops there.

The morning after the departure of the Flying Squadron, the "Iowa," the "Castine," and the collier "Merrimac" sailed from Key West to join Schley at Cienfuegos. Commodore Remey was asked to expedite the sailing of the ships at Key West, and Sampson telegraphed to the Department as follows:

Urgently request Department to send me without delay "New Orleans." The small auxiliaries can blockade in the absence of enemy; are useless for repelling attacks of armored cruisers. For difficult task of holding both sides of Cuba against Spanish squadron you should put at my disposal all your fighting force.

The Department answered in this way:

Send some light ships to blockade Cienfuegos. If necessary the Department advises a couple fast unarmored cruisers to be sent join Schley, going east on north side of Cuba, to help against torpedo destroyers.

That afternoon the Department telegraphed regarding the Associated Press report of the Spanish fleet's being in Santiago:

The report of the Spanish fleet being at Santiago de Cuba might very well be correct, so the Department strongly advises that you send immediately by the "Iowa" to Schley to proceed off Santiago de Cuba with his whole command, leaving one small vessel off Cienfuegos. And meanwhile the Department will send the "Minneapolis," now at St. Thomas, off Santiago to join Schley. . . . If "Iowa" has gone, send order to Schley by the fastest despatch vessel.

To which Sampson replied:

Replying to Department's telegram of 20th, after duly considering the information therein contained, I have decided to follow the plan already adopted, to hold position Cienfuegos with "Brooklyn," "Massachusetts," "Texas," and the "Iowa," "Marblehead," "Castine," "Dupont," and two auxiliaries. There remain the "New York," "Indiana," and monitors for Havana. The latter very inefficient and should not be sent from base. Have directed Schley to communicate with auxiliaries at Santiago and direct one of them to report to Department from Mole or Cape Haitien, then to return to Santiago and further report at Cienfuegos or Havana, as he thinks best. Plans may be changed when it becomes certain that Spanish ships are at Santiago.

Later that day the Department telegraphed:

Army expects to have within a few days about thirty transport steamers at Tampa, Florida. Please take such means as you think proper for guarding them.

To Commodore Remey, Sampson wrote, in part, as follows:

I feel that I must take my station on the Cuban blockade as soon as possible, and I will therefore leave here for Havana some time during the evening. I desire that all the vessels that can be spared for the purpose be sent to me at Havana as fast as repairing can be completed. . . . I believe that the Department wishes some vessels to be retained for the protection of Key West. You can use the "Terror" for that purpose while she is under repairs.

At three o'clock the next morning, the 21st, these instructions from Sampson to Commodore Schley were put aboard the "Marblehead," with orders that they be delivered with all possible haste:

[No. 8.]

Sir: Spanish squadron probably at Santiago de Cuba, four ships and three torpedo destroyers. If you are satisfied that they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all despatch, but cautiously, to Santiago de Cuba, and if the enemy is there, blockade him in port. You will probably find it necessary to establish communication with some of the inhabitants—fishermen or others—to learn definitely that the ships are in port, it being impossible to see into it from the outside.

When the instructions sent by the "Iowa" and "Dupont" [duplicates] were written, I supposed that two fast scouts would be in the vicinity of Jamaica; but I have since learned that they have been ordered by the Department to get touch with the Spanish fleet on the north coast of Venezuela. I have just telegraphed them to report for orders at Nicholas Mole.

To the "Yale," at Cape Haitien, Sampson cabled as follows:

Spanish squadron is reported at Santiago de Cuba. Flying Squadron will be at Santiago the 24th. Cruise in Bahama Channel and join Schley at Santiago May 24th.

SAMPSON.

An hour after sending these despatches, on the morning of the 21st, Sampson left Key West, and arrived off Havana at 11 A.M. He felt anxious about the instructions to Schley, so he took the "Hawk" off the blockade and sent this auxiliary, under hurry orders, to Cienfuegos, carrying a duplicate of the despatch "No. 8," with this additional note:

It is thought the inclosed instructions will reach you by two o'clock A.M., May 23d. This will enable you to leave before daylight [regarded very important], so that your direction may not be noticed, and be at Santiago A.M., May 24th.

It is thought that the Spanish squadron would probably be still at Santiago, as they must have some repairs to make and coal to take.

The "St. Paul" and "Minneapolis" have been telegraphed to scout off Santiago, and if the Spanish squadron goes westward, one is to keep in touch, and one is to go west and attempt to meet you; if the Spanish squadron goes east, one will keep in touch, and the other go to St. Nicholas Mole, to telegraph me at Key West. I shall be off Cay Frances, two hundred miles east of Havana. If you arrive off Santiago and no scout meets you, send a vessel to call at Nicholas Mole and get information to be left there by scout as to direction taken by Spanish in case they may have left Santiago de Cuba.

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The "Yale" has been ordered to cruise in the Bahama Channel until May 24th. It is thought possible that the Spanish, hearing of your departure from Cienfuegos, may attempt to go there [Bahama Channel].

If this word does not reach you before daylight, it is suggested you mask your real direction as much as possible. Follow the Spanish squadron whichever direction they take. W. T. SAMPSON.

The Department was notified that Schley was expected to be at Santiago May 24th; also of the orders given the scouts. But Schley did not establish a blockade of Santiago until May 29th; why, the despatches show.

On the 22d, the Navy Department telegraphed through Remey, asking the details of the coal supply taken by Schley; also suggesting possible advantages of Cape Cruz, Cuba, as a coaling station, and saying that, in case Cervera had landed stores for Blanco, Cape Cruz would be a critical point for coasters carrying the stores to the west. The Department stated that orders were being sent, placing Schley under Sampson's command while in the West Indies.

Remey had replied that Schley had the collier "Merrimac," which carried 4,500 tons of coal. Remey wrote positively to Sampson that the "Vizcaya," the "Oquendo," the "Teresa," the "Colon," one torpedo destroyer, and the transport "Alfonso XIII." were at Santiago on the morning of the 22d.

On the morning of the 23d, Sampson assembled a powerful squadron off Havana and started to cruise eastward, fairly close in to the coast of Cuba, with a view to occupying the St. Nicholas Channel, so as to prevent the possible approach of Cervera's fleet from the east towards Havana, but not to get so far to the eastward as to make it impossible to fall back to Havana, in case of Cervera's coming around the western end of the island. The situation was critical. It seemed unlikely that Cervera would remain in Santiago unless closely blockaded. The greatest vigilance was observed, and various orders were issued by Sampson, so that should Cervera be met, he would find the American fleet fully prepared. These orders included an "Order of Cruising to Cay Frances," an "Order of Battle," and a memorandum regarding lights.

On May 24th, while the fleet was steaming slowly towards Cay Frances, watching for the smoke of Cervera's ships, the "Montgomery" brought these despatches from Key West:

To Commodore Remey. — Washington, May 23. Notify the Admiral the Department leaves at his discretion the question of watching Yucatan Channel and Gulf of Mexico. ALLEN.

To Sampson.—Washington, May 23. The information of the Department all goes to indicate that the principal aim of the Spanish fleet and government is to introduce a supply of munitions of war and of food to Blanco by Havana and Cienfuegos.

The Department desires you to station vessels of your squadron as you may consider best for the blockade of north coast of Cuba and for watching Yucatan Channel, if you deem the latter necessary. Information has been received a supply of corn being shipped from Mexico to Cuba. Until further instructions, division under Schley not to be diminished, as the Spanish division at Santiago must, if possible, be prevented from escaping. ALLEN.

On May 25th, while he was cruising westward from Cay Frances, this despatch was received by Sampson:

Washington, May 24.—Be prepared to convoy and guard about 30,000 United States troops in about forty transports from Tampa. You require some armored vessels to attack batteries and clear a landing. LONG.

This was the first definite news received about the army. Sampson rather naturally presumed from this that the army was only waiting for convoy. At seven o'clock the same evening, Sampson replied as follows:

Schley ought to have arrived at Santiago, May 24th. The force at my command occupied Bahama Channel last night, but not having any information from Schley, and as Spanish squadron may have avoided him at Santiago and attempted to reach Havana by Cape San Antonio, I have moved westward to provide against this contingency. I shall attempt to cover Havana from both directions. I will be Thursday morning, May 26th, at the west end of Nicholas Channel, Cuba, where I expect information from Schley *via* Key West. Movements are greatly hampered by monitors constituting the principal force under my command. I cannot despatch armored vessels until movements of Spanish squadron thoroughly known. SAMPSON.

This last paragraph referred to Secretary Long's reference to clearing a landing for the army. At 11 A.M., on May 26th, the "Vesuvius" arrived from Key West, bringing Sampson the first word he had received from Schley since Schley left Key West on the 19th. It was as follows:

Arrived May 21st off Cienfuegos, Cuba. Standing in to-day [this morning], May 22d, within four thousand yards entrance. Found them [enemy] busily mining. Cannot say whether Spanish fleet in port or not. The anchorage not visible from entrance. "Iowa" and torpedo boat "Dupont" arrived to-day. Expect difficulty here will be to coal from colliers in the constant heavy swell. Other problem easy compared with this one, so far from base. SCHLEY.

From Mole St. Nicholas, under date of May 25th, Captain Cotton of the "Harvard" had cabled Sampson at Key West (the message being brought by the "Vesuvius)" as follows:

Sent by Schley here with official despatches. Left at Santiago de Cuba, May 24th, "Yale" and "St. Paul." "Minneapolis" left yesterday for Cienfuegos to report to Schley. "Yale" reconnoitered Santiago

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de Cuba on 21st of May. He reports strongly fortified. Saw nothing in harbor. I have not seen Spanish fleet. Have not ascertained anything respecting recent movements of Spanish fleet. Proceed for coal to Key West, May 26th.

Captain Cotton said that the "Minneapolis" must coal within the next few days, and the "Yale" early the next week. The "Minneapolis" had reconnoitered San Juan on the 21st. The Spanish fleet was not there. At 1 P.M. the same day, Sampson sent the "Vesuvius" back to Key West with this despatch for the "Yale," the "Minneapolis," and the "St. Paul":

Spanish squadron is at Santiago. If Schley has not arrived there, go Cienfuegos and inform him.

At 9.30 o'clock that night the "Dolphin" came alongside the "New York," and her captain shouted: "Schley has the Spaniards bottled at Cienfuegos." The "New York's" crew cheered loudly. The following despatches from Schley were brought on board the flagship:

OFF CIENFUEGOS, *May* 23, 1898.

TO SAMPSON.

Sir: 1. In reply to your letter No. 8 [this was Sampson's despatch stating that the Spanish fleet was probably at Santiago and telling Schley to go there, which was taken both by the "Marblehead" and the "Hawk"], I would state that I am by no means satisfied that the Spanish squadron is not at Cienfuegos. The large amount of smoke seen in the harbor would indicate the presence of a number of vessels, and under such circumstances it would seem to be extremely unwise to chase up a probability at Santiago de Cuba reported *via* Havana, no doubt as a ruse.

2. I shall therefore remain off this port, with this squadron, availing myself of every opportunity for coaling and keeping it ready for any emergency.

3. Regarding the enclosed information from Commander McCalla, I would state that I went twice yesterday close in to the mouth of the harbor; the first time about 2,000 yards, and the second time within about 1,400 yards, but saw no evidence of any masked batteries near the entrance. Well up the river, across their torpedo-mine fields, now laid across the mouth of the harbor, there is a new battery constructed, hardly within range from the mouth of the river.

4. The "Castine," "Merrimac," and "Hawk" arrived this morning, and I send the "Hawk" back with these despatches.

5. Last night I sent the "Scorpion" east to Santiago de Cuba to communicate with the scouts off that port, with instructions if they were not there, to return at once to me here, and I expect her back day after to-morrow.

6. I am further satisfied that the destination of the Spanish squadron is either Cienfuegos or Havana. This point [Cienfuegos], being in communication with Havana, would be better for their purposes, if it was left exposed, and I think that we ought to be very careful how we receive information from Havana, which is no doubt sent out for the purpose of misleading us.

7. The "Iowa" is coaling to-day, having reached this station with only about half of her coal supply.

Very respectfully,
W. S. SCHLEY, Comdn. U. S. N.
Commander-in-chief, Flying Squadron.

OFF CIENFUEGOS, *May* 23, 1898.

Sir: 1. Steamer "Adula," chartered by Consul Dent, with proper papers from United States State Department, to carry neutrals from Cienfuegos, was stopped off this port this morning. She had no cargo, and was permitted to enter.

2. She reports that she left Santiago de Cuba at 4.30 P.M. May 18th, and that night she saw the lights of seven vessels, seventy miles to the southward of Santiago. Next day, Thursday, May 19th, at Kingston, cable reported Spanish fleet at Santiago. Friday, May 20th, the fleet was reported to have left Santiago.

3. Now, on Saturday, May 21st, when about forty miles southwest of this port, I heard, from the bridge of this vessel, firing of guns towards Cienfuegos, which I interpreted as a welcome to the Spanish fleet, and the news this morning by the "Adula" convinces me that the fleet is here [Cienfuegos].

4. Latest was "Bulletin" [a Kingston newspaper] from Jamaica, received this morning, asserts that the fleet had left Santiago. I think I have them here [Cienfuegos] almost to a certainty.

Very respectfully,
W. S. SCHLEY,
Commodore U. S. N.

An official memorandum from the "Dolphin," dated May 25th, states: "The 'Hawk' has just reported from Cienfuegos with despatches from Commodore Schley. Hood [commander of the 'Hawk'] says a good number of officers do not believe the Spaniards are there at all, although they can only surmise." The "Hawk" transferred these despatches to the "Dolphin," while off Havana, at 10 A.M., May 25th, and the "Dolphin" took them eastward to the Admiral.

Immediately upon receipt of the despatches from Schley, Sampson sent the "Wasp" to Cienfuegos with the following for Schley:

[No. 10.]

ST. NICHOLAS CHANNEL, *May 27th*, 1898.

Sir: 1. Every report, and particularly confidential reports, . . . state Spanish squadron has been in Santiago de Cuba from the 19th to the 25th inst. inclusive, the 25th being the date of the last report received.

2. You will please proceed with all possible despatch to Santiago to blockade that port. If, on arrival there, you receive *positive* information of the Spanish ships having left, you will follow them in pursuit.

Very respectfully,
W. T. SAMPSON.

COMMODORE SCHLEY.

The "Dolphin" was sent to Key West with this despatch to Secretary Long:

Have received information from Schley, *via* Cape San Antonio, Cuba, dated May 23d, stating he is not satisfied the Spanish squadron is not in Cienfuegos, and states he will remain off Cienfuegos, keeping squadron all ready for an emergency. He reports the steamer "Adula" entered Cienfuegos May 23d. He probably learned from her as she left if the Spanish squadron was in port. I think he [Schley] has prob-

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ably gone to Santiago. To assure this I sent the "Wasp" to Cienfuegos to-night. If he has not left, this will enable him to reach Santiago de Cuba before I could do so.

Sampson was right in his surmise that Schley would change his mind; but there were others who feared that Schley might not leave Cienfuegos in time to get to Santiago before the enemy had gotten away. At one o'clock that same afternoon, the 27th, the "Vesuvius" came from Key West, bringing another despatch from Schley, dated the 24th, addressed to Secretary Long, and forwarded to him by Remey on the 26th. This is the despatch:

Coaling off Cienfuegos is very uncertain. One collier not sufficient for the work, when it is possible to coal. In great need of two more [colliers] for this squadron, thoroughly equipped with hoisting engines, buckets, etc., for utmost despatch. The "Stirling," not having hoisting engine, would not be useful. Recommend that she discharge cargo at Key West. I would suggest quality [of coal] must be equal to best Pocahontas coal for this work. Every collier should carry several thousand gallons of oil, also three or four compressed bales as fenders to prevent accidents. I have communicated with insurgents to-day, and have supplied ammunition and dynamite, also clothing. Have ascertained that the Spanish fleet is not here [Cienfuegos], and I will move eastward to-morrow, communicating with you from St. Nicholas Mole. On account of short coal supply in ships cannot blockade them [Spanish fleet] if in Santiago.

I shall proceed to-morrow [25th] off Santiago, being embarrassed, however, by the "Texas'" short coal supply, and her inability to coal in the open sea. I shall not be able to remain off that port [Santiago] on account of general short coal supply of squadron. So will proceed to the vicinity of St. Nicholas Mole, where the water is smooth, and I can coal "Texas" and other ships [with] what may remain in collier. Will communicate with you from St. Nicholas Mole.

Upon reading these despatches, Sampson at once decided to go to Key West, coal, and, if authorized by the Department, proceed to Santiago. Before leaving the blockade, he sent the "New Orleans," with the collier "Stirling," to Santiago, with the following orders to Captain Folger of the "New Orleans":

ST. NICHOLAS CHANNEL, *May* 27, 1898.

Sir: 1. You will proceed to Santiago de Cuba to convoy the collier "Stirling."

2. You will communicate with Commodore Schley and direct him to remain on the blockade of Santiago at all hazards, assuming that the Spanish vessels are in that port.

3. Tell him that I desire that he should use the collier "Stirling" to obstruct the channel at its narrowest part leading into this harbor. Inform him that I believe that it would be perfectly practicable to steam this vessel ["Stirling"] into position and drop all her anchors, allow her to swing across the channel, then sink her, either by opening the valves, or whatever means may be best in his judgment.

4. Inform Commodore Schley that the details of this plan are left to his judgment. In the meantime he must exercise the utmost care that none of the vessels already in the port are allowed to escape. And say to the Commodore that I have the utmost confidence in his ability to carry this plan to a successful conclusion, and earnestly wish him good luck.

W. T. SAMPSON.

Through an error the name "Stirling" appears in the foregoing despatch instead of "Merrimac." Admiral Sampson at this date had fully decided to sink the "Merrimac" in the harbor. In the original letter a careful inspection shows that the word "Merrimac" has been erased and "Stirling" substituted. The change was made through a stenographer's misunderstanding the Admiral. This is interesting, because it proves beyond all doubt that Admiral Sampson had carefully mapped out the plan of sinking the "Merrimac." At this time Lieutenant Hobson had not been consulted regarding the matter. The suggestion to sink the "Merrimac" was made to Admiral Sampson by Commander Converse, of the "Montgomery," although the general question of imprisoning the Spanish fleet by this method in the harbor of Santiago, Havana, or Cienfuegos had been discussed by the Admiral even before Cervera's arrival on this side of the Atlantic was known. That Lieutenant Hobson did not himself originate the "Merrimac" enterprise, as he has generally been credited with doing, of course does not in the least detract from the bravery he exhibited in carrying out the plans of his commander-in-chief.

After sending the "New Orleans" off to Santiago—a rather daring trip, and much to the liking of Captain Folger—Sampson hurried away from the fleet, arriving at Key West at 2 A.M. on the 28th. He at once sent this cablegram to Schley:

The "New Orleans" will meet you off Santiago with important despatches. The Spanish squadron must be blockaded at all hazards. Immediate communication with persons on shore must be entered upon. You must be sure of the Spanish squadron being in port. I suggest communicating with Spanish-American Company pier at Baiquiri Bay, at a distance of fifteen miles east of Santiago de Cuba. One collier for you left yesterday. Shall send, as soon as possible, another. If Spanish squadron has left Santiago, immediate pursuit must be made.

To the Department, Sampson sent a despatch stating that orders to Schley to proceed to Santiago had been sent in the "Marblehead" and the "Hawk" on the 21st. "Schley not being satisfied," continues Sampson, "that Spanish squadron was not in port [Cienfuegos], did not go [to San-

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tiago]. The Department has his despatch dated May 24th, sent through Remey, stating his intention of leaving May 25th. I do not understand the delay [Schley's] until next day."

On May 28th, at 8 A.M., Sampson received this from Secretary Long :

If the Spanish division is proved to be in Santiago de Cuba, it is the intention of the Department to make descent immediately upon that port with 10,000 men, United States troops, landing eight nautical miles east of that port. You will be expected to convoy transports, probably fifteen or twenty, going in person, and taking with you the "New York" and "Indiana" and "Oregon," and as many smaller vessels with good batteries as can possibly be gathered to guard against possible attack by Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers, etc. The blockade off Havana will be sufficiently provided for during the movement with the monitors and some small vessels. After arrival off Santiago de Cuba every small vessel that can be spared will be returned to north coast of Cuba. This early notice enables you to prepare details at once for immediate execution when order is issued. At the request of the War Department and by approval of this Department, movement will be on north side of Cuba and Windward Passage. LONG.

Commodore Remey received this :

Telegram of May 24th from Schley conveys no information. What vessel brought it? What vessel took orders from Sampson to Schley on night of May 20th or morning of May 21st, directing him to proceed to Santiago? Direct commander of vessel that brought telegram just received to report intentions of Schley so far as known, stating definitely whether Schley had gone to Santiago de Cuba or intended to go there, and when. LONG.

This, of course, was written before Sampson's message arrived, and Remey had answered it as follows :

Cipher received. Vessel referred to is "Dupont" in both cases. The commander was not informed of the intentions of Schley. From a letter of Schley's of May 24th I am informed that Schley would proceed from Cienfuegos to Santiago de Cuba on May 25th. He would not be able to remain off that port on account of the general short coal supply. Would proceed to vicinity of Mole Haiti, to coal in smooth water and communicate. REMEY.

At 4 P.M. of the 28th, Sampson sent this to Secretary Long :

I received yesterday, May 27th, at 2 P.M., a copy of a despatch from Schley, dated May 24th, to Department, reporting his movements. I despatched immediately the "New Orleans" to convoy collier "Stirling" through Bahama Channel, and then, leaving collier, go with all despatch to Santiago with orders to Schley to blockade Spanish squadron at all hazards and take every action necessary to prevent their egress. Shall send immediately another collier. Have advised Schley to use Spanish-American Company's property as coaling station. Notwithstanding the apparent uncertainty of Schley's movements, I believe Spanish squadron still in port [Santiago], and I came here immediately to be in better communication, and telegraphed Schley to Mole St. Nicholas same orders conveyed by "New Orleans," hoping to reach him earlier. He undoubtedly has sufficient coal aboard ship to still keep the sea some time, as all except "Iowa" left here full. My orders to Schley by "New Orleans" included sinking of the "Stirling" collier across the entrance to Santiago. The channel is but 300 feet broad, and if this be properly done the port will be closed until steamer is raised. The details of the operation were left to Schley, with verbal explanation, through Captain Folger, of my own views. It is for this reason additional coal has been sent. The importance of absolutely preventing the escape of the Spanish squadron is so paramount that promptness and most efficient use of every means is demanded. SAMPSON.

About midnight, the following telegram was received from the Department :

Schley telegraphs from Santiago he goes Key West with his squadron for coal, though he has 4,000 tons of coal with him in a broken-down collier. How soon after arrival of Schley at Key West could you reach Santiago with "New York" and "Oregon" and "Indiana" and some lighters, and how long could you blockade there, sending your vessels singly to coal from our colliers at Gonaives, Haiti; Nipe Port, Cuba, or elsewhere? There is one collier *en route* to Mole, Haiti, from Norfolk, and another one has been ordered there from Key West, and other[s] will be sent immediately. Consider if you could seize Guantanamo and occupy as coaling station. Schley has not ascertained whether Spanish division is at Santiago. All information here seems to show that it is there.

On May 29th, about 3 P.M., Sampson sent the following telegram to the Secretary of the Navy :

Answering telegram first question [regarding time of reaching Santiago] : Three days. I can blockade indefinitely. Think that can occupy Guantanamo. Would like to start at once with "New York" and "Oregon," arriving in two days. Do not quite understand the necessity of awaiting the arrival of Schley, but would propose meeting and turning back the principal part of the force under his command if he has left. Try to hold him by telegraph. Watson will be in charge of everything afloat. Does the Department approve proposed action?

Later that day, the following telegram was sent to the Secretary of the Navy :

Referring to my telegram of this date, I urge immediate reply to my last paragraph. Failure of Schley to continue blockade must be remedied at once if possible. There can be no doubt of presence of Spanish squadron at Santiago. SAMPSON.

Then this was received from Schley :

Collier now has been repaired temporarily, and able to make six or seven knots per hour. Shall I endeavor to coal the "Marblehead" and "Texas" in the open sea and retain position off Santiago until coal supply larger vessels has given up . . . known what safe limit shall go there to Gonaives, Haiti, or coast near, or near Port au Prince, Haiti, to coal. . . . Occurring yesterday the "Marblehead" and "Texas" took a quantity of coal at a distance of about twenty-five miles west of Santiago, which enables me to hold place until coal has been reduced . . . force me over to Haiti

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to replenish . . . collier well equipped to report at Gonaives, Haiti, urgently needed to coal . . . vessel when chance occurs. Need another auxiliary for picket duty and communication. I send "Minneapolis" and "Yale" to Key West. "St. Paul" off Santiago still. Repairs of "Merrimac" machinery completed by the "Brooklyn." "St. Paul," May 26th, captured British collier bound in with coal, evidently for fleet, collier having touched at San Juan and Curaçoa.

SCHLEY.

This telegram was hardly decipherable when received. Sampson promptly notified the Secretary of its contents, and stated that the "New York" was ready to start for Santiago as soon as authorized. The following telegram was sent to Schley :

Congratulate you on success. Maintain close blockade at all hazards, especially at night. Very little to fear from torpedo-boat destroyers. Coal in open sea whenever conditions permit. Send a ship to examine Guantanamo, with view to occupying it as a base, coaling one heavy ship at a time. SAMPSON.

Secretary Long replied to Sampson's request to go to Santiago as follows :

You carry out recommendations to go yourself with two ships to Santiago de Cuba. Act at your discretion with the object of blockading Spanish division as soon as possible. Goodrich reports Guantanamo very weak. The seizure of it immediately is recommended.

LONG.

So at 11 P.M., on May 29th, the "New York" left Key West for Santiago. The next morning the "Oregon," the "Mayflower," and the "Porter" joined the flagship, and at thirteen knots the four boats raced along toward Santiago, to fight, blockade indefinitely, or bottle the Spanish fleet. What they were going to find none knew. There was an unspoken dread that Schley might have taken his squadron off to Haiti to coal, and that Cervera meanwhile had quietly gone off to Cienfuegos or Havana, or even to our own coast. Up to that time Sampson had received no word from Schley to show that the Commodore had the faintest idea where Cervera really was. Sampson was absolutely certain that Cervera was in Santiago, but how long he would stay there was a problem no one could attempt to solve. Never during the campaign was Sampson so terribly harassed, and it was evident, despite the tremendous self-control he invariably exercised.

At seven o'clock that night we met the "St. Paul" and the "Yale." They were on their way to Key West for coal. Two boats were never so gladly greeted, or the news they carried so eagerly sought. Captain Sigsbee had a copy of a despatch he had sent from Mole St. Nicholas from Schley to Long. It was this :

[Dated] 7 P.M., *May 29th.*

Enemy in port. Recognized "Cristobal Colon" and "Infanta Maria Teresa" and two torpedo boats moored inside Morro, behind point. Doubtless the others are here. We are short of coal. Using every effort to get coal in. Have about 3,000 tons of coal in collier, but not easy to get on board here. If no engagement next two or three days, Sampson's squadron could relieve this one to coal at Gonaives or vicinity of Port au Prince. "Brooklyn," "Iowa," "Massachusetts," "Texas," "Marblehead," "Vixen," and collier compose squadron here. SCHLEY.

The suspense of the last few days appeared to be at an end after hearing this despatch ; but the feeling of security was dissipated when it was also learned from the "Yale" and the "St. Paul" that Schley had not yet established a close blockade and that his ships were lying between eleven and forty miles from the harbor. It was not until six o'clock the next morning, June 1st, when we saw the "Colon" off Morro, at Santiago, and Schley's ships still there, though some distance off, that all anxiety was removed and we knew that the luck of the navy still lived. It was nothing else ; for until the 29th inst., Cervera, for all the opposition he would have encountered, might have slipped out ; and there is no doubt among naval experts that for several days afterwards, he would have had a good chance of getting away, or at least saving some of his ships, had he run out any night before Sampson's close blockade, with pickets and searchlights, was established.

The "Colon" quickly disappeared from the mouth of the harbor that bright June morning ; Sampson assumed command, and at once began the arrangements for sinking the "Merrimac" and in other ways making it impossible for Cervera to escape.

While Sampson on the north coast had been waiting for Cervera, and while the Strategic Board and the Navy Department had been on pins and needles lest Schley should stay at Cienfuegos or fail to remain at Santiago, the Flying Squadron itself had been having a rather uneventful experience. As before stated, it left Key West on the morning of the 19th of May and arrived off Cienfuegos two days later. After two days' cruising in this vicinity, the "Hawk" arrived with Sampson's letter telling Schley to go to Santiago and to be there on the 24th without fail. Four hours after receiving these instructions Schley signaled to the fleet : "Situation unchanged ; rumor Spanish fleet is at Santiago, but not believed."

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Two hours later he signaled: "News from Jamaica reports the Spanish fleet arrived at Santiago and left Friday. Think they are at Cienfuegos now, as I heard heavy guns firing on Saturday, about 4.30 o'clock, thirty miles west from here. I interpreted it as a welcome to the fleet."

On the morning of the 24th, at six o'clock, Commander McCalla with the "Marblehead" joined the Flying Squadron. By noon he had communicated with the insurgents ashore and learned beyond all doubt that Cervera was not in Cienfuegos. He communicated this information to Commodore Schley, who at seven o'clock that evening signaled to the fleet: "We are bound for Santiago." An hour later they had left Cienfuegos. By noon on the 26th the Flying Squadron was forty-seven miles west-southwest of Morro (Santiago). At eight o'clock that night, when twenty-two miles south-southeast of Morro (Santiago), Schley signaled to the fleet: "Destination Key West *via* south side of Cuba and Yucatan Channel as soon as collier is ready; speed nine knots."

Fortunately for Schley and for the navy, and perhaps unfortunately for Spain, the "Merrimac" broke down again, and the squadron drifted around, awaiting her repair, before restarting to Key West. On May 27th, at 8 P.M., the squadron was forty-three miles west-southwest of the entrance to Santiago harbor, well out of sight of land.

This cablegram for Schley was received at Mole St. Nicholas on May 27th:

> The most absolutely urgent thing now is to know positively whether the Spanish division is in Santiago de Cuba harbor, as, if so, immediate movement will be made against it by the navy and division of about 10,000 men of American troops which are ready to embark. You must surmount difficulties regarding coaling by your ingenuity and perseverance. This is a crucial time, and the Department relies upon you to give information quickly as to the presence of Cervera . . . to be ready for concerted action with the army. Two colliers have been ordered Mole Haiti. Your vessels may coal singly there or in Gonaives, Haiti Channel, or leeward Cape Cruz, Cuba. . . . Sampson coming around Windward Passage. Cervera must not be allowed to escape. LONG.

By May 28th, at noon, the Flying Squadron was thirty-nine miles west by south of the entrance to Santiago harbor. On the following day, Schley having been obliged to give up the project of returning to Key West, the "Iowa," while close to Santiago, sighted the "Colon" in the channel at 7.45 A.M. The blockade practically began on that day, though it was not maintained with the strictness that made it remarkable until after the first week in June. On May 29th the following cablegram to Schley was received at Mole St. Nicholas:

> It is your duty to ascertain immediately the Spanish fleet, if they be at Santiago de Cuba, and report. Would be discreditable to the navy if that fact was not ascertained immediately. All naval and military movements depend on that point. LONG.

This despatch, of course, crossed Schley's report of seeing the "Colon." On May 31st, the "Iowa," the "Massachusetts," and the "New Orleans" were ordered to go in to within 7,000 yards and fire at the "Colon." They passed twice in front of the harbor, the range gradually increasing, until the "Iowa" was firing at 11,000 yards. Most of the shots fell short. The "Colon's" captured log-book contains this entry regarding this engagement: "Enemy at so great distance our shell could not reach." No damage, apparently, was done on either side. In his cable to Secretary Long of May 31st, Schley said:

> Made reconnoissance this afternoon, May 31st, to develop fortifications, with their character. The range was 7,000 yards. The reconnoissance was intended principally to injure or destroy "Colon." Fire was returned without delay by heavy batteries to the east and to the west of entrance. Large caliber, long range [guns]. Reconnoissance developed satisfactorily the presence of the Spanish squadron lying behind island, near inner fort, as they fired over the hill at random. Quite satisfied the Spanish fleet is here.

Schley asked for more picket vessels, and colliers with big coaling bags, and for the hospital ship "Solace" to "give relief to the men exhausted or injured in any operations," and concluded:

> Owing to extreme heat the suffering [of] all hands is great, particularly in engineer's department. We are coaling squadron in face of enemy every good day.

It is doubtful whether we shall ever know the truth about the internal troubles which forced Cervera to stay in Santiago until such time as he could not get out. His commodore and one of his captains told me it was lack of coal; another captain said it was lack of coal, combined with a certain preference to be blockaded in the tortuous harbor of Santiago rather than in Cienfuegos, and because it had not occurred to them that Santiago would become so untenable by reason of land attack and sea bombardment; another officer, not a captain, said that at Martinique they had learned of Sampson's presence at San Juan, which had been their original destination, and that probably the Spanish cabinet, afraid to send them to San Juan, had sent them to Santiago for want of something better to do with

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them. But without the documentary evidence, which makes our own naval campaign so comparatively easy to understand, it is useless to write positively of the reasons that led Cervera to bury himself alive in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. The first few days after Sampson's arrival at Santiago de Cuba, on June 1st, were marked by aggressive activity. The Admiral was under the impression that the United States troops would reach Santiago by the 10th of June at the latest. This belief was based upon a cablegram from Secretary Long, received on June 1st, saying:

> The army is now embarking at Tampa, Florida—estimate 25,000 men—to proceed to Santiago as soon as you inform me whole Spanish fleet in harbor. Will be accompanied by cavalry, siege guns, mortars. It is suggested that you select places suitable for landing infantry as near as possible to Santiago de Cuba and be prepared to advise regarding landing guns and cavalry. Of first importance to secure bridge San Juan River, the pier at Baiquiri, and others. Department expects you will assist, of course, in landing the army to utmost of your power, but desires you shall not risk, by operation on shore or in landing, crews of the armored vessels or those needed in case of a naval engagement. Will not Guantanamo, Cuba, be the best place for landing cavalry?

The injunction not to risk his crews while assisting the army, though in itself an excellent and thoroughly well-judged precaution, made Sampson's task of coöperation with the army, at a later date, one of great difficulty and replete with delicate situations. Neither the War Department nor General Shafter, as will be seen from later despatches, ever seemed to realize that Sampson, however anxious to coöperate with the land forces, was always confronted by an embargo which, practically, ordered coöperation to cease when risk began.

The establishment of a close blockade and the sinking of the "Merrimac" followed in quick succession upon the arrival of Sampson. Regarding the sinking of the "Merrimac," the reader will recall that on May 27th, while still on the north coast of Cuba, Sampson had sent instructions to Schley to sink in the mouth of the harbor of Santiago the collier "Stirling," that ship, through an error in writing the despatch, being substituted for the "Merrimac." So far Schley had found no opportunity to carry out this order, and Sampson at once went to work himself to perfect his original plan. From beginning to end, Sampson never believed that a sunken ship would prove a lasting impediment to Cervera's escape, because he was of the opinion that the Spanish would be able to blow her to pieces sufficiently to gain a path of egress. His main object was to keep Cervera in Santiago until the troops were landed.

On the passage from Key West to Santiago, Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson had been called into the Admiral's cabin to explain his ideas on blowing up a ship. He was especially fitted for this work by his experience in the construction corps. He took up the subject with so much intelligence and enthusiasm, that Sampson put him in charge of the work of preparing the "Merrimac." When the call was made for volunteers on the night of June 1st, Hobson begged the Admiral to let him retain charge of the ship on her adventurous trip. Other men begged for the same privilege, expostulated, and almost went down on their knees to gain the honor of giving up life for country's sake, as that was what the great majority then believed would be the result of the expedition. But the Admiral did not wish to risk any more lives than he absolutely had to, and Hobson was so perfectly acquainted with all the details of blowing up the ship, that Sampson put him in charge, and refused to allow any other officer to go in the "Merrimac."

Hobson and his gallant crew made a false start during the early morning of June 2d, but at 3.30 on the morning of June 3d, the collier was taken in past the fire of batteries, ships, and soldiers, and with her rudder shot away, her torpedoes only half exploded, sunk lengthwise, instead of athwart, in the channel. The lack of success which attended the exploit can never dim its glory or mar the fame of the eight men engaged in it. I think Sampson was about the only man aboard the "New York" who believed that the expedition did not mean almost certain death to its members. While the "Merrimac" was being prepared, I asked him whether he ever expected to see Hobson and the crew back on the ship. "Oh, yes," he said, "I think they have a good chance. It's a dangerous thing, a brave thing, but it isn't so easy to shoot eight men on a big ship on a dark night. And, you know, the Spaniards are very poor shots." But on the morning of June 3d, when Naval Cadet Powell returned in his launch without the "Merrimac" crew, there was none in the whole fleet more anxious over the fate of the brave men than Sampson.

While the "Merrimac" affair was in progress, the close blockade began. The completeness of the victory over Cervera, a month later, was due, in the first place, to the fact

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that we had good men in good ships; and in the second place, to the excellence of the plan of blockade. A British naval officer of distinction, who was at Kingston, Jamaica, said he believed Sampson could blockade closely in the daytime; but that if he attempted to blockade closely at night, with the torpedo destroyers inside the harbor, he would come to a bad end. That a fleet could blockade a fortified harbor, with four modern cruisers and two excellent torpedo destroyers inside, at a distance ranging nightly from one to four miles, with picket boats in rifle range of the shore, was something foreign naval experts could hardly believe. And yet it was exactly this that was done. Admiral Cervera said afterward that he had deemed it impossible to take his fleet out at night, so blinding were the rays of the search-light and so heavy would have been the short-range fire of the ships that were clustered around the harbor mouth. The original plan of blockade was issued on June 2d, as follows:

The fleet off Santiago de Cuba will be organized during the operations against that port and the Spanish squadron as follows:

First squadron under personal command of the Commander-in-chief: "New York," "Iowa," "Oregon," "New Orleans," "Mayflower," "Porter." Second squadron, Commodore Schley: "Brooklyn," "Massachusetts," "Texas," "Marblehead," "Vixen."

Vessels joining subsequently will be assigned by the Commander-in-chief. The vessels will blockade Santiago de Cuba closely, keeping about six miles from the Morro in the daytime and closing in at night, the lighter vessels well in shore. The first squadron will blockade on the east side of the port, and the second squadron on the west side. If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible, and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore in the channel. It is not considered that the shore batteries are of sufficient power to do any material injury to battleships.

In smooth weather the vessels will coal on station. If withdrawn to coal elsewhere, or for other duty, the blockading vessels on either side will cover the angle thus left vacant.

On June 7th, the blockading order was amplified by stationing three picket launches, detailed from the ships of the squadron each evening, one mile from the Morro, one to the eastward, one to the westward, and one south of the harbor entrance; while on a circle drawn with a radius of two miles from the Morro were stationed the "Vixen," "Suwanee," and "Dolphin." The remaining vessels retained the positions already occupied by them, but kept carefully within a four-mile circle. In this order Sampson said:

I again call attention to the absolute necessity of a close blockade of this port, especially at night and in bad weather. In the daytime, if clear, the distance shall not be greater than six miles. At night, or in thick weather, not more than four miles. The end to be attained justifies the risk of torpedo attack, and that risk must be taken. The escape of the Spanish vessels at this juncture would be a serious blow to our prestige and to a speedy end of the war.

On June 8th, a memorandum regarding search-lights was issued. The "Iowa," "Oregon," and "Massachusetts" were ordered to take turns of two hours each during the dark hours of the night in keeping one searchlight directly on the harbor entrance. Later, a second battleship was kept close to the illuminating ship, so that the first of these two would be able to use her guns without disturbing the illumination. On June 10th, the search-light ships were ordered to move forward into their positions, not more than two miles from the entrance, and to hold their lights steadily during their period of duty upon the entrance of the harbor.

On June 15th, an order was issued whereby the day distance of ships was lessened until they were within four miles of the harbor mouth, which positions were retained until the end of the campaign. Even when coaling, or otherwise restricted in their movements, the ships were to keep within this distance. The order concluded:

Disregard of the directions which have already been given has led to endless confusion. Many times during the day the fleet is so scattered that it would be perfectly possible for the enemy to come out of the harbor and meet with very little opposition. The Commander-in-chief hopes that strict attention will be given this order.

The steady glare of the search-light, that never moved from Morro for many nights after this, tried the souls of the Spanish sailors and soldiers, who were so blinded that neither from the castle top nor from the harbor below could they see even the huge shadows of the ships. The work done by the blockading picket launches and torpedo boats was terribly hard. The men were nearly always within rifle shot of the beach, and often under fire, lying in a nasty swell that kept their small craft rolling through all the tedious night and made many a marine sick. The blockade was not dramatic and decisive like the naval battle; but it was a good deal harder work, and, in its way, just as wonderful and just as well carried out.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the December number of the Magazine, Mr. Goode will give the story, as told in the official despatches, of all the operations of the American fleet during the blockade of Santiago, including the destruction of Cervera's fleet, down to the close of the war.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

STALKY & CO.—STORIES BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

KIPLING has entered and mastered a new field of fiction. The connected episodes of school life, soon to begin in McCLURE'S, will come to the reader with the same freshness as the Jungle stories. Kipling had written of the jungle—indeed, he had written of Mowgli—before the first jungle tale was produced; yet the idea expanded and bore fruit, and a new classic was added to the language.

So in this series of new stories, he has taken the characters of "Slaves of the Lamp" and told other incidents of their school life. The whole makes a piece of fiction that will take its place with "Tom Brown's School-days" and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Such tales of the real boy have, in fact, never been written before.

There is, moreover, an interesting significance in these stories—they really show the men of England in the making—the men who lead armies, govern provinces, and represent the English in far fields and in many capacities. The boys depicted in them—strong, honest, adventurous, plucky, fighting boys—are the strength and promise of the Anglo-Saxon race.

THE INNER HISTORY OF THE WAR.

We are sure that no contribution to the history of the war could have more genuine value for our readers than such articles as the one in this number of the Magazine by Mr. Goode, consisting, as it does, of all the important official despatches, joined together by a plain, unbiased statement of actual conditions that makes the despatches tell their story in the clearest and most direct manner. There is a sense of reality and finality, and there is surpassing intelligent human interest, in a narrative that thus gives, not the views of individual participants or observers, but the very documents upon which all historians will have to base their judgments on the war, and so enables the reader to see and judge for himself how the few great actors conducted affairs; how the successive great responsibilities were laid upon them from day to day, and how these responsibilities were met. An additional statement of plain facts for plain people will appear in the December number, giving the inner story of the Santiago blockade and the conclusion of the operations of the fleet in the Atlantic.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT'S FIRST YEAR'S WORK.

We want our readers to know of the success of the Book Department. It has just finished its first year, and we are celebrating the anniversary by the publication of Mr. Kipling's new book, "The Day's Work"—an event of the first importance in the world of books. Although we began only a year ago to gather together a collection of books, we confess that it is some satisfaction to look over the titles already secured, including, as they do, those of important works by such authors as Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Hamlin Garland, Henry George, Mary E. Wilkins, Mrs. Rorer, of "Cook Book" fame; Mrs. Burton Harrison, General Nelson A. Miles, Hezekiah Butterworth, Bliss Perry, Stephen Crane, George Adam Smith, George E. Waring, Jr., and many more. Our ambition is to publish each year only the very best books, and we propose to expend the same editorial effort and judgment in securing our books that has made the Magazine successful. It is a pleasure to say that our plans for the future include the publication of books which represent the most progressive element in literature—the work of the "coming men."

About six months ago, we offered to send to any reader of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE any of our publications on approval, with the distinct understanding that they need not be paid for until received and could be returned, if unsatisfactory for any reason whatever. In a word, our book-store is in every post-office of the United States. It may interest our readers to know that this policy has been very successful, despite the prognostications of contemporaries who declared that people would send for the books, read them, and return them; or even that they would appropriate them without more ado. As a matter of fact, the loss has been almost nothing, and the number of people who have taken unfair advantage of the system—which gives the reader in the country or the small town equal opportunities with those who live in the great cities—has been gratifyingly small.

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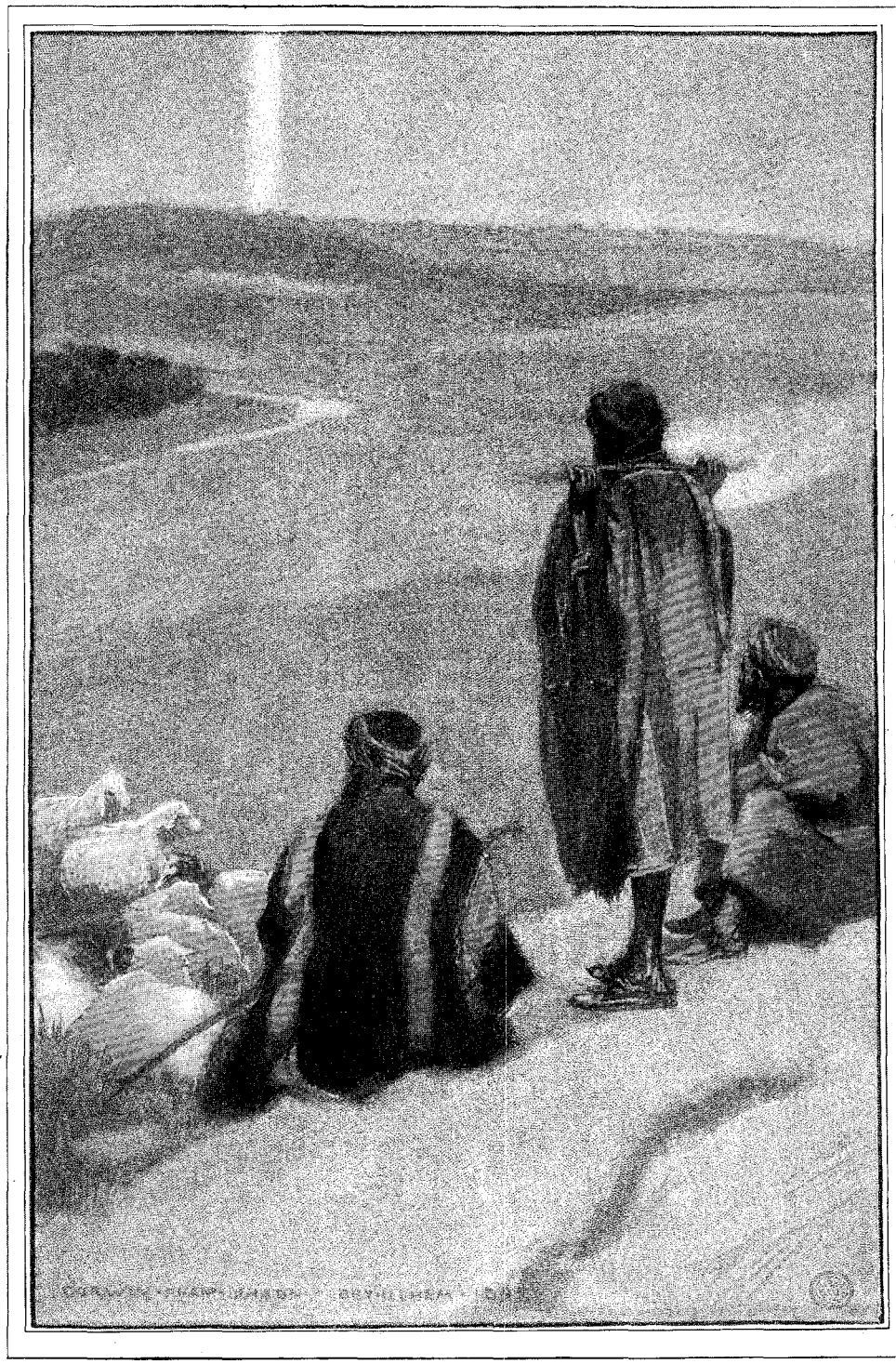

Painted for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *at Bethlehem, 1898, by Corwin Knapp Linson.*

SHEPHERDS ABIDING IN THE FIELD.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."

St. Luke, chapter ii. 8.

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